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FIGHTING FOR PEACE

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Recently United States Minister to Holland

III—STAND FAST, YE FREE!

A DIALOGUE ON PEACE BETWEEN A HOUSEHOLDER AND A BURGLAR

The house was badly wrecked by the struggle which had raged through it. The walls were marred, the windows and mirrors shattered, the pictures ruined, the furniture smashed into kindling-wood.

Worst of all, the faithful servants and some of the children were lying in dark corners, dead or grievously wounded.

The Burglar who had wrought the damage sat in the middle of the dining-room floor, with his swag around him. It was neatly arranged in bags, for in spite of his madness he was a most methodical man. One bag was labelled *silverware;* another, *jewels;* another, *cash;* and another *souvenirs.* There was blood on his hands and a fatuous smile on his face.

"Surely I am a mighty man," he said to himself, "and I have proved it! But I am very tired, as well as kind-hearted, and I feel that it is now time to begin a conversation on Peace."

The Householder, who was also something of a Pacifist on appropriate occasions, but never a blind one, stood near. Through the brief lull in the rampage he overheard the mutterings of the Burglar.

"Were you speaking to me?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact," answered the Burglar, "I was talking to myself. But it is the same thing. Are we not brothers? Do we not both love Peace? Come sit beside me, and let us talk about it."

"What do you mean by Peace," said the Householder, looking grimly around him; "do you mean all this?"

"No, no," said the Burglar; "that is—er—not exactly! 'All this' is most regrettable. I weep over it. If I could have had my way unopposed it would never have happened. But until you sit down close beside me I really cannot tell you in particular what I mean by that blessed word Peace. In general, I mean something like the *status quo ante bel*——"

"In this case," interrupted the Householder, "you should say the *status quo ante furtum*—not *bellum* [the state of things before the *burglary,* not before the *war*]. You are a mighty robber—not a common thief, but a most uncommon one. Do you mean to restore the plunder you have grabbed?"

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"Yes, certainly," replied the Burglar, in a magnanimous tone; "that is to say, I mean you shall have a part of it, freely and willingly. I *could* keep it all, you know, but I am too noble to do that. You shall take the silverware and the souvenirs, I will take the jewels and the cash. Isn't that a fair division? Peace must always stand on a basis of equality between the two parties. Shake hands on it."

The Householder put his hand behind his back.

"You insult me," said he. "If I were your equal I should die of shame. Waive the comparison. What about the damage you have done here? Who shall repair it?"

"All the world," cried the Burglar eagerly; "everybody will help—especially your big neighbor across the lake. He is a fool with plenty of money. You cannot expect me to contribute. I am poor but as honest as my profession will permit. This damage in your house is not wilful injury. It is merely one of the necessary accompaniments of my practice of burglary. You ought not to feel sore about it. Why do you call attention to it, instead of talking politely and earnestly about the blessings of Peace?"

"I am talking to you as politely as I can," said the Householder, moistening his dry lips, "but while I am doing it, I feel as if I were smeared with mud. Tell me, what have you to say about my children and my servants whom you have tortured and murdered?"

"Ah, that," answered the Burglar, shrugging his shoulders and spreading out his hands, palms upward, so that he looked like a gigantic toad, "—that indeed is so very, very sad! My heart mourns over it. But how could it be avoided? Those foolish people would not lie down, would not be still. Their conduct was directly contrary to my system; see section 417, chapter 93, in my 'Great Field-Book of Burglary,' under the title 'Schrecklichkeit.' Perhaps in the excitement of the moment I went a little beyond those scientific regulations. The babies need not have been killed—only terrified. But that was a mere error of judgment which you will readily forgive and forget for the sake of the holy cause of Peace. Will you not?"

The Householder turned quickly and spat into the fireplace.

"Blasphemer," he cried, "my gorge rises at you! Can there be any forgiveness until you repent? Can there be any Peace in the world if you go loose in it, ready to break and enter and kill when it pleases you? Will you lay down your weapons and come before the Judge?"

The Burglar rose slowly to his feet, twisting up his moustache with bloody brass-knuckled hands.

"You are a colossal ass," he growled. "You forget how strong I am, how much I can still hurt you. I have offered you a chance to get Peace. Don't you want it?"

"Not as a present from you," said the Householder, slowly. "It would poison me. I would rather die a decent man's death."

He went a step nearer to the Burglar, who quickly backed away.

"Come," the Householder continued, "let us bandy compliments no longer. You are where you have no right to be. You can talk when I get you before the Judge. I want Peace no more than I want Justice. While there is a God in heaven and honest freemen still live on earth I will fight for both."

He took a fresh grip on his club, and the Burglar backed again, ready to spring.

Through the dead silence of the room there came a loud knocking at the door. Could it be the big neighbor from across the lake?

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STAND FAST, YE FREE!

I

FROM the outset of this war two things have been clear to me.

First, if the war continued it was absolutely inevitable that the United States would be either drawn into it by the impulse of democratic sympathies or forced into it by the instinct of self-preservation.

Second, the most adequate person in the world to decide when and how the United States should accept the great responsibility of fighting beside France and Great Britain for peace and for the American ideal of freedom was President Wilson.

His sagacity, his patience, his knowledge of the varied elements that are blended in our nationality, his sincere devotion to pacific conceptions of progress, his unwavering loyalty to the cause of liberty secured by law, national and international, made him the one man of all others to whom this great decision could most safely be confided.

The people of the United States believed this in the election of 1916. They trusted him sincerely then because "he kept us out of the war" until the inevitable hour. No less sincerely do they trust him now when he declares that the hour has come when we must "dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have" (President's Message to Congress, April 2, 1917), to defend ourselves and the world from the Imperial German Government, which is waging "a warfare against mankind."

In the quiet, but never idle, American Legation at The Hague there was an excellent opportunity to observe and study the incredible blunders by which Germany led us, and the unspeakable insults and injuries by which she compelled us, to enter the war.

Our adherence to the Monroe Doctrine was, at first, an obstacle to that entrance. Believing that European governments ought not to interfere in domestic affairs on the American continents, we admitted the converse of that proposition, and held that America should not meddle with European controversies or conflicts. But we soon came to a realizing sense of the ominous fact that Germany was the one nation of Europe which openly despised and flouted the Monroe Doctrine as an outworn superstition. Her learned professors (followed by a few servile American imitators) had poured ridicule and scorn upon it in unreadable books. Her actions in the West Indies and South America showed her contempt for it as a "bit of American bluff." Gradually it dawned upon us that if France were crushed and England crippled our dear old Monroe Doctrine would stand a poor chance against a victorious and superciliious Imperial German Government. As I wrote to Washington in August, 1914, their idea was to "lunch in Paris, dine in London, and spend the night somewhere in America."

Another real barrier to our taking any part in the war was our sincere, profound, traditional love of peace. This does not mean, of course, that America is a country of pacifists. Our history proves the contrary. Our conscientious objections to certain shameful things, like injustice, and dishonor, and tyranny, and systematic cruelty, are stronger than our conscientious objection to fighting. But our national policy is averse to war, and our national institutions are not favorable to its sudden declaration or swift prosecution.

In effect, the United States is a pacific nation of fighting men.

What was it, then, that forced such a nation into a conflict of arms?

It was the growing sense that the very existence of this war was a crime against humanity, that it need not and ought not to have been begun, and that the only way to put a stop to it was to join the Allies who had tried to prevent its beginning, and who are still trying to bring it to the only end that will be a finality.

It was also the conviction that the Monroe Doctrine, so far from being an obstacle, was an incentive to our entrance. The foundation of that doctrine is the right of free peoples, however small and weak, to maintain by common consent their own forms of government. This

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Germany and Austria denied. The issue at stake was no longer merely European. It was world-wide.

The Monroe Doctrine could not be saved in one continent if its foundation was destroyed in another. The only way to save it was to broaden it.

The United States, having grown to be a world power, must either uphold everywhere the principles by which it had been begotten and made great or sink into the state of an obese, helpless parasite. Its sister republics would share its fate.

But more than this: it was the flagrant and contemptuous disregard of all the principles of international law and common humanity by the Imperial German Government that alarmed and incensed us. The list of crimes and atrocities ordered in this war by the mysterious and awful power that rules the German people—which I prefer to call, for the sake of brevity and impersonality, the Potsdam gang—is too long to be repeated here. The levying of unlawful tribute from captured cities and villages; the use of old men, women, and children as a screen for advancing troops; the extortion of military information from civilians by cruel and barbarous methods; the burning and destruction of entire towns as a punishment for the actual or suspected hostile deeds of individuals, and the brutal avowal that in this punishment it was necessary that "the innocent shall suffer with the guilty" (see the letter of General von Nieber to the Burgomaster of Wavre, August 27, and the proclamation of Governor-General von der Goltz, September 2, 1914); the introduction of the use of asphyxiating gas as a weapon of war (at Ypres, April 22, 1915); the poisoning of wells; the reckless and needless destruction of priceless monuments of art like the Cathedral of Reims; the deliberate and treacherous violation of the Red Cross which is the sign of mercy and compassion for all Christendom; the bombardment of hospitals and the cold-blooded slaughter of nurses and wounded men; the sinking of hospital ships with their helpless and suffering company—all these, and many other infamies committed by order of the Potsdam gang made the heart of America hot and angry against the power which devised and commanded such brutality. True, they were not, technically speaking, crimes directed against the United States. They did not injure our material interests. They injured only our souls and the world in which we have to live. They were vivid illustrations of the inward nature of that German Kultur whose superiority, the German professors say, "is rooted in the unfathomable depths of its moral constitution." (*Deutsche Reden in Schwerer Zeit*, II, p. 23.)

But there were two criminal blunders—or perhaps it would be more accurate to call them two series of obstinate and stupid offenses against international law—by which the Potsdam gang directly assailed the sovereignty and neutrality of the United States and forced us to choose between the surrender of our national integrity and a frank acceptance of the war which Germany was waging, not only against our principles and interests, but against the things which in our judgment were essential to the welfare of mankind and to the existence of honorable and decent relations among the peoples of the world.

The first of these offenses was the cynical and persistent attempt to take advantage of the good nature and unsuspiciousness of the United States for the establishment of an impudent system of German espionage; to use our territory as a base of conspiracy and treacherous hostilities against countries with which we were at peace; and to lose no opportunity of mobilizing the privileges granted by "these idiotic Yankees" (quotation from the military attaché of the Imperial German Embassy at Washington)—including, of course, the diplomatic privilege—to make America unconsciously help in playing the game of the Potsdam gang.

The second of these offenses was the illegal, piratical submarine warfare which the Potsdam gang ordered and waged against the merchant shipping of the world, thereby destroying the lives and the property of American citizens and violating the most vital principle of our steadfast contention for the freedom of the sea.

The message of the President to Congress on April 2, 1917, marked these two

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offenses as the main causes which made it impossible for the United States to maintain longer an official attitude of neutrality toward the German Government, which "did what it pleased and told its people nothing." The President generously declared that the source of these offenses "lay not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people toward us." That was a magnanimous declaration, and we sincerely hope it may prove true.

But practically the difficulty lies in the fact that at the present hour several millions of the German people stand in arms, on land that does not belong to them, to maintain the purpose and continue the practices of the Potsdam gang. It is a pity, but it is true. The only way to get at the gang which chose and forced this atrocious war is to go through the armed people who still defend that choice and the atrocities which have emphasized it.

Forgiveness must wait upon repentance. Repentance must be proved by restitution and reparation. Any other settlement of this world conflict would be a world calamity. For America and for all the Allies who are fighting for a peace worth having and keeping, the watchword must be: *Stand fast, ye free!*

II

THE offenses against the neutrality of the United States which were instigated and financed by the Potsdam gang were enumerated by the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives in the first week of April, 1917, and amounted to at least twenty-one distinct crimes or unfriendly acts, including the furnishing of bogus passports to German reservists and spies, the incitement of rebellion in India and in Mexico, the preparation of dynamite outrages against Canada, the placing of bombs in ships sailing from American ports, and many other ill-judged pleasantries of a similar character.

The crown was put on this series of blundering misdeeds by the note of January 19, 1917, sent from the German Foreign Office (under cover of our diplomatic privilege, of course) to the German Minister in Mexico, directing him to prepare an alliance with that country against the United States in the event of war, urging him to use Mexico as an agent to draw Japan into that alliance, and offering as a bribe to the Mexicans the possession of American territory in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. (See "War Message and Facts Behind It," p. 13. Published by the Committee on Public Information, Washington, Government Printing Office, 1917.)

The fact is, we have only just begun to understand the real nature of the German Secret Service, which works with, and either under or over, the Diplomatic Service.

It is certainly the most highly organized, systematic, and expensive, and at the same time probably the most bone-headed and unscrupulous, secret service in the world.

Its powers of falsification and evasion are only exceeded by its capacity for making those mistakes which spring from a congenital contempt for other people.

At The Hague I had numerous opportunities of observing and noting the workings of this peculiar system. The story of many of them cannot be publicly told without violating that reserve which I prefer to maintain in regard to confidential communications and private affairs in which the personal reputation of individuals is involved. But there are two or three experiences of which I may write freely without incurring either self-reproach or a just reproach from others. They are not at all sensational. But they seemed at the time, and they seem still, to have a certain significance as indications of the psychology of the people with whom we were then in nominal friendship.

Three requests were made to me for the forwarding of important communications to Brussels under cover of the diplomatic privilege of the American Legation. The memoranda of the dates and so on are in the Chancellery at The Hague, so I cannot refer to them. But it is certain that the requests came shortly after the beginning of the war, in the first or second week of August, 1914, and the content and purport of them are absolutely clear in my memory.

The first request was from Berlin for the transmission of a note to the Belgian

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Government, renewing the proposition which the Potsdam gang had made on August 2, namely that Belgium should permit the free passage of German troops through her neutral ground on condition that Germany would pay for all damage done and that Belgian territory would not be annexed. ("Official Diplomatic Documents," edited by E. von Mach, p. 402. Macmillan Company, 1916.) King Albert had already replied, on August 3, to this proposition, saying that to permit such a passage of hostile troops against France would be "a flagrant violation of international law" and would "sacrifice the honor of the nation." ("Off. Dip. Doc.," p. 421.) After such an answer it did not seem to me that the renewal of the dishonorable proposal was likely to have a good effect. Yet the Berlin note was entirely correct in form. It merely offered a chance for Belgium to choose again between peace with the friendship of Germany and dishonor attached, and war in defense of the neutrality to which she was bound by the very treaty (1839) which had brought her into being. I had no right to interpose an obstacle to the repetition of Belgium's first heroic choice. I pointed out that, not being accredited to the Belgian Government, I was not in a position to transmit any communication to it. But I was willing to forward the note to my colleague the American Minister in Brussels, *absolutely without recommendation*, but simply for such disposal as he thought fit. Accordingly the note was transmitted to him.

What Whitlock did with it I do not know. What answer, if any, Belgium made I do not know. But I do know that she stood to her guns and kept her honor intact and immortal.

The second request was of a different quality. It came to me from the Imperial German Legation at The Hague. It was a note for transmission to the Belgian Government, beginning with a reference to the fall of Liège and the hopeless folly of attempting to resist the German invasion, and continuing with an intimation of the terrible consequences which would follow Belgium's persistence in her mad idea of keeping her word of honor. In effect the note was a curious combination of an insult and a threat. I promptly and positively refused to transmit it or to have anything to do with it.

"But why," said the German counsellor, sitting by my study fire—a Prussian of the Prussians—"why do you refuse? You are a neutral, a friend of both parties. Why not simply transmit the note to your colleague in Brussels as you did before? You are not in any way responsible for its contents."

"Quite so," I answered, "and thank God for that! But suppose you had a quarrel with a neighbor in the Rheinland, who had positively declined a proposition which you had made to him. And suppose, the ordinary post-boy services being interrupted, you asked me to convey to your neighbor a note which began by addressing him as a 'silly s— of a b—,' and ended by telling him that if he did not agree you would certainly grind him to powder. Would you expect me to play the post-boy for such a *billet-doux* on the ground that I was not responsible for its contents and was a friend of both parties?"

"Well," replied the counsellor, laughing at the North American directness of my language, "probably not." So he folded up the note and took it away. What became of it I do not know nor care.

The third request was of still another quality. It came from the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Legation, which very politely asked me to transmit a message in the American diplomatic code to my colleague in Brussels for delivery to the Austro-Hungarian Legation, which still lingered in that city. The first and last parts of the message were in plain language, good English, quite innocent and proper. But the kernel of the despatch was written *in the numerical secret cipher of Vienna*, which of course I was unable to read. I drew attention to this, and asked mildly how I could be expected to put this passage into our code without knowing what the words were. The answer was that it would not be necessary to code this passage; it could be transmitted in numbers just as it stood; the Austro-Hungarian chargé d'affaires at Brussels would understand it.

"Quite so," I answered, "but you see the point is that *I do not understand it.*

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My dear count, you are my very good friend, and it grieves me deeply to decline any request of yours. But the simple fact is that our instructions explicitly forbid us to send any message *in two codes*."

The count—who, by the way, was an excellent and most amiable man—blushed and stammered that he was only carrying out the instructions of his chief, but that my point was perfectly clear and indisputable. I was glad that he saw it in that light, and we parted on the most friendly terms. What became of the message I do not know nor care.

It was about the 1st of September, 1915, that I came into brief contact with the case of the temporarily celebrated Mr. J. F. J. Archibald. This gentleman was an American journalist, and a very clever and agreeable man. We had met some months before, when he was on his way back to America from his professional work in Germany, and he had been a welcome guest at my table. But the second meeting was different.

This time Mr. Archibald was returning toward Germany on the Holland-America steamship *Rotterdam*. When the boat touched at Falmouth, on August 30, the British authorities examined his luggage and found that he was carrying private letters and official despatches from Doctor Dumba the Austrian Ambassador at Washington, from Count Bernstorff the German Ambassador, and from Captain von Papen his military attaché. Not only was the carrying of these letters by a private person on a regular mail route a recognized offense against the law, but the documents themselves contained matter of an incriminating and seditious nature most unfriendly to the United States. The egregious Doctor Dumba, for example, described how it would be possible to "disorganize and hold up for months, if not entirely prevent," the work of American factories; and the colossal Captain von Papen, in a letter referring to the activities of German secret agents in America, gave birth to his eloquent and unforgettable phrase, "these idiotic Yankees." The papers, of course, were taken from Mr. Archibald at Falmouth, but he was allowed to continue his voyage to Rotterdam *en route* for Berlin.

Before his arrival, however, a cablegram came from the Department of State at Washington instructing me to take up his regular passport which was made out to cover travel in Germany; to give him an emergency passport valid for one month and good only for the return to the United States; and to use all proper means to get him back to New York at the earliest possible date.

Having found out that he was lodged at a certain hotel I sent him a courteous invitation to call at the Legation on business of importance. He came promptly and we sat down in the library for a conversation which you will admit had its delicate points.

He began by saying that he supposed I had seen the newspaper accounts of what happened to him at Falmouth; that he was greatly surprised and chagrined about the matter; that he had been entirely ignorant of the contents of the documents found in his possession; that he had imagined—indeed he had been distinctly told—that they were innocent private letters relating to personal and domestic affairs; that he did not know there was any impropriety in conveying such letters; that if he had suspected their nature or known that they included official despatches he would never have taken them.

I replied that his personal statement was enough for me on that point, but that it seemed to throw rather a dark shadow on the character and conduct of his friends in the German and Austrian Embassies who had knowingly exposed his innocence to such a risk. I added that it was probably with a view to obtaining his help in clearing up the matter that the Department of State had instructed me to take up his passport.

"But have you the legal right to do that?"

"Under American law, yes, unquestionably."

"But under Dutch law?"

"Probably not. But I hope it will not be necessary to invoke that law. Simply to inform the Dutch Foreign Minister of the presence of an American whose passport had been revoked but who refused to give it up, would be sufficient for my purpose."

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He reflected for a moment, and then said, smiling:

"I don't refuse to give it up. Here it is. Now tell me what I shall do without a passport."

"Thank you. Fortunately I have authority to give you an emergency passport, good for a month, and covering the return voyage to America."

"But I don't want to go there. I want to go on to Berlin."

"Unfortunately I fear that will be impossible. Your old passport is invalid and will not carry you over the Dutch border. Your new passport cannot be made out for Germany. Your best course is to return home."

"I see. But have you any right to arrest me and send me to America?"

"None whatever, my dear sir. Please don't misunderstand me. This is just a bit of friendly advice. 'Your country needs you.' You naturally want an early chance to tell Washington what you have told me. The *Rotterdam* is a very comfortable ship, and she sails for New York the day after to-morrow. I have already bespoken an excellent room for you. Do you accept?"

"Yes, and thank you for the way you have put the matter. But do you think they will arrest me when I get to New York?"

"Probably not. But to help in forestalling that unpleasant possibility I will cable Washington that you are coming at once, of your own free will, and anxious to tell the whole story."

So he went, and I saw him off on the *Rotterdam*, a pallid and downcast figure. I pitied him. It seemed strange that any one should ever trust that unscrupulous, callous, thick-pated diplomatic-secret-service machine which is always ready to expose a too confiding and admiring friend to danger or disgrace in order to serve its imperious necessities.

Holland, of course, owing to its geographical situation, was a regular nest of German espionage. Other spies were there, too, but they were much less in evidence than the Germans. Of the tricks and the manners of the latter I had some picturesque experiences which I do not feel at liberty to narrate. The Department of State has been informed of them, and has no doubt put the information safely away with a lot of other things which it knows but does not think it expedient or necessary to tell until the proper time.

But there is no reason why the simple little tale of the futile attempt to plant two German spies in my household at The Hague should not be told. One of the men in our domestic service, a Hollander, had been obliged to leave and we wanted to fill his place. This was difficult because the requirements of the Dutch army service claimed such a large number of the younger men.

The first who applied for the vacant place professed to be a Belgian. Perhaps he was. On demand he produced his "papers"—birth-certificate, baptismal registry, several *Passier-scheine*, and so forth. But down in a corner on the back of one of the papers was a dim blue stamp —"*Imperial German Marine.*" What was the meaning of this? What had the Potsdam High-Sea Fleet to do with this peaceable overland traveller from Belgium? Voluble excuses, but no satisfactory explanation. I told him that I feared he was too experienced for the place.

The second who applied was an unquestionable Dutchman, young, good-looking, intelligent. Papers in perfect order. Present service with a well-known pro-German family. Previous service of one year with a lady who was one of my best friends—the wife of a high government official. I rang her up on the telephone and asked if she could tell me anything about A. B., who had been in service with her for a year. A second of silence, then the answer: "Yes, a good deal, but not on the telephone, please. Come around to tea this afternoon." Madame L. then told me that while the young man was clean, sober, and industrious, he had been found rummaging among her husband's official papers, in a room which he was forbidden to enter, and had been caught several times listening at the keyhole of doors while private conferences were going on. It seemed to me that a young man with such an uncontrollable thirst for knowledge would not be suited for the very simple service which would be required of him in our household.

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Afterward, traces of both of these men were found which led unmistakably to the lair of the chief spider of the German secret service at The Hague. The incident was a very small one. But, after all, life is made up of small incidents with a connected meaning.

At the time when I am writing this (September 24, 1917) the moral character of the tools of the Potsdam gang has again been stripped naked by the disclosure of the treachery by which the German Legation in Argentina has utilized the Swedish Legation in that country to transmit, under diplomatic privilege, messages inciting to murder on the high seas. Argentina has already taken the action to be expected from an American Republic by dismissing the German Minister. What Sweden will do to vindicate her honor remains to be seen. Her attitude may affect our opinion of her as a victim or a vassal of Potsdam.

There are two points in the disclosures made on September 23 by the Department of State which bear directly upon this simple narrative of experiences at The Hague.

The fetching female comic-opera star, Ray Beveridge, discreetly alluded to in my second article, "The Werewolf at Large" (SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, October, 1917, p. 391), was secretly paid three thousand dollars by the Imperial German Embassy in Washington to finance her artistic activities. So, you see, I was not far wrong in forwarding her divorce papers to Germany and refusing to transmit her newspaper correspondence to America. She was a paid *soubrette* in the Potsdam troupe.

The affable and intelligent Mr. Archibald, alluded to in this article (p. 523), received on April 21, 1915, according to these disclosures, five thousand dollars from the Imperial German Embassy in Washington for "propaganda" services. If I had known this when he came to me in September, it is possible that I should have been less careful to spare his feelings.

III

THE record of the German submarine warfare on merchant shipping is one of the most extraordinary chapters in history. Americans have read it with appropriate indignation, but not always with clear understanding of the precise issues involved. Let me try to make those issues plain, since the submarine campaign was one of the causes which forced this war upon the United States (President's Message to Congress, April 2, 1917, paragraphs 2–10).

In war all naval vessels, including of course submarines, have the right to attack and destroy, by any means in their power, any war-ship of the enemy. In regard to merchant-ships the case is different, according to international law. (See G. G. Wilson, "International Law," §§114, 136, New York, 1901–1909.)

The war-vessel has the right of "visit and search" on all merchant-ships, enemy or neutral. It has also the right, in case the cargo of the merchant-ship appears to include more than a certain percentage of contraband, to capture it and take it into a port for adjudication as a prize. The war-vessel has also the right to sink a presumptive prize under conditions (such as distance, stress of weather, and so forth) which make it impossible to take it into port.

But here the right of the war-vessel stops. *It has absolutely no right to sink the merchant-ship without warning and without making efficient provision for the safety of the passengers and crew.* That is the common law of civilized nations. To break it is to put one's self beyond the pale.

Some Germanophile critics have faulted me for calling the Teutonic submarines "Potsdam pirates." A commissioned vessel, these critics say, which merely executes the orders of its government, cannot properly be called a pirate.

Why not? Take the definition of piracy given in the New Oxford Dictionary: "The crime of robbery or depredation on the sea by persons not holding a commission from *an established civilized state.*"

There's the point! Is a nation which orders its servants to commit deeds forbidden by international law, a nation which commands its naval officers to commit deliberate, wanton, dastardly murder on the high seas (case of *Belgian Prince*,

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July 31, 1917, and others), is such a nation to be regarded as "an established civilized state"?

Were Algiers and Tunis and Tripoli "civilized states" when they sent out the Barbary pirates in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries? We thought not, and we sent our war-ships to whip the barbarism out of them.

Commodore Stephen Decatur, in 1815, forced the cruel and cowardly Dey of Algiers to sign a deed of renunciation and a promise of good conduct, on the deck of an American frigate, under the Stars and Stripes.

A hundred years ago the glory of the American navy was made clear to the world in the suppression of the pirates of North Africa. To-day that glory must be maintained by firm, fearless, unrelenting war against the pirates of North Germany.

A commission to do a certain thing which is in itself unlawful does not change the nature of the misdeed. No nation has a right to commission its officers to violate the law of nations.

But the Germans say their submarines are such wonderful, delicate, scientific machines that it is impossible for them to give warning of an attack, or to do anything to save the helpless people whose peaceful vessel has been sunk beneath their feet. The precious, fragile submarine cannot be expected to observe any law of humanity which would imperil its further usefulness as an instrument of destruction.

Marvellous argument—worthy of the Potsdam mind in its highest state of Kultur! By the same reasoning any assassin might claim the right to kill without resistance because he proposed to commit the crime with a dagger so delicately wrought, so frail, so slender, that the slightest struggle on the part of his victim would break the costly, beautiful, murderous weapon.

Again, these extraordinary Germans say that merchant-ships ought not to carry weapons for defense; it is too dangerous for the dainty U-boat; every merchantman thus armed must be treated as a vessel of war. But the law of nations for more than two centuries has sanctioned the carrying of defensive armament by merchant-ships, *and precisely because they might need it to protect themselves against pirates.*

Shall the United States be asked to rewrite this article of international law, in the midst of a great war on sea and land? Shall the government at Washington be seduced by cajolery, or compelled by threats, to rob the merchantmen of the poor protection of a single gun in order that they may fall absolutely helpless into the black hands of the prowling Potsdam pirates? That would be neutrality with a vengeance! Yet that is just what the Imperial German Government tried to persuade or force the United States to do. Thank God the effort was vain.

These were the matters under discussion when I was called to Washington in February, 1916, for consultation with the President. The long and wearing controversy had been going on for months. Every month notes were coming from Berlin, each more evasive and unsatisfactory than the last. Every week Count Bernstorff and his aides were coming to the State Department with new excuses, new subterfuges, and the same old lies. The President and Secretary Lansing, both of whom are excellent international lawyers, found their patience tried to the uttermost by the absurdity of the arguments presented to them and by the veiled contempt in the manner of the presentation. But they kept their tempers and did their best to keep the peace.

On two points they were firm as adamant. First, the law of nations should not and could not be changed in the midst of a war to suit the need of one of the parties. Second, "the use of submarines for the destruction of commerce is of necessity, because of the very character of the vessels employed and the very methods of attack which their employment of course involves, incompatible with the principles of humanity, the long established and incontrovertible rights of neutrals, and the sacred immunities of non-combatants" (President Wilson's Address to Congress, April 19, 1916).

It was on my return from this visit to Washington that I had an opportunity of observing at close range the crooked methods of the Potsdam gang in regard to the U-boat warfare. Arriving at The

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Hague on March 24, 1916, I found Holland aflame with helpless rage over the recent sinking of the S.S. *Tubantia*, the newest and best boat of the Netherlands-Lloyd merchant-fleet. She was torpedoed by an unseen submarine.

An explanation was promptly demanded from the German Government, which denied any knowledge of the affair. Holland, lacking evidence as to the perpetrator of the crime, would have had to swallow this denial but for an accident which furnished her with the missing proof. One of the *Tubantia's* small boats drifted ashore. In the boat was a fragment of a *Schwarzkopf* torpedo—a type manufactured and used only by Germany. This fragment was forwarded to Berlin, with another and more urgent demand for explanation, apology, and reparation.

The German authorities coolly replied with the astounding statement that there had been two or three *Schwarzkopf* torpedoes in naval museums in England, and that this particular specimen had probably been given to a *British* submarine and used by her to destroy the good ship *Tubantia*.

Again Holland would have been left helpless, choking with indignation, but for a second accident. Another of the lost steamship's boats was found, and in it there was another fragment of the torpedo. *This fragment bore the secret mark of the German navy, telling just when the torpedo was made and to which of the U-boats it had been issued.*

With this bit of damning evidence in his bag a Dutch naval expert was sent to Berlin to get to the bottom of the crime and to demand justice. He got there, but he found no justice in that shop.

The German navy is very systematic, keeps accurate books, makes no accidental mistake. The pedigree and record of the *Schwarzkopf* were found. It was issued to a certain U-boat on a certain date. Undoubtedly it was the missile which unfortunately sank the *Tubantia*. All this was admitted and deeply regretted. But Germany was free from all responsibility for the sad occurrence. The following amazing reason was given by the Imperial German Government.

This certain U-boat had fired this certain torpedo at a British war-vessel somewhere in the North Sea ten days before the *Tubantia* was sunk. The shot missed its mark. But the naughty, undisciplined little torpedo went cruising around in the sea on its own hook for ten days waiting for a chance to kill somebody. Then the *Tubantia* came along, and the wandering-Willy torpedo promptly, stupidly, ran into the ship and sank her. This was the explanation. Germany was not to blame. But if further explanations and some kind of reparation were demanded, the matter could be brought up after the war and settled before a German court.

This stupendous fairy-tale Holland was expected to believe and to accept as the end of the affair. She did not believe it. She had to accept it. What else could she do? Fight? She did not want to share Belgium's dreadful fate.

I wonder why some of the Americans who blame Holland for not being in arms against Germany never think of that stern and awful deterrent which stands under her eyes and presses upon her very bosom. She is still independent, still neutral, still unravaged. Five-sixths of her people, I believe, have no sympathy with the German Government in its choice and conduct of this war. At least this was the case while I was at The Hague. But the one thing that Holland is, above all else, is pro-Dutch. She wants to keep her liberty, her sovereignty, her land untouched. To defend these treasures she will fight, and for no other reason. I have heard Queen Wilhelmina say this a score of times. She means it, and her people are with her.

Seven Dutch ships were sunk in a bunch in the English Channel by the Potsdam pirates on February 22, 1917. Holland was furious. She stated her grievance, protested, remonstrated—and there she stopped. If she had tried to do anything more she stood to lose a third of her territory in a few days and the whole in a few weeks—lose it, mark you, to the gang that ruined Belgium.

But the position, and therefore the case, of America in regard to the German submarine warfare was quite different. She was one of the eight "Big Powers" of the world. She was the mightiest of the neutrals. Her rights at sea were no

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greater than theirs. But her duties were greater, just because she was larger, more powerful, better able to champion those rights not only for herself but also for others. She would not have to pay such an instant, awful, crushing penalty for armed resistance to the brutalities of the Potsdam gang as would certainly be inflicted upon the little northern neutrals if they attempted to defend themselves against injustice and aggression. Their part was to make protest, and record it, and wait for justice until the war was ended. America's part was to make protest, and then—her protest being mocked, scorned, disregarded—to stand up in arms with France and Great Britain and help to end the war by a victory of righteous peace.

But did we not also have objections to some of the measures and actions of the British blockade—as, for instance, the seizure and search of the mails? Certainly we did, and Secretary Lansing stated them clearly and maintained them firmly. But here is the difference. These objections concerned only the rights of neutral *property* on the high seas. We knew by positive assurance from England, and by our experience with her in the Alabama Claims Arbitration, that she was ready to refer all such questions to an impartial tribunal and abide by its decision. Our objections to the conduct of the German navy concerned the far more sacred rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." *The murder of one American child at sea meant more to us than the seizure of a thousand cargoes of alleged contraband.*

No one has ever accused the British or French or Italian sailors in this war of sinking merchant-ships without warning, leaving their crews and passengers to drown. On the contrary, British seamen have risked and lost their lives in a chivalrous attempt to save the lives even of their enemies after the fair sinking of a German war-ship.

But the hands of the Potsdam pirates are red with innocent blood. The bottom of the sea is strewn with the wrecks they have made. "The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean" hide the bones of their helpless victims, who shall arise at the judgment-day to testify against them.

On May 7, 1915, the passenger liner *Lusitania*, unarmed, was sunk without warning by a German U-boat off the Irish coast. One hundred and fourteen Americans—men, women, and little children, lawful and peaceful travellers—were drowned——

"Butchered to make a [German] holiday."

The holiday was celebrated in Germany. The schools were let out. The soldiers in the reserve camps had leave to join in the festivities. The towns and cities were filled with fluttering flags and singing folks. A German pastor preached: "Whoever cannot bring himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the *Lusitania*—him we judge to be no true German" ("Deutsche Reden in Schwerer Zeit," No. 24, p. 7). A medal was struck to commemorate the great achievement. It is a very ugly medal. I keep a copy of it in order that I may never forget the character of a nation which was not content with rejoicing over such a crime but desired to immortalize it in bronze.

The three strong and eloquent notes of President Wilson in regard to the *Lusitania* are too well known to be quoted here. The practical answer from Potsdam (passing over the usual subterfuges and falsehoods) was the sinking of the *Arabic* August 19 and the murder of three more Americans. Then the correspondence languished until the torpedoing (March 24, 1916) of the *Sussex*, a Channel ferry-boat, crowded with passengers, among whom were many Americans. Then the President sent a flat message calling down the Potsdam pirates and declaring that unless they abandoned their nefarious practices "the United States had no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire altogether" (April 18, 1916).

This brought a grudging promise from Germany that she would henceforth refrain from sinking merchant-vessels "without warning and without saving human lives, unless the ship attempted to escape or offer resistance." How this promise was kept may be judged from the sinking of the *Marina* (October 28), with the loss of eight American lives, and of the *Russian* (December 14), with the loss

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of seventeen American lives, and other similar sinkings.

During all this time Germany had been building new and larger submarines with wonderful industry. She had filled up her pack of sea-wolves. On January 31, 1917, she revoked her flimsy pledge, let loose her wolf-pack, and sent word to all the neutral nations that she would sink at sight *all* ships found in the zones which she had marked "around Great Britain, France, Italy, and in the Eastern Mediterranean" ("Why We are at War," p. 23, New York, 1917). The President promptly broke off diplomatic relations (February 3), and said that we should refrain from hostilities until the commission of "actual overt acts" by Germany forced us to the conviction that she meant to carry out her base threat.

The overt acts came quickly. Between February 3 and April 1 eight American merchant-ships were sunk, and more than forty American lives were destroyed by the Potsdam pirates.

The die was cast. On April 2, 1917, the President advised Congress that the United States could no longer delay the formal acceptance of "the status of belligerent which had been thrust upon it." On April 6 Congress took the necessary action. On the same day the President proclaimed that "a state of war exists between the United States and the Imperial German Government."

Back of this momentous and noble decision, in which the hearts of the immense majority of Americans are with the President, there are undoubtedly many strong and righteous reasons. Some of these I have tried to set forth in the first part of this article. But we must never forget that the specific reason given by the President, the definite cause which forced us into the war, is the German method of submarine warfare, which he has repeatedly denounced as illegal, immoral, inhuman—a direct and brutal attack upon us and upon all mankind. These words cannot be forgotten, nor is it likely that the President will retract them.

They set up at least one steadfast mark in the midst of the present flood of peace talk. There can be no parley with a criminal who is in full and exultant practice of his crime. Unless the U-boat warfare is renounced, repented of, and abandoned by the Potsdam pirates, an honorable peace is unattainable except by fighting for it and winning it.*

IV

Only a little space is left for writing of my retirement from the post at The Hague and my experiences thereafter in England and France.

The reader may have gathered from the tenor of these articles that the work at the legation was hard and that the situation was trying to a man with strong convictions and the habit of expressing them frankly. My resignation was tendered in September, 1916, with the request that it should not be made public until after the re-election of President Wilson, which I earnestly desired and expected. My reasons for resigning were partly of a domestic nature. But the main reason was a personal wish to get back to my work as a writer, "with full freedom to say what I thought and felt about the war."

The German-American press has tried to start a rumor that I was recalled to Washington to explain my action on a certain point. That is absolutely and entirely false. The government never asked for an explanation of anything in my conduct while in office, or afterward. On the contrary, the President has been kind enough to express his approval of my services in terms too friendly to be quoted here.

In November, after President Wilson had been triumphantly chosen for a second term, I ventured to recall his attention to my letter of September. He answered that he would "reluctantly yield" to my wishes, but would appreciate my remaining at The Hague until a successor could be found for the post. Of course I willingly agreed to this.

In December the name of this successor was cabled to me with instructions to find out whether he would be acceptable to the

* Belgian Relief ships sunk: S.S. *Camilla, Trevier, Feistein, Storstad, Lars Kruse, Euphrates, Haelen,* and *Tunis* (the last two shelled but not sunk).

Hospital ships sunk: *Britannic* (probably but not certainly torpedoed); *Asturias,* March 24, 1917; *Gloucester Castle,* March 30; *Donegal,* April 17; *Lanfranc,* April 17 (with British wounded *and German wounded prisoners*).

Among the neutral nations Norway alone has lost more than six hundred ships by mines and torpedoes of German origin. The dance of death still goes on.

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Queen and the Government of Holland. Her Majesty said that this gentleman would certainly be *persona grata*, and I cabled to Washington to this effect.

Early in January a message came from the Secretary of State saying that, as all was arranged except the final confirmation of the appointment, I might feel free to go at my convenience. Having cleaned up my work and left everything in order for my successor (including the lease of my house), I took ship from Flushing for England on January 15, 1917.

The voyage through the danger zone was uneventful. The visit to England was unforgettable.

Everywhere I saw the evidences that Great Britain was at war, in earnest, and resolved to "*carry on*" with her Allies until the victory of a real peace was won.

Women and girls were at work in the railway stations, on the trams and omnibusses, in the munition factories, in postal and telegraph service, doing the tasks of men. We shall have to revise that phrase which speaks of "the weaker sex."

By night London was

"Dark, dark, dark, irrecoverably dark."

But it was not still, nor terrified by the instant danger of Zeppelin raids. Every time a German vulture passed over England dropping bolts of indiscriminate death, it woke the heart of the people to a new impulse, not of fear but of hot indignation.

By day the great city swarmed with eager life. Business was going on at full swing, though not "as usual." Women were driving trucks, carrying packages, running ticket-offices. Men in khaki outnumbered those in civilian dress. Wounded soldiers hobbled cheerfully along the streets. The parks were adorned with hospitals. Mrs. Pankhurst spoke from a soap-box near the Marble Arch; not now for woman-suffrage—"that will come," she said, "but the great thing to-day is to carry on the war to a victory for freedom!"

Every family that I knew was in grief for a dear one lost on the field of glorious strife. But not one was in mourning. The great sacrifice was bravely accepted as a part of the greater duty.

The friends with whom I talked most—men like Lord Bryce, Sir Sydney Lee, Sir Herbert Warren, Sir Robertson Nicoll, Sir William Osler—were lovers of peace, tried and well-known. All were of one mind in holding that Britain's faith and honor bound her to accept the war when Germany violated Belgium, and that it must be fought through until the Prussian military autocracy which began it was broken.

There were restricted rations in England; but no starvation and no sign of it. There were partisan criticisms and plenty of "grousing." The Britisher is never contented unless he can grumble—especially at his own government. But there was no lack of a real unity of purpose, nor of a solid, cheerful, bull-dog determination to hang on to the enemy until he came down. It is this spirit that has enabled a nation, which was almost ignorant of what military preparedness meant, to put between three and four million troops into the field in defense of justice and liberty.

At the end of January I went to France, eager to see with my own eyes the great things that were doing there and to taste with my own lips the cup of danger. That at least I was bound to do before I could come home and urge my countrymen to face the duty and brave the peril of a part in this war.

Paris was not so dark as London but more tragic. After Belgium and Servia the heaviest brunt of this dreadful conflict has fallen upon France. She has suffered most. Yet on the faces of her women I saw no tears and in the eyes of her men no fear nor regret.

If Britain was magnificent, France was miraculous! Loving and desiring peace she accepted the cross of war without a murmur. Her women were no less brave than her men. She wears the hero-star of Roland and the saintly halo of Joan of Arc.

After meeting many men in Paris—statesmen, men of letters, generals—and after visiting the splendid American Ambulance at Neuilly and other institutions in which our boys and girls were giving their help to France in the chivalric spirit of Lafayette, I went out toward the front.

The first visit was under the escort of Captain François Monod to a château be-

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yond Compiègne, where Rudyard Kipling with his family and I with my family had passed the Christmas week of 1913 together, as joyous guests of the American *châtelaine* Mrs. Julia Park. She has given the spacious, lovely house for a military hospital. And there, while the German guns thundered a few kilometres away from us and a German sausage balloon floated in the sky, I watched the skilful ministrations of French and American doctors and nurses to the wounded. One thought haunted me—the memory of Kipling's only son, nineteen years old, who was with us in that happy Christmastide. The lad was reported "missing" after one of the battles between Loos and Hulluch. For six months I sought, through the German Legation at The Hague, to find a trace of the brave boy. But never a word!

The second visit was to the battle-field of the Marne under the escort of Captain the Count de Ganay. We motored slowly through the ruined towns and villages. Those which had been wrecked by shell-fire were like mouthfuls of broken teeth—chimneys and fragments of walls still standing. Those which had been vengefully burned by the retreating Germans were mere heaps of ashes. Most of our time was spent around the *Marais de St. Gond*, where the French General Foch held the Thermopylæ of Europe. Four times he advanced across that marsh and was driven back, but not beaten. The fifth time he advanced and stayed, and Paris was forever lost to the Germans. Think of the men who made that last advance and saved Europe from the Potsdam gang.

The third visit was with the same escort to the fighting front at Verdun.

The long, bare, rolling ridges between Bar-le-Duc and the Meuse; the high-shouldered hills along the river and around the ruined little city; the open fields, the narrow valleys, the wrecked villages, the shattered woodlands—all were covered with dazzling snow. The sun was bright in a cloudless sky. A bitter, biting wind poured fiercely, steadily out of the north, driving the glittering snow-dust before it. Every man had put on all the clothes he possessed, and more; pads of sheepskin over back and breast; gunny sacks tied around the shoulders. The troops of cavalry, the teams of mules and horses dragging munition-wagons or travelling kitchens or long "75" guns, clattered along the iron surface of the *Via Sacra*—that blessed road which made the salvation of Verdun possible after the only railway was destroyed. Endless trains of motor-lorries lumbered by. The narrow trenches were coated with ice. The hillside trails were slippery as glass. In the deep dugouts small sheet-iron stoves were burning, giving out a little heat and a great deal of choking smoke. The soldiers sat around them playing cards or telling stories.

But there! What I saw in that shell-pitted, snow-covered, hard-frozen amphitheatre of heroism cannot be described in these brief paragraphs. The serenity, cheerfulness, courtesy, and indomitable courage of the French *poilus* defending their own land; the scenes in the trenches with the German shells breaking around us and the wounded men being carried past us; the luncheon in the citadel with the commandant and officers in a subterranean room where the motto on the wall, above the world-renowned escutcheon of Verdun, was "*On ne passe pas*"—"They don't get by"; the dinner with the general and staff of the Verdun army, in a little village "somewhere in France," and their last words to me, "*On les aura! Ça peut être long, mais on les aura!*"—"It may take long, but we shall get them!"—all these and a thousand more things are vivid in my memory but cannot be told now.

One scene sticks in my mind and asks to be recorded.

The hospital was just back of the Verdun lines. Its roofs were marked with the Red Cross. Twenty-four hundred beds, all clean and quiet. Wards full of German wounded, cared for as tenderly as the French. "Will you see an operation?" said the proud little commandant who was showing me through his domain. "Certainly." A big, husky fellow was on the operation-table, unconscious, under ether. One of the best surgeons in France was performing the operation of trepanning. I could see the patient's brain, bare and beating, while the surgeon did his skilful work. Other doctors stood

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around, and three nurses, one an American girl, Miss Cowen, of Pittsburgh. "Will the man get well?" I asked the surgeon. "I hope so," he answered. "At all events, we shall do our best for him. You know, he is a German—*c'est un Boche!*"

On August 20, 1917, that very hospital, marked with the Red Cross, was bombed by German aeroplanes. One wing was set on fire. While the nurses and helpers were trying to rescue the patients, the damned Potsdam vultures flew back and forth three times over the place, raking it with machine guns. More than thirty persons were killed, including doctors, German wounded, and one woman nurse. God grant it was not the American girl! Yet why would not the killing of a French sister under the Red Cross be just as wicked?

Here I break off—uncompleted—my narration of the evil choice of war and the crimes in the conduct of war which have made the name of Germany abhorred.

The Allies, from the beginning, have pleaded for peace and fought for peace. America, obeying her conscience, has joined them in the conflict.

But what do we mean now by peace? We mean more than a mere cessation of hostilities. We mean that the burglar shall give back all that he has grabbed. We mean that the marauder shall make good all the damage that he has done. We mean that there shall be an open league of free democratic states to secure the rights of all peoples, great and small, and to prevent the recurrence of such a bloody calamity as the autocratic, militaristic Potsdam gang precipitated upon the world in 1914.

Restitution, reparation, guarantees—those are the three terms of the real peace for which we have come to fight beside France, Great Britain, Italy, and, we hope, Russia. The German people shall share its blessings when they are willing and able to accept its conditions. Till then our watchword is—*Stand fast, ye free!*

Sylvanora,
September 26, 1917.

BALLAD OF THE RICH SUITOR

By Olive Tilford Dargan

"O PROUDLY shall my lady tread!
These golden shoes I'll give her,
My silver harp, my ruby red,
My castles by the river!"

But when he met her on the hills,
Down coming like a lily-flame,
Her bare feet mid the daffodils,
His golden shoes he hid for shame.

How could he sing of castles drear
Who with the wild bee found her?
His silver harp how could she hear
With all God's birds around her?

And when he trembling touched her heart,
And knew how it could start and bleed,
He threw his ruby far apart
To lie forgot with clod and weed.

Then sought with fasting eyes to share
The empire in her own.
Not yet she spake; but, passing there,
I heard a beggar moan.

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WHEN OUR FLAG CAME TO PARIS

By Archibald Douglas Turnbull
Author of "François' Journey"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

NOTHING could have been more natural than that Johnny Campbell, even though he felt himself an American, should come forward as a soldier of France. His very name bespoke the martial Scot, and it reached back through grandfathers in the Civil War to the very earliest hours of the American Republic. His father had volunteered in '98, only to be one of the many who went as far as the Florida camps and never returned.

Johnny had been five years old then, and he had but the vaguest memories of a stalwart man who had tossed him in the air and then surrendered him so gently to his mother. His mother? She alone would have been enough to turn his steps toward the nearest recruiting-station; that brave little mother who always called him "Jacques," and whom he had known for years as "Tite Maman." Always they had been the most intimate of companions, these two, since the black hour when she had suddenly swept him to her heart, sobbing out upon his curly head her first uncontrolled agony, and thanked heaven that he, at least, was spared to her, as the living proof of a love that had filled her life. Thenceforth they had been inseparable. A woman's perception, a woman's understanding, a woman's heart, had gone to the making of a man. Story after story she had told him, as he stood at her knee, within the hollow of the arm that had been the surest refuge for a hurt soul, the quickest cure for a bumped head. First had come the wonderful child-lore of the fairies and the animals. But as he grew older, and had to fold his ever-increasing length of leg upon a rug at her feet, the stories had been nearly always of soldiers. Some of these soldiers had been Campbells, others had French names and were of "Tite Maman's" own race. For the dainty, lovely little creature had her own traditions, handed down through the years. Such tales as she spun for Johnny of the dashing Chevalier de Plessis, who had led a charge at Friedland and had been publicly decorated by the Great Emperor himself! The fame of this mighty forebear had rung through the annals of "Tite Maman's" family ever since. She herself had been a tiny baby, she often told Johnny, in the dreadful days when her beloved Paris had fallen into alien hands. She never allowed Johnny to forget his French side. As a youngster he had been taught the beautiful language, and for years his mother had spoken no other to him.

When Johnny was twelve "Tite Maman" had brought him back to Paris. It had been a question of a legacy, with conditions, from some crusty old French uncle. "Tite Maman" had not dared refuse the addition to an income all too slender for her ambitions. It all fitted neatly into the picture of Johnny's future she had been so carefully making. He was to follow directly in his father's path, and to be the world-famous architect that surely nothing but his untimely end had prevented Donald Campbell from becoming. And what, then, more proper than that Johnny should be brought up in Paris; that he should grow, and study, and play almost under the very shadow of the Beaux Arts, toward which his earliest, most faltering steps had been directed?

To Johnny it had seemed right enough: "Tite Maman" always knew best. Her judgment always pulled a fellow out of trouble, always showed him just how he must play the game; her hand upon his shoulder always sent him back to his books or out to his play with the same high spirit.

Still Johnny remained an American at heart. Perhaps the influences of the

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newer, younger country had taken deep root within him. Perhaps it was the policeman that to early youth had seemed at the summit of man's greatness. The great red-haired roundsman had never failed to stop for a chat with Johnny's nurse in her smart little cap. And he had kept a good word for Johnny, even in that awful moment when a plate-glass window in the big house on the corner had been broken by a stray baseball. Baseball? Perhaps that too had its part in Johnny's nationalism. He had just acquired a wonderful first-baseman's mitt when destiny lifted him across the ocean and set him down among strange faces and new customs. Whatever was the real cause, the existing fact was that Johnny talked often of going back. Indeed, he had "Tite Maman's" promise that, once his course had been completed, once he had done his best to win the honors of his father at the famous school, they two would have a summer together "in the States." Every friend he made—and as he grew into youth they were many—knew that Johnny, for all his deep acquired love and admiration for France, could never see even the tiniest of American colors in a shop-window without an outward and visible thrill of pride. Whoever might happen to be his companion of the moment, Johnny would always point out those colors and say: "There's the old flag—see her?"

It was *Le Matin* that lay each morning upon the tiny table where "Tite Maman" always came to take her chocolate with Johnny. But just as regularly he received the Paris edition of a great American daily from the hands of the little marchande at his corner. Every day "Tite Maman" removed that same paper, much crushed, from his coat-pocket, and laid it, carefully smoothed, upon a file of its fellows.

Johnny was on intimate terms with all of his class who came from America to complete their courses. Through them he met many of the thousands who came each year to worship the glories—or the fashions—of Paris. Such chance acquaintances told him much about the land of his birth, and every scrap of news he treasured.

Still, it must be remembered that the French half of Johnny was a very strong half. All that he had absorbed from "Tite Maman" in the beginning had broadened and deepened as he grew to know the beautiful city that was his home and the people who had made it.

How vivid seemed all his mother's tales as he gazed down at the simple, majestic tomb of history's first soldier! The blood of the chevalier mounted in Johnny's cheek at the solemn moment when the afternoon sun sent its rays through those vaulted windows, to touch the torn banners of a hundred victories. And in a different way his appreciation and love were fostered by looking with the eyes of growing understanding upon the architectural feast spread before them throughout the city.

To Johnny, then, in the late summer of 1914, it had seemed only good that, like almost all of his classmates, he should enroll at once beneath the tricolor. His debt to France was large, and for her sake he must give himself to beat off the invader already almost within reach of the city, already dreaded and cursed by driven thousands.

As for the mother? It could not have been in her to hold him back. By every pang her boy had cost her, by every sacrifice, great and small, that she had made, by every triumph in his least success, was measured her love for the son of his father. But she was French, and through France the cry for help had rung. Quietly, simply, and, for that, all the more gloriously, she took up the part that is woman's—to give all, and to ask nothing—to stay behind, waiting in patient agony for news of loved ones.

When he stood before her, a uniformed, caparisoned soldier, a poilu among the rest, her heart fairly choked her with a mixture of the deepest suffering and the highest pride. Her Jacques, going as his father before him had gone; going in the very look of her own lost Donald, at the first call of the nation. Her memory leaped back to a little boy standing beside her chair, reading over her shoulder. Again she felt his head, buried in her lap, as he confided to her a childish sorrow. And now he could lift her frail body in his arms and set her down in mischievous will upon the tall dresser

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between the windows. Yes, he was a man grown, and he stood ready to do his man's duty. Days later, when she saw his train pulling out from the station, bound for that all too indefinite "front," she stifled the misery within her and managed a plucky wave of a tiny crumpled handkerchief. Then she turned back to the city and took up her registration already made at a base-hospital unit.

It was there that Johnny used to find her, in the blessed intervals of the long, long months, when he came "en permission" to Paris. Simple little reunion parties they had, while he poured out anecdotes of the fighting, of friends quickly made and as quickly lost, of private and public heroisms. And at last had come the day, even greater for her than for him, when he told her how his own company had been read out in the Order of the Day and showed her the long-coveted Croix-de-Guerre that had been placed upon his breast by a high-ranking general. "Too much honor," said Johnny; "it was an affair of nothing." In point of fact it had been the holding of a machine gun, on a hillock of particular importance, after all of the crew but Johnny had been killed, and until the tide of battle swept the French lines back to him.

In the glow of that moment Johnny was all French; as much so as "Tite Maman" herself. He was thinking only of themselves, of his company, his army, and the final victory that was so sure to come.

But there were other moments when Johnny was not so utterly satisfied with the situation. These came as the months dragged by, as the service chevrons on his left arm grew in number, and as the stripes of a lieutenant were given him. Victory seemed so slow in coming. So many, many lives had already been sacrificed. Would there be no end to it? The reports from the English grew disquieting. Not reports of any breach of faith, not of any inclination to abandon the struggle—never those. But even to the front crept the rumors of England's difficulties; of the ever-increasing menace of unrestricted U-boats; of ship upon ship that failed to deliver in an English port her cargo of foodstuffs or munitions. If England were really in danger of starving, where then should France turn? To Johnny there seemed but one answer: America must help. The huge, fabulously wealthy country must step in beside the France that would not crumble, but might wear away. Many times the thought had come to him; always he reached the same point. France had no other refuge. Nor was it France alone, but democracy against autocracy, right against might. Only the lives and the gold of the young western nation could save the world. Often he had talked it all over with his fellow soldiers. Men of his own regiment, knowing his birth, asked him point-blank: "When will the United States you speak of come out to help?" He found it hard to answer that question convincingly, though his own faith never faltered.

"She is coming," he would say; "surely she is coming. But you must understand that she has many millions to whom this war is but a story; something vague and shadowy, which touches them not at all. The people over there, they do not realize yet upon what foundation their own greatness is founded. When they do—ah—then you will see them come—with food and guns and men. Just wait."

"But yes—you say wait, always wait, and we have been waiting more than two years already. Soon there will be none of us left to wait."

Thus they assailed him sometimes, though often they kept silent out of respect to him as a comrade in arms. But through it all Johnny stuck to his position. "Only wait," he said, even when he saw Americans in Paris, agents for this one and for that one; even when he knew that vast sums were being made out of the struggle by the very people upon whose aid he was counting so steadfastly.

He would point to the long roster of Americans, living and dead, who had won fame for themselves, and victories for France, on the fields and in the air; or to those quieter, but not less well-earned victories of nerve and coolness beneath a tent-flap or between long rows of white iron cots.

"Look up—there—those three specks are part of l'Escadrille Lafayette. And

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yonder—why, man, the very ambulance that took our comrades last night was built by America, given by America, manned by a whole crew of Americans. I tell you," he would cry eagerly—"America is just groping—just feeling her way. When she finds it, at last——"

As each rumor reached him of a crisis between the enemy and America Johnny would conclude that this was the appointed hour, that nothing could longer delay the vast mass of Americans from moving. And each time when the crisis seemed to come to nothing he grimly put that conclusion away again into a corner of his mind, that it might be at hand for the ultimate "I told you so," in which his confidence never wavered. He told himself, philosophically: "Well, they just don't understand what is going on; they don't see the war; they can't realize unless they do see it. And they think that by giving money to Belgians or Servians who happen to be homeless they are doing all that we can ask. Things can't possibly go much farther without a crash. They are bound to wake up suddenly; to know that this is everybody's war, everybody who is anybody."

It was by no means an easy task always to be so certain to others, so philosophical to himself. For sometimes even "Tite Maman," though she was doubly tender to any wounded American who might come under her care, grew a little bitter.

"Jacques, it cannot be your father's country, much less yours. Why, in the Spanish War, unpopular though it was, the spirit was present. And what they called over there La Grande Armée—old men—veterans—gave their sons only because they were not allowed to go themselves. No—of a certainty—it is not my Donald's country any more. It is evident they care not at all."

Evidence of America's indifference? There was so much of it that even Johnny was well-nigh convinced. But not quite. Ever and again he repeated his articles of faith: "Only wait until it is clear to them, until enough Americans have been here and seen for themselves. How many of them know that here the men of forty-eight years have been called, that those boys drilling in the square are the class of '18? I tell you that America *is* a man's country! All she needs is to have it all shown to her. You do not know, you others, that countless thousands in America have never even seen the sea, and know the coast only as a dim place where one goes when one has grown rich. America wants peace, she wants to develop her resources. But once let her learn that it is a much higher development—her own—the human race's development—that is threatened. Then she will come, she must come. She will shake off her lethargy, rub her eyes, and come out of the West an avenging goddess. Have you ever heard an American band play the 'Star-Spangled Banner'? I have, four years ago, in Brest. And 'Dixie,' too. I tell you we will all be on our feet, one of these days, in La Place de la Concorde, cheering American soldiers. And then you will see what I mean."

Johnny would be as one inspired in the earnestness of his vehemence. He almost forced belief upon his hearers, who were indeed ready enough to cry, "Speed the day!" For they were weary of holding on. The long list of fallen comrades oppressed them. Not but what it was a glorious way to go, but so many had taken it, so few were left. And now, when at last it seemed that the arms of victory were in their hands they lacked the strength to lift those arms. Men by battalions had been thrown beneath the chariot-wheels of war, yet still the wheels turned. Men—men—men! This was the urgent need of the hour. Of what avail munitions piled mountain high, or guns in legion if there were none to use them? Of what use a gallant charge, to gain a few hundred yards at frightful cost, when there were no men to hold the hard-won field?

Deep into the ground the enemy had dug himself by that third winter. Foot by foot he must be dug out again and pushed back. France must have men—and that soon—or the best that could be hoped for was a deadlock. Never could they begin the driving, irresistible onrush that should sweep out of France and into the very centre of the enemy's own country. It was the thought of that spring drive that year after year had carried

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them through months of suffering. Now, with the train laid at last, where were the hands to hold the torches? And Johnny was still bidding them be patient. Well, they had been patient, but now the third year was nearly half gone, with nothing come of the waiting.

Just at this period there came to the anxious Allied armies the reports of the newest, most serious crisis of all. America had at last been pushed into a corner where it was impossible for her to remain a neutral. All, and more than all, that international courtesy or belligerent rights could require had been done. Point after point had been yielded. Pride forbade any further concession. Dignity demanded a definite final stand. America took that stand. Across the earth, over the face of the waters, the word went forth that friendly relations with Germany could no longer be maintained by the United States.

They had the news at the front, almost immediately, and Johnny's heart leaped within him. Already he felt justified. With a head held higher, a back set straighter, he went about his duties in the following days. For Johnny reasoned rightly that to break off relations with the Hun was to come within one short pace of war. It remained only to await the taking of the last step, and surely that must be a matter of days. Johnny's spirits communicated themselves to his comrades, infused his men. There was a new ring of confidence in the defiant shouts hurled from Johnny's trench across the short space that divided it from the sullen, lowering enemy. Signs were painted and placed upon the parapet: "JETZT KOMMT AMERIKA." And in Johnny's little dugout there was joyful acclaim.

Then the universe paused in a suspense almost breathless; paused for the "overt act" upon which a hundred million people had set their fate. When it came at last, when America through its Congress took the third long step in its life and ranged itself upon the side of humanity, of civilization, and of peace, the world sighed with relief and then burst forth into rejoicing. Through wounded, stricken France the news flashed, a reprieve at last. Rochambeau, Lafayette! After more than a hundred years the bond created by these historic names was to be renewed, the claim of France acknowledged and paid. A whole day was set apart by the French President, a day in which suitable honor might be paid to the new ally; in which she should be given official evidence of the welcome that filled every private French heart. For none could doubt that America would attempt no separate settlement of her particular grievance, that she would fight no individual war. All knew that she must throw herself into the struggle upon the same basis as the other countries, that the mingled blood of all the Old World would be spent through the veins of the New. America, roused at last to righteous wrath, would be America with flaming sword, America sending her uncounted brigades. Strong, fresh, untired youth would come to fill the hardly held places of men with grim, weary faces. Now there would be a little rest for those who had kept the faith so long and so well. Then with renewed vigor the might of all these united peoples would save the world and wrest from the dreadful conflict a lasting peace to men of good will.

Much of this was in Johnny's mind as he wrote to "Tite Maman." For him it was not only a personal triumph but the complete vindication of his ancestry.

How they would celebrate together when next he could get leave! And this he was hoping to do, sometime in June. Perhaps by then the Americans would actually have landed in France.

"Tite Maman" regretted every word she had uttered in condemnation of her Donald's country. "Thank heaven," she wrote, "I was wrong, and you, my son, were right. They are surely coming. It is said that commissions are already formed to visit the United States to show where help is most needed. General Joffre himself is going. When they have seen and heard the great marshal of France they will know all."

Johnny Campbell did come to Paris in June. But he came not as the gay young warrior, leaping out of a compartment to fling his arms about the little waiting mother. No, he was carried from a long, gray train of wounded. Hands that from too long usage had learned a rough

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"There it is, 'Tite Maman,'" he cried, "there it is! And it has come to stay."—Page 537.

sort of care, laid him within an ambulance, shifted him again to a bed in "Tite Maman's" own base hospital. She had pleaded so hard to have them bring him there that it had been so arranged. Even in the falling of the long-dreaded blow a Frenchwoman must stick to her duty. With Johnny anywhere else she could have seen him only in snatched seconds. Here, it could be her own hands that tended him, as her love enveloped him. And he had need of all her help. The charmed life he had borne so long had availed him nothing at the last against a brutal shattering German grenade that tore away half an upper thigh. The splendid, vital creature that had been Johnny was now only another broken thing thrown from between the dripping jaws of the war-beast.

But courage lived. The courage of heart and mind and soul rose alike in the frail little woman and her big son. They did not fail, as thousands upon thousands

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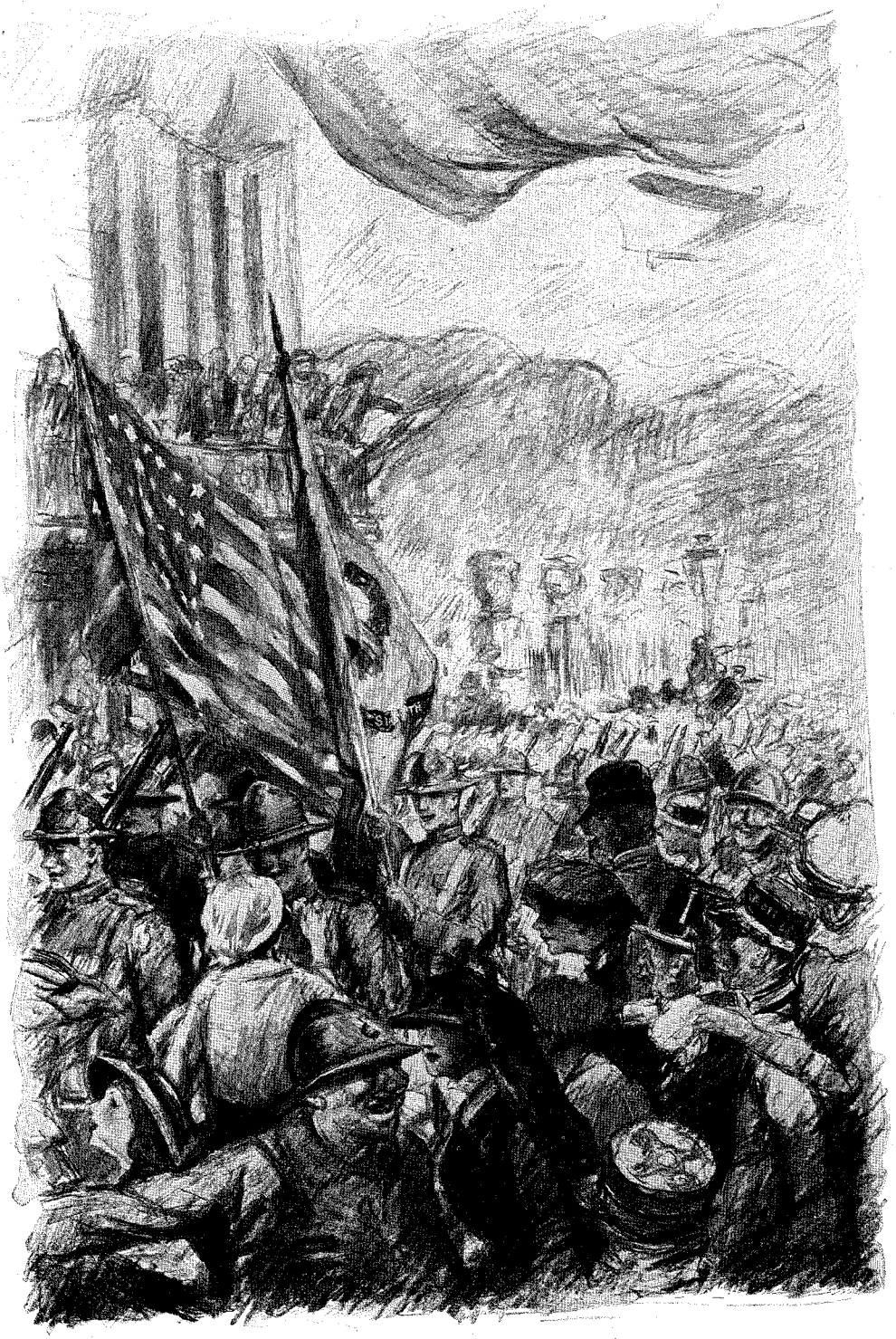

Drawn by George Wright.

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of men and women in that terrible ordeal have not failed. *Pour la Patrie.* Men have borne every form of scorching hell for that sentiment. Women have held aloft tiny babes and cried "Vive la France!" at the passing of the remnant of a regiment to whose drums a husband's, a father's, feet once marched. *Pour la Patrie.* Common struggle, common grief have levelled all barriers, bound together all classes, brought forth from travail a newer country founded upon a country's one hope—real universal service.

Johnny had had five days upon the rack. Shock and the slight attention that is perforce all that the individual wounded can get at the front left him exhausted in body. In mind he was the same Johnny. To his fundamental refusal to leave "Tite Maman," his closest comrade, his dearest friend, there was added a great longing to stay for the arrival of the first American troops, now set for early in July.

"After all," he said, "I am just in time. In a week they will be here. And we shall see them, 'Tite Maman,' not just as we had it fixed, but we'll see them somehow. I'll be all right now that you're in command."

That his condition was of the most serious he as well as others fully appreciated. Surgeons looked grave and could hold out little or no hope to the mother who stood with them beside Johnny's bed betraying her feelings only in the little fingers twisting nervously together behind her. For there seemed to be but one chance for Johnny. The most dangerous of operations might save his life. It might as readily be fatal. But there was one pair of keen eyes, there were two slim hands whose skill had already accomplished miracles. If they could find time for Johnny, there was a chance that he might come forth a well if not a whole man.

No time was lost by these two in making up their minds. To face whatever might come and face it fighting had ever been the creed of both. The slender thread of hope should be seized. It remained, then, to get the famous surgeon. "Tite Maman" accomplished this, presenting the case in a personal plea that was irresistible. The day was set, a little ahead that Johnny might rest in preparation and the surgeon's already overfull schedule be met. Upon July 4, at noon precisely, he would operate.

Fresh and beautiful beneath a sunny sky Paris awoke on the morning of the Fourth, after two days of dampness and rain. She put on gala dress. From her housetops and her windows the tricolor waved beside a different arrangement of the same colors, a younger country's flag now flying again for the same principles: the liberty, the equality, and the everlasting, undeniable brotherhood of man. The streets were early astir with people lingering upon the curb, looking back over their shoulders, talking excitedly with friends. Here was the gray-haired marchande from the corner, a tiny chattering granddaughter beside her. There were two midinettes asking questions of a sergent-de-ville. A tall, dark-haired young man, whose coat with one empty sleeve and two medals was that of the valet-de-chambre of a famous hotel, walked beside an ancient man who leaned upon a cane. Garçons with scarred faces or limping feet forsook their scattered customers at the little tables, and with sadly soiled napkins hanging forgotten over their arms came forth to join the increasing crowds. With scarce an exception the older men and women wore deep black, contrasting sharply with the uniforms of one and another of the many corps and divisions sprinkled liberally along the sidewalk. And through the press gamins wove their way crying: "*Le P'tit Parisien!*" "*Le Matin!*" "*L'Erald!*"

Faces that had smiled only wanly these many months were strangely, expectantly lighted to-day. Clearly they were waiting for something exciting. What? It was the march along that Paris street of an American battalion! Monsieur le Président de la République had already received "Ce Géneral Pair-chieng's" soldiers at the Hôtel des Invalides; together they had paid tribute at the tomb of Lafayette. And now, upon this, the anniversary of America's Declaration of Independence, the battalion was to be paraded, that all Paris and so all France might see in these few hundred the evidence of America's good faith. Small

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wonder, then, that Paris covered its heavy heart with a bright smile to greet these sons of kindred mothers, these sweethearts and husbands of other gallant women, these soldiers of America.

In the centre of one section of this street stood a long, gray building. Once the home of a wealthy woman, it now bore over its door two red crosses and the title of a great society. Behind a long, open window stood a bed so placed that its pale occupant, slightly raised upon an extra pillow, might command a small framed picture of the street. To the two lower posts were bound little cotton flags, one French, one American, both fluttering in the soft morning breeze.

Beside the bed's head stood a woman, her figure in freshest linen, the heavy coils of her dark hair confined beneath the stiff folds of a nurse's cap. One hand rested very lightly upon the shoulder of her wounded son. The eyes of both shone bright, the man's with the look of one who suddenly sees the realization of a long-dreamed happiness, the woman's with that touch of pain that marks the deeper glory of motherhood.

The roar of a gas-engine entered the street, drowning the murmur of voices. An aeroplane passed above the heads of the throng, so close to the housetops that none could understand how its daring driver could complete his marvellous loops. Then the beating of drums, the swinging music of a martial air, and the shouting of a thousand throats. From the sidewalk women flung kisses, handkerchiefs, flowers. Men in uniform and out of it assaulted the marching ranks, fairly tore the rifles from the hands of these dun-clad young men, and embraced them as comrades, as brothers. There should be left no doubt in American minds that France was unfeignedly glad to welcome this vanguard of a host of saviors.

Through his window Johnny heard the music and the shouts, saw the high-flung caps, the broken ranks. He was breathing deeply. Then his hand went up in salute as a silken, corded, high-held flag passed before him.

"There it is, 'Tite Maman,'" he cried, "there it is! And it has come to stay. I knew it. I knew it. Think what they are feeling out there in the trenches, this minute. What wouldn't I give to have Duclos and De Briand here to see it! And—and—Maman—it makes it all much easier"—he took the little hand from his shoulder and carried it to his lips—"if—if things don't turn out quite right, at least France will never fall now, and at least you will be quite safe. But it's going to be all right"—the triumphant note came back into his voice—"of course it's going to be all right. Johnny Campbell's going to fool them yet. I've got to meet all those good men. And even with one game leg there's a lot I can teach them about this business. Fly, 'Tite Maman'; tell them I'm ready. Bring on your surgeon!"

ORDERED TO FRANCE

By Alice L. Bunner

In that last hour before he had to go,
Leaving me to unutterable woe
And a world empty now of all but pain,
The veriest trifles burned into my brain.
A foolish tune, played somewhere in the street,
The cornice, where the pattern failed to meet;
A door slammed, and I watched the sunshine lag,
Gilding the buckles of his service bag.
So the condemned heeds not the priest's last prayer
But marks the knot-hole as he mounts the stair.

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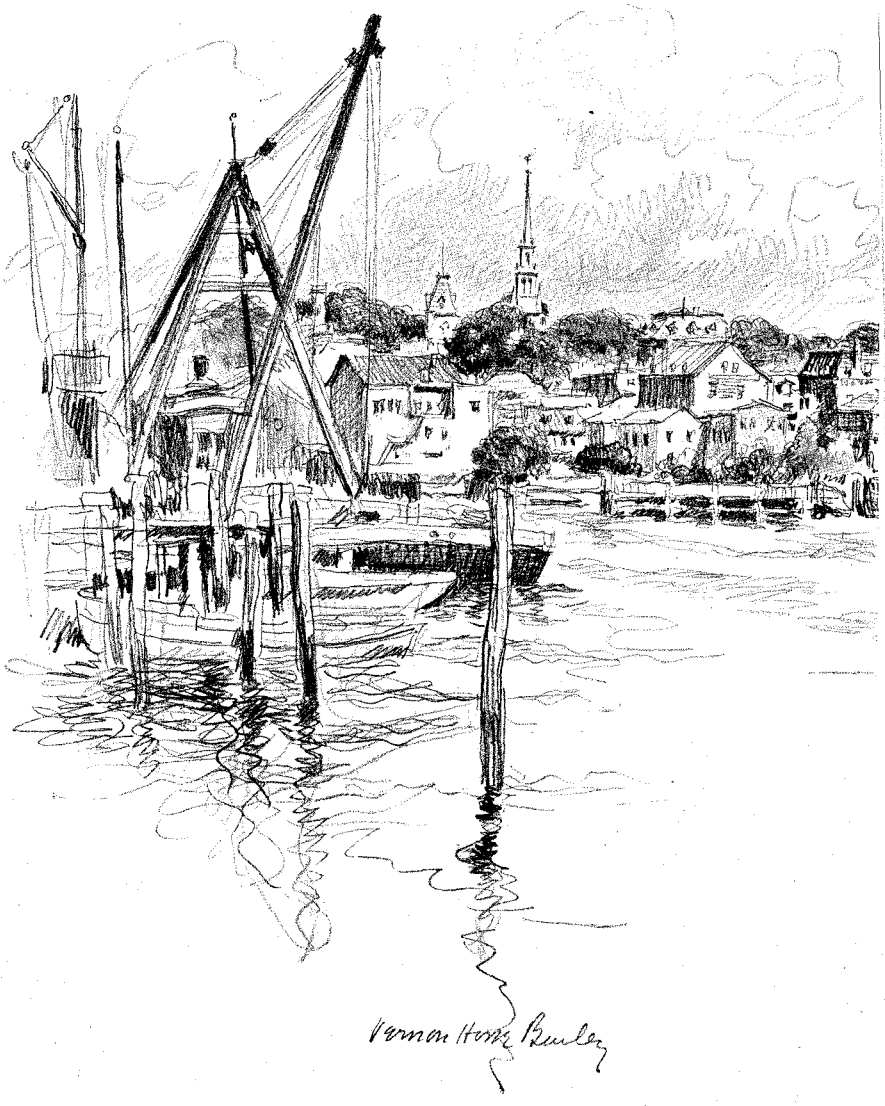

OLD NEWPORT

By Margaret La Farge

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

THE east coast of Newport's shore, where as children the present generation scrambled down to the beach below in search for mussels, is being slowly devoured by the sea, very much as the old landmarks of the town are being destroyed by the tide of modern innovation. But, fortunately, if one can no longer picture the town as it stood even some thirty or forty years ago, there do still remain parts where the old charm is felt, and one can forget for a moment the painful metamorphosis of the old seaport town into a naval base. On a summer afternoon some of the old byways off Spring Street, the long thoroughfare running north and south, are as deserted and quiet as a little country town, and were it not for the toot

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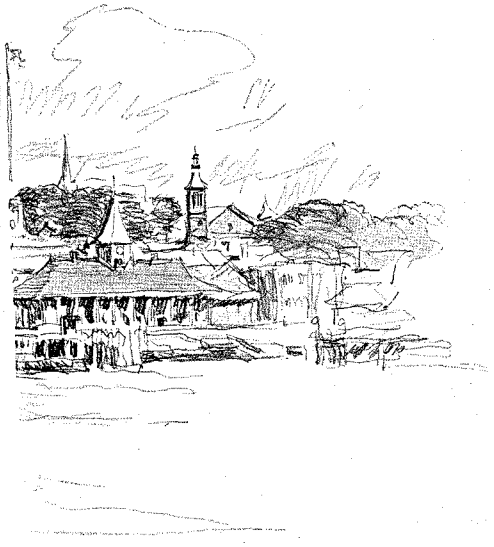

Newport from the water-front.

of the motor in the adjacent street conveying the excursionists and "strangers," the old name for the summer residents, to their respective destinations, it were easy to imagine a like peace prevailed over the whole town. The houses, built close to the sidewalks, or to the street where there is no room for a sidewalk, with a low flag for a step, have little architectural merit save for their many handsome doorways, but the south wind laden with dampness brings with it a wondrous light peculiar to Newport and they assume a certain dignity and interest.

Following Barney Street until it ends at Spring Street, one stands on the very land around which the first settlers made their home. It was here, as the name of the street recalls, gushed forth a fine, abundant supply of fresh water. It ran down across what is now the Parade, or Mall, then common or open land, and a later generation adding a pump, which served the neighborhood for many years until bottled up underground. Another large stream is recalled by River Street, a little to the north of the Mall, back of the jail. It ran westward toward the Cove, as that part of the harbor was then called. Newport abounded in ponds and streams, as the flooded cellars after heavy rains still testify, but with the cutting away of the heavy foliage with which the island was covered, many of these dried up or were filled in. The Parade was the centre of Newport's civic life, and around or near it were started the first buildings of importance. The Court House, still in use, built by Richard Munday, has the advantage of standing by itself with nothing to deteriorate from its dignified charm. We can easily imagine that the irregularity of the street that bounds it on one side was an old footpath to the big spring. The old City Hall faces it melancholily at the head of Long Wharf, a thing of beauty still but disfigured and overwhelmed by its surroundings.

Dimming in importance the celebration of Fourth of July, it was on "'Lection Day," now only a memory, that the old Parade came into its own. The last Tuesday in May, when the governor, after being inaugurated in Providence, was obliged to recognize in person the fact that Newport was the other capital of Rhode Island, was looked forward to with pleasant anticipation by young and old. He came down from Providence, accompanied by the legislature, the latter of no importance whatsoever in the eyes of the young, and for one little girl all embodied in the person of her great-uncle, who wore a black coat and brought with him an old dog who got a cookie if the governor was a Republican (which was usually the case), and none if he was a Democrat. The Newport artillery since the Dorr war, the governor's body-guard, met him at the landing and escorted him to the Court House, playing first an old Revolutionary air, followed by "Hail to the Chief," in prestissimo time as the distance was short to his destination. From the balcony overlooking the Mall he was proclaimed governor to the people, who doubtless were far less interested than those who had heard the Declaration of Independence read from the same balcony in 1774. The Mall had by this time become a scene of festive excitement. The town's ordinary population added to by the country folk from "out on the island" filled the square and the surrounding streets. Fakers, of course, were in evi-

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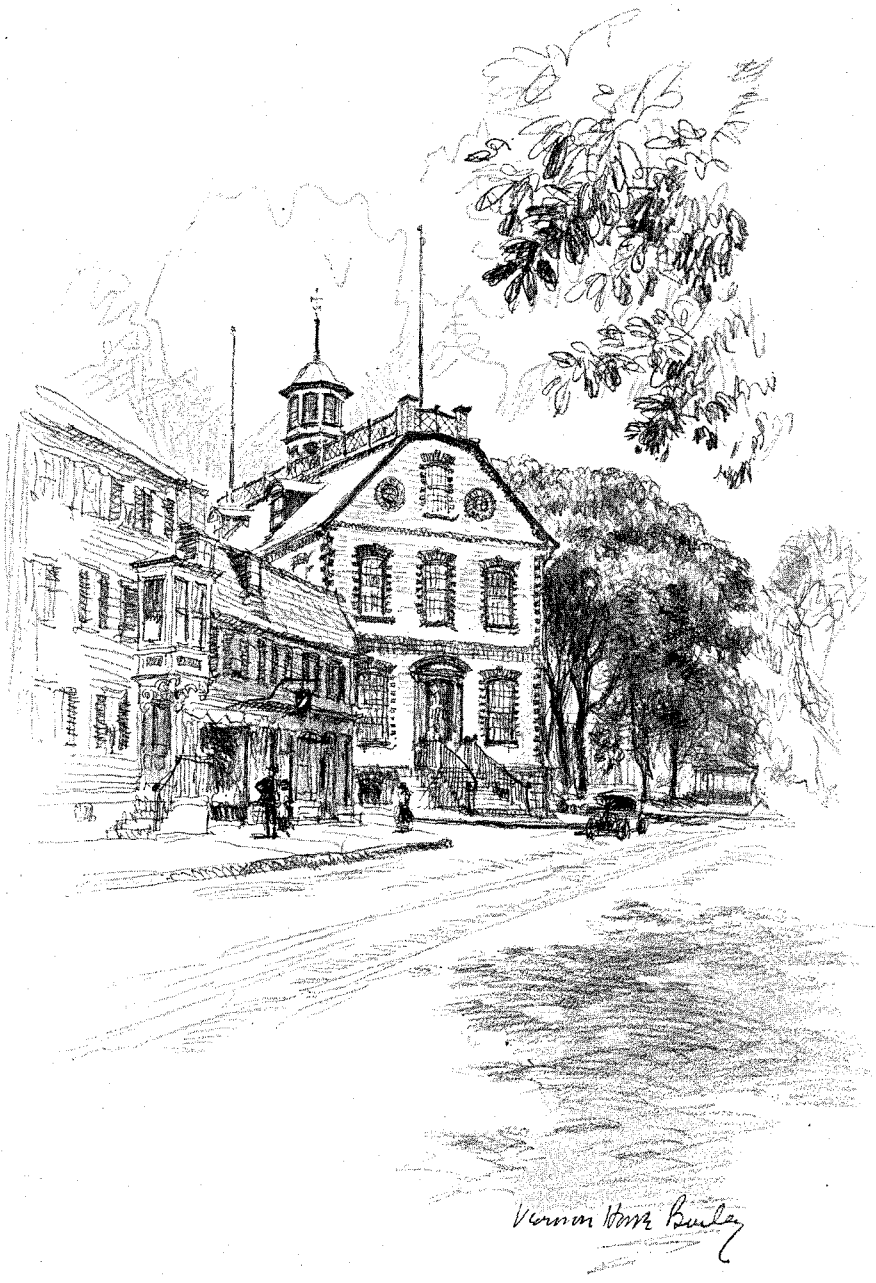

The Court House as seen from Broadway.
This is one of the finest colonial buildings in America.

dence and booths installed at every corner, at which certain commodities peculiar to "'Lection Day" were sold. Among these pink lemonade and purple eggs remain indelibly impressed upon the mind. Why the eggs should have been purple only is a mystery yet unfathomed. Every one who could kept open house, and the special beverage egg-nog and 'Lection cake were dispensed with liberal hand.

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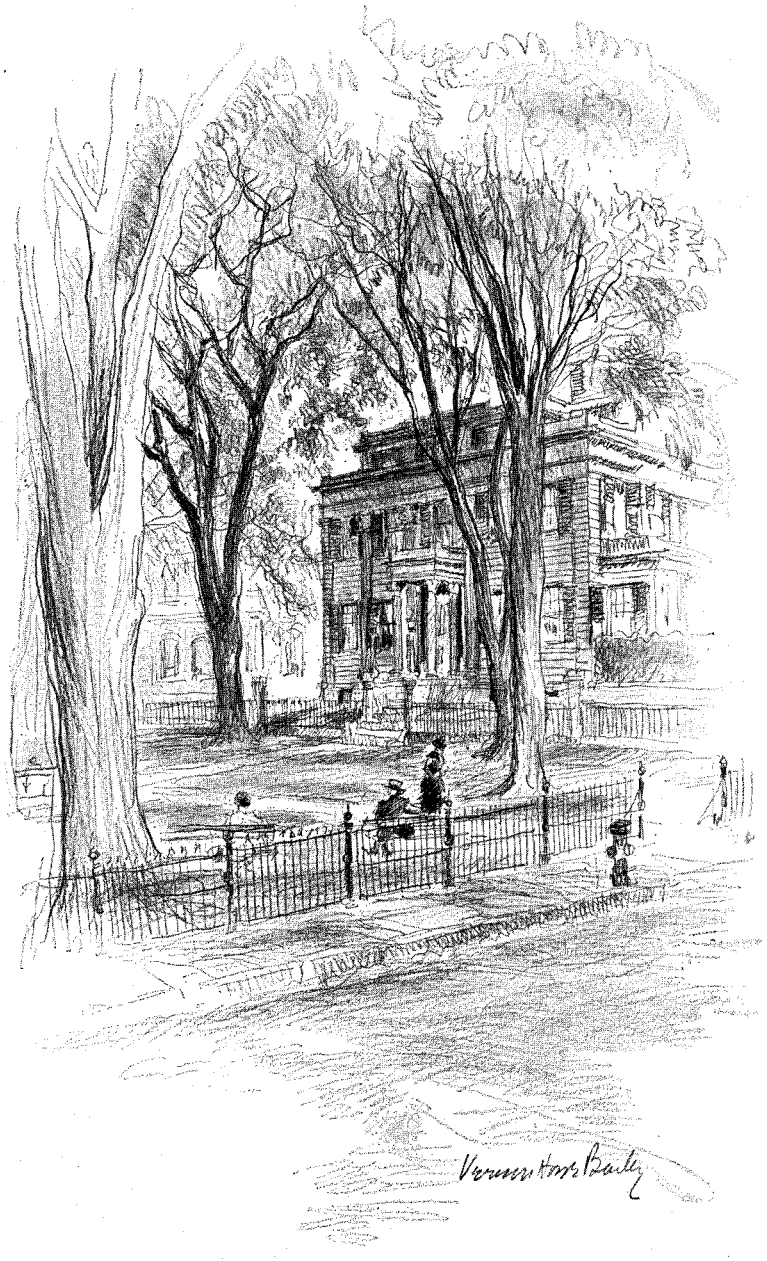

The Sheffield House, facing Washington Park or Parade.

With the passing away of Newport as a capital Election Day ceased to exist.

Of the houses which stood on either side of the Parade but few remain. The Hazard House, wantonly destroyed only a few years ago, has given way to shops, and the Lawton House, long known as a much-frequented coffee-house by the name of "Pitts Head Inn," has been moved back to Charles Street. The curved consoles of the entrance are not often seen in a Newport doorway, but may be of a later date than the house. The graceful dormer-windows, which re-

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Pitts Head Inn, which originally faced the Parade, as it now appears in Charles Street.

flected many a historic scene on the Parade, must resent their present mean surroundings. Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's house, to the right of his statue at the foot of the Mall, with its peculiar "rustication," rekindles for a second the memory of him. Buying it only a few weeks before his last cruise, he stood one day admiring it with his wife and a friend, who later told the story to his granddaughter, and remarked that when he returned he would have the boards sanded so as to look like stone. This same granddaughter was born and passed much of her earlier childhood in the old house, where Mrs. Perry continued to live after her husband's death. The beautiful garden, with its fruit-trees, bushes, and flowers, has all been built over. In fact, none of the old gardens remain, which on Thames Street ran down to the water's edge and up toward Spring Street, shut in by high board fences. The old Breeze garden on Thames Street and Gidley Lane was the last of its kind, and seems like a paradise in the memory of the writer, who played there as a child, at a time when flowers were pretty generally confined to the greenhouses and formal beds of the summer resident. The hedges and hardy borders of present Newport are all of a much later date.

Though descendants of Jeremy Clarke, one of the first nine settlers, still live in Newport, not one inherits any part of the large plot of land that was his. The

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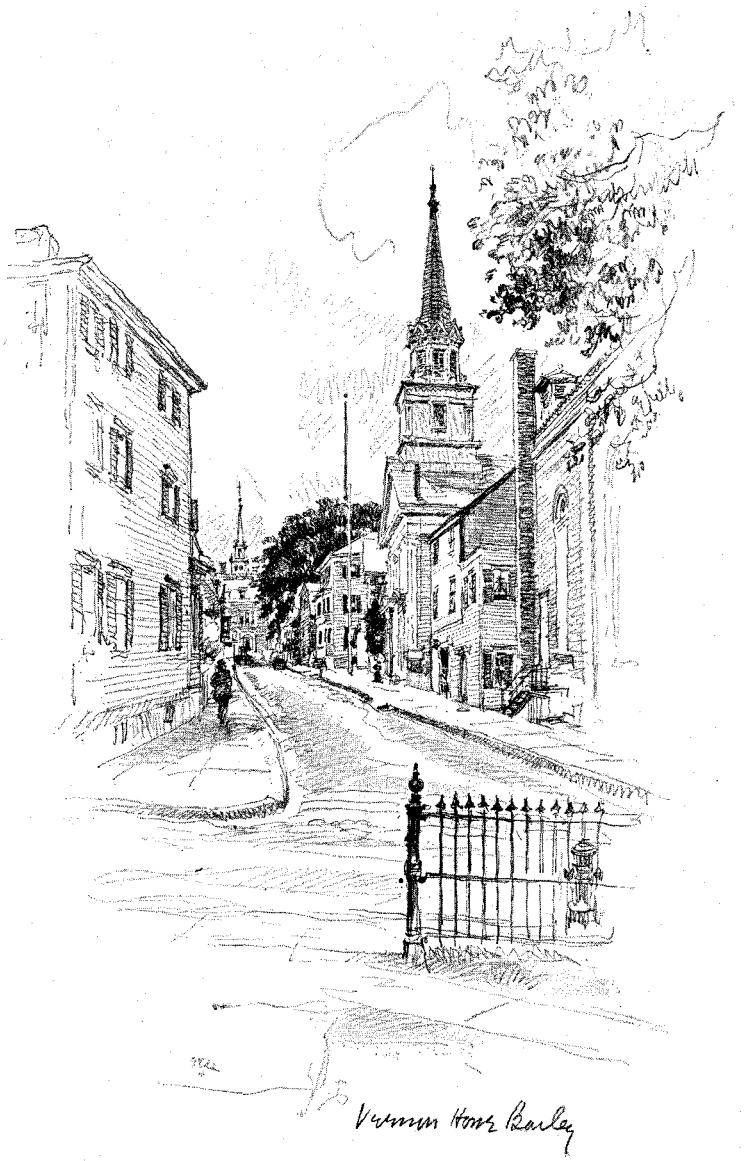
street of the same name was cut through by his son, and traditionally Mary Street, into which it runs, was called after his wife. There still remains a little of the old quality about the latter thoroughfare. A house still standing, with graceful doorway and low windows facing the narrow street, evokes a memory of another generation. As was the custom of the day, its owner seated by the open window sought further diversion by stretching forth her head, and so doing inadvertently knocked out the stick which propped up the window, to the horror and amazement of a small boy walking up the street, who, seeing a lady's head thus pinioned between sash and window, sought to relieve her embarrassment by courteously handing her the stick.

On Clarke Street the low stone building



Looking into Clarke Street from Touro Street.

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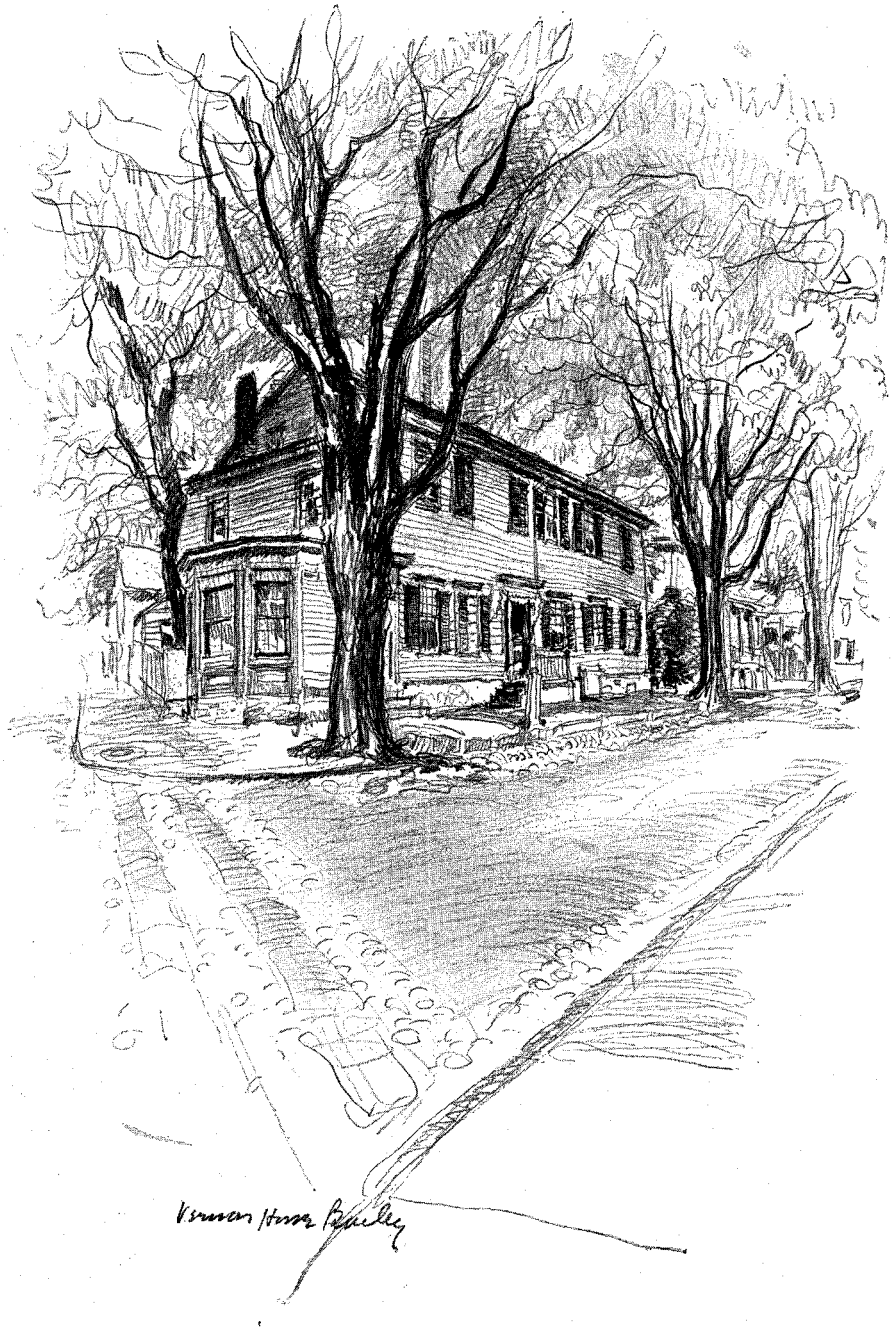

Midway up Touro Street, at the corner of School Street, this dingy yellow house claims attention.

is the home of that honorable society the Newport Artillery, which has gathered within its doors many of Newport's most prominent sons. In quick response to defend the nation from what seemed its greatest peril, the Spanish War, the company was formed in 1740.

Scattered by the British occupation of the Island after the enemy retired they formed again and did active service in

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1812 and again at the time of the Dorr Rebellion in 1842. It was on this occasion that the company, led by Captain Richard Randolph, arrived at a stone wall. Not finding directions in the manual to meet such an emergency, Captain Randolph addressed his men: "Gentlemen, this company is disbanded and will reassemble on the other side of the wall." In the Civil War many of its sons stained with their blood the battle-fields of the South.

At the end of the same street the historic Vernon House calls up a host of vivid memories. Shorn of its garden in the back, it stands, as far as we know, unscathed even to its triple approach of step and much as it looked that July when it opened its doors to De Rochambeau

The charming view of Trinity Church from the bottom of Frank Street hill.

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General Prescott's headquarters on Spring Street.

and his aides. Clattering up the narrow streets from the harbor, with little then to obstruct their view, did the charm and dignity we find in it now appeal to them, or was it merely a comfortable headquarters for the winter? Compared to the spacious and solid buildings of their own country the Vernon House may have seemed small and unstable. That Rochambeau found the quarters cramped we know, for he built on the premises a room long known as "The French Hall," which was used for entertaining. One lingers with interest on the threshold of the north room, traditionally Rochambeau's study. Washington visited here, and within its panelled walls undoubtedly unfolded to the great French general his hopes and plans for our nation's future.

Crushed and impoverished as the Newporters were by the British occupation, they roused themselves sufficiently to give a grand ball in honor of Washington. A little farther up the hill on School Street, in the building much changed and enlarged since that day, now Masonic Hall, Washington opened the ball with "Peggy" Champlin, Newport's beauty.

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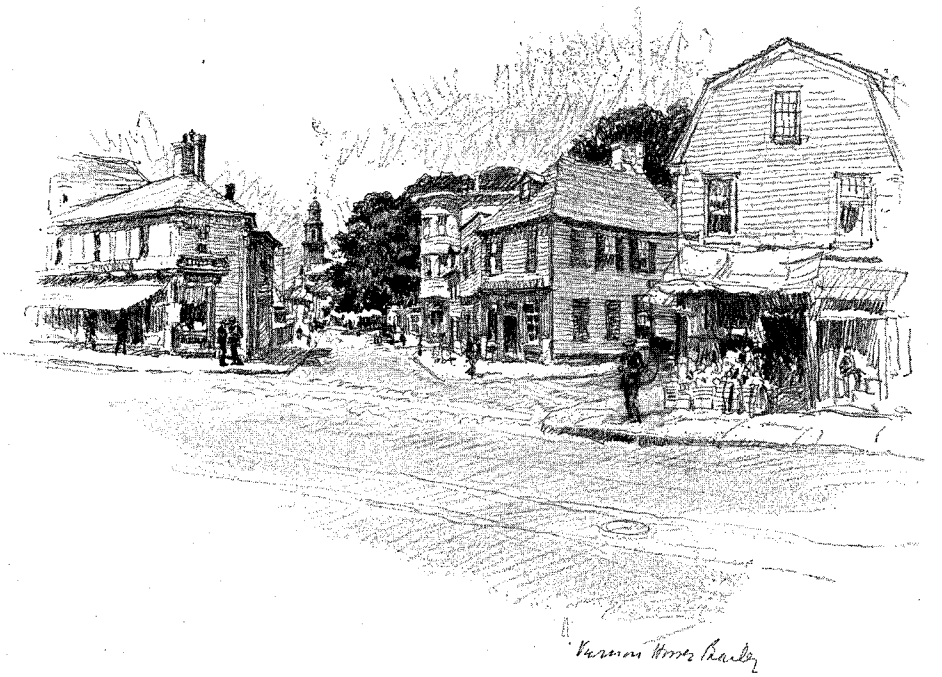
Her brother, Christopher Champlin, looks out at us from St. Memin's drawing of him; an aristocratic face, not unlike the Duke of Wellington's, whom he was supposed to resemble. His association with the French officers at this time was perhaps responsible for his future education being intrusted to the Jesuits at Saint Omer. He was later congressman and senator of Rhode Island, and the first gentleman to own a horse and chaise. Lower Church Street, only wide enough for one sidewalk, was formerly a lane, and was so called. It must have served as a short cut from Thames Street to Trinity Church, on the corner of Spring Street. The church itself has never lost the charm of its simple architecture, and were it not for the stained-glass windows, out of keeping with its wainscoting and high panelled square pews, there is little to detract from the harmony of the interior.

A full view of the graceful spire, long the only one of its kind in Newport, is now somewhat obscured by the trees, but the old landmark is a charming one to meet the eye as one enters the harbor. Long after the British crown at its pinnacle ceased to be the nation's emblem, it typified for the Episcopal colonist the tyranny England continued to exert over them by refusing them an American bishop to ordain ministers. Several men in England made futile endeavors to obtain this power for the colonists, among them Franklin—tolerant of all creeds, who, according to Trevelyan, asked the Pope's nuncio in Paris whether candidates might be ordained as Protestant clergymen by the Roman Catholic bishop in America. "Not unless the gentlemen become Catholics," said the nuncio. The question was finally settled by Doctor Samuel Seabury, who went to England, and, his request being refused by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was consecrated bishop by three non-juring prelates of the Scottish Episcopal Church. It was in Trinity Church that Bishop Seabury preached his first ordination sermon. Chevalier de Ternay sleeps in the churchyard, an alien in a foreign land, Newport with reverence and gratitude having laid him among their honored dead. Near



Looking from Broadway down Marlborough Street.
The houses on the corners are among the oldest in Newport.

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One of the loveliest parts of Old Newport.
Some of the finest trees, casting wonderful shadows, line Washington Street.

him lie few of Newport's early settlers. This is owing to the fact that the first comers had, as a rule, their own graveyards, and these are to be found scattered all over the island. The beautiful lichen-covered stone walls which surround many of them are old and are peculiar to Newport. The secret of building them with the perfection and strength of the first ones is now a lost art. Up to fifteen

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years ago there was said to be only one man living who understood how these walls were constructed without mortar and without cutting the stone.

Those natives who met the biting winter wind coming down the hill during the British occupation had to pass the house on Spring Street and Pelham Street where General Prescott had his headquarters. With his overbearing manner he was not loved by the colonists, who would be astonished to see a tablet now commemorating the house where he lived. When he was taken a prisoner by Barton's little band of men there was a decided feeling of relief and satisfaction. Five or six miles out on the island there is shown the house where he was said to have been captured by the enemy, tradition adds while he was sleeping off the effect of a supper where he had imbibed rather freely. It has never been explained satisfactorily why he should have been so far from his headquarters. Not so many years ago, on the opposite corner of Pelham Street, a small gambrel-roofed house was the site of the last old-time sweet-shop. Opening the door, a bell attached to it summoned from the dingy recesses within the proprietress, to sell her two great delicacies made fresh twice a day—sassafras sticks, white, thick, and braided, laid in rows on brown paper, and molasses squares. These last were two cents a square, of a dark, rich brown, besprinkled with peanuts, and of an elasticity which especially endeared them to the young. With the passing away of the little shop passed also the secret of that molasses candy.

Gone, also, is the old Bull House, the only remaining home of the first settlers. Until three years ago it stood farther north on Spring Street, on the spot of the original grant of land deeded to the Bull family when the island was settled. After withstanding more than two hundred years of vicissitudes it was a tragic fate for this landmark to be consumed by fire. The little street in front was the lane leading up to it, and Bull Street running into Broad Street was a part of the large property owned by the Bulls, the only family still owning a portion of land originally deeded to their ancestors.

Broad Street, or Broadway as it is now called, Marlboro Street, and West Broadway, as they come together at the foot of Bull Street, form a pleasant picture for the eye, with the harmony of the low skyline of their houses and high trees of the Quaker meeting-house in the background. Crossing West Broadway there is nothing to recall the good-sized stream that flowed here toward the Cove, its waters used for a tannery, from which it took its former name, Tanner Street. A step from here, on Marlboro Street, stands one relic of pre-Revolutionary days, the old "White Horse Inn" at the corner of Farewell Street. This was placed conveniently near the Court House, so that the advocates of justice and order in Newport should not have far to go to refresh themselves in Jonathan Nichol's, the proprietor's, noted coffee-rooms.

The uninteresting land into which Marlboro leads is made land, filling in the old Cove, but passing over it one arrives at that still charming bit of Newport—Washington Street. The harbor on one side with its waterways, once wharfs where ships from the Indies lay at anchor, old trees on the other side, houses still retaining their graceful doorways, here and there old, uneven stone flags, all tend to evoke a picture of the past filled with a subtle charm. It is not difficult to people the street with French officers, many of whom were quartered here, Chevalier de Ternay among them. He died suddenly in the Wanton House, on the waterside, better known to a later generation as the Hunter House. It is in the latter there still exists a secret staircase leading from the fourth floor to the cellar, used, according to tradition, to bring in slaves secretly from the ships in the harbor so as to exchange them for rum. The fact that a number of early Rhode Island fortunes were built upon this questionable traffic may have given rise to the legend. It was from his own house above, now occupied by his descendants, that William Robinson, a violent Tory, wrote to Mrs. Hoare, then in London, a tribute to those whom he describes as "the good old stock of Rhode Island gentle folks, dignified though untitled nobility of happier days, and who contributed to give a certain spirited and peaceful tone to the society never equalled and never excelled by any other colony or province."

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THE RUSSIAN ARMY AND THE REVOLUTION

BY RAYMOND RECOULY (CAPTAIN X)
Author of "Russia in Revolution," "General Joffre and His Battles," etc.

PETROGRAD, July, 1917.

I HAVE just been at the Russian front, in the wild mountain region of the Caucasus, and as I look back on my journey it seems like a fantastic dream. In order to cross this enormous country I had first to spend almost a week in the railway; when I left Petrograd it was still winter, with snow in the streets; by the time I reached Moscow the next day I had run into the beginning of spring, and three days later, on the shores of the Black Sea, it was already early summer.

From Tiflis, the headquarters on the Caucasian front, where General Ioudenitch has replaced the Grand Duke Nicholas, there were still twenty hours by train to Sarykamich, the old frontier of Turkey, and from there to Erzeroum another long day by motor, from dawn until darkness, over such rough tracks—they could not be called roads—that I was thrown about until I felt as if my ribs must surely be broken.

The ancient Turkish citadel of Erzeroum is the seat of the headquarters of the army of Asia Minor, now commanded, since General Ioudenitch went to Tiflis, by General Prjevalsky, and from there I went on again by motor for two more days through a savagely beautiful country, with mountains towering up for more than two thousand metres, higher than the Engadine range, and again over roads which literally and figuratively were enough to take one's breath away.

At X., a little market-town squeezed into a deep valley between high peaks and a rushing stream, we found the headquarters of a division, and from there the most long-suffering motor could go no farther, so we took to horses and went on upward, climbing steep zigzag paths seemingly intended for the accommodation of goats, but which were the only means of getting to the first lines. At last, after three or four hours of this climbing, we came to a high alpine meadow sheltered by the mountains and warmed by the fierce sunlight of the northern summer; on every side mountain torrents flung themselves down the slopes, and back of all rose the solemn crests white with everlasting snow.

I was there for three days as the guest of the colonel in command of an infantry regiment whose battalions were scattered right and left on the hillside. I went so far because I wanted to get away from cities and headquarters, in order to be in closer touch with the men in the ranks, and thus find out what reaction the revolution had produced upon the army. For the last month in Petrograd I had been hearing all sorts of different opinions, each contradicting the other. According to the pessimists, all was lost. The revolution had completely destroyed all discipline; the officers had lost their prestige, and had no more authority over their men. Less despondent spirits held, on the contrary, that the revolutionary crisis had not diminished the fighting spirit of the troops, and that as soon as the first shock and confusion were over the army would be even stronger and more effective than before.

One morning we started very early, the colonel and I, for a long ride to an outpost which was only a hundred metres or so from the Turkish trenches. We visited first a battery of artillery, and toward noon we were invited by its officers to breakfast with them in their shelter, a little cabin made of rough-hewn pine logs. There had been no question of waiting for the wood to dry, so these logs were constantly weeping large tears of sap. Our meal was frugal, for the absence of all roads makes it very hard to

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feed the army, and we seemed to be sitting in a grotto, for every minute or two a large drop would fall with a plop on a head or on the end of a nose. The three officers who were our hosts were all very young, the eldest certainly not more than five-and-twenty; they had frank and friendly faces and were straightforward both in looks and words. This war has been a great devourer of officers in every country, and the Russian army is appreciably democratized in consequence. The sons of tradesmen and small officials are now often able to get commissions, which explains the ease and rapidity with which the revolution spread throughout the armies.

We were just about to start on again when an orderly came to tell a lieutenant, one of our hosts, that a delegation of his gunners wanted to speak to him.

"We had better stay," said my colonel; "you will see something typical and interesting." Four soldiers then came in, and their spokesman addressed our host.

"Lieutenant," he said, "the men of the battery have elected us to represent them in the brigade committee; they have also elected you, and we have come to ask that you will be our chairman."

"I accept with pleasure," answered the lieutenant; "but I must be the leader and not a mere dummy. It is better to have that understood once for all and then we shall not run the risk of misunderstandings later. You must not take it into your heads to ask for impossibilities, or meddle with what does not concern you. From the moment that you elect me it is my right, and also my duty, to prevent you from making foolish mistakes. We are summoned to the brigade committee to discuss matters which touch us closely, such as discipline, food supplies, clothing, leaves of absence, and such like. That is all, and it is enough. Our opinion is not asked as to politics or administration, and none of us are competent to speak on such matters. I am told that in a neighboring battery the men spend their time discussing the conditions of peace, annexations, indemnities, and the question of Alsace-Lorraine. All that is mere folly. What do you know about the question of Alsace-Lorraine? Nothing, I dare say, and no more do I, so we had better leave all that to those who are better informed."

"We agree with you entirely," replied the deputation, and off they went, perfectly satisfied.

I was glad to be able to get an idea of the way in which these army committees work. So far as I can learn they are not subversive of discipline; they change its manner and processes appreciably, but it still continues to exist under a new form. It is easy to see that the Russian army has a new soul, but it still remains an army.

Thirteen years ago I went through the Manchurian campaign with the Russians, and for the past eight months I have been going to and fro along their fronts, so I know the army fairly well and am able to mark the differences between then and now. Under the old system the men owed absolute obedience to their officers, who were addressed, according to their grades, as "Your High Nobility," "Your Nobility," or "Your Excellency." Private soldiers were not allowed to sit down in a restaurant or theatre if officers were present, nor might they travel in the same railway-carriage. It would, however, be making a great mistake to suppose that this strict discipline of the old Russian army was in the least like the crushing and automatic severity of Germany. The Russian temperament is the exact opposite of the Prussian; where the one is hard and brutal the other is good-natured and easy-going. During the fifteen months that I was in Manchuria, and also since I have been with the army this time, I do not remember ever having seen an officer strike a soldier or treat him roughly. I have heard stories of bad treatment, but it was always because the officer had been drinking; and while this is not an excuse, it was formerly considered as an extenuating circumstance. In any case, such occurrences were so rare as to be negligible, while there is abundant and irrefutable testimony that in the German army tyrannical treatment of men by their officers is the rule rather than the exception.

Until very recently a Russian officer usually felt toward those under his command much as a landlord does toward farmers whose forebears have tilled his

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land for generations; he was always on familiar terms with them, addressing them as "thou" instead of the more formal "you." This is also the case, by the way, in the most democratic of all armies, the French—at the front, in the trenches, or during a battle an officer almost always uses "thou" to his men, and instead of being offended they like it, looking upon it as a proof of comradeship between them and their superiors in rank.

As I have said before,* the consequences of the revolution which broke out in Petrograd on the 10th of last March were felt in all the Russian armies very quickly, whether they were in the Carpathians, Rumania, or the Caucasus. It has often been noticed that when some tremendous event stirs the soul of a nation to its depths news of it flies with incredible haste, far outstripping all ordinary means of communication, and one of the most remarkable things about the revolutionary movement was the speed with which it was propagated, even to the farthest limits of this vast empire. It seemed as if the air were charged with magnetic fluid, and that by some strange universal wireless telegraphy people thousands of miles apart received the same impression at the same time.

The armies of the Czar became democratic within a few days. There were immediate changes—for instance, officers no longer used "thou," and were addressed as "Captain" or "Lieutenant" instead of "Your Nobility." This was a mere matter of form, but the army itself underwent a striking transformation. Committees, each a small deliberative body, were formed everywhere; the men met, discussed the questions which interested them most nearly, and chose delegates to confer with their officers. I heard many people complain of this movement as too radical, but it was natural enough, as it was the army, represented by the garrison of Petrograd, which, by uniting with the workmen, had made the revolution a success within a few hours, and the army knew it. This union found immediate expression in the Soviet, or Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates of Petrograd, which dominated the situation from the very first days, and the army could not stand aloof. Petrograd had its committee and its delegates, and it was inevitable that the example should be felt and followed on each of the fronts as well as in the provincial cities.

How do these army committees work? That is the important and indeed essential point, for an institution is rarely good or bad in itself; everything depends upon the way in which it does the task for which it was intended. It is very hard, in fact almost impossible, to make up one's mind from a distance, which is the reason, as I have said, why I went so far from the capital. Let us take as an example the regiment whose guest I was; it may serve as a type of what is going on throughout the revolutionary army. The regiment is made up of four battalions, each of them having four companies. A company assembles and elects five delegates, four soldiers and an officer. That is the committee of the company, which then proceeds to form another, called the committee of the regiment, which is composed of sixteen soldiers and four officers, and keeps in close touch with the colonel. The regiment is thus an administrative as well as a combatant whole, and its leader, the colonel, may be called upon at any time to give advice or the initiative. I asked my host on what terms he was with his regimental committee, and whether he did not find it sometimes rather in his way.

"Not at all," he answered; "so far we have got on admirably together—but you shall see the record of our meetings. You will find the men are reasonable in what they ask," and he brought out the book in which their requests were set down. They all dealt with details of regimental administration—clothing, food, leaves of absence, etc. For instance, it was requested that leaves of absence should be given more regularly, that each company should have a supply of books and newspapers, that there should be, if possible, a little more fresh meat in the rations, and so on. In the margin of each entry the colonel had written in his own hand, "Granted," for—and this is most important—the requests of the regimental committee are subject to the approval of the colonel, who has the right of veto. Once it was asked that officers' orderlies

*Scribner's Magazine, July, 1917.

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should be chosen from among the weaker men, who were not fit for active service. The colonel wrote in the margin: "The regulations say that an officer has a right to an orderly; they do not say that he should be weakly. Refused." And his summing up to me was: "On the whole it works very well." The regimental surgeon, who was also on the committee, said the same—his words were: "The soldiers are very easy to guide, but one must take the trouble to explain things to them. It is absolutely necessary to keep in touch with them by talking matters over." That is, as he said, the essential point. Wherever the officers have known how to keep on friendly terms with their men, discipline has been maintained. It is a different discipline from the old system; it is government with the consent of the governed; but there is discipline all the same. If, on the other hand, whether from the fault of the men, the officers, or from circumstances, this friendly contact is lost, the troops, left to themselves, have gone astray; they have refused to fight, deserted, or even fraternized with the enemy.

The longer I live in Russia the more it seems to me that its millions of soldiers, peasants, and workmen form an amorphous and gelatinous mass ready to spread out in any direction, but not difficult to keep within bounds. They are like the rivers of the Russian plain, which meander along but are easily turned out of their way by the least obstacle. I had a characteristic instance of this on the transport which brought me from Batoum to Mariopol, on the Sea of Azov. We were six officers, of whom two were surgeons, and there were about three thousand convalescent soldiers on board who were being sent home because they had had typhus or scurvy. The sea was rough at the mouth of the Kertch Strait, which prolonged our voyage somewhat, and the quartermaster, who had not allowed for such an accident, was obliged to make a slight reduction in the quantity and quality of the food on the last day. I thought the reduction too insignificant to be worth notice. At five o'clock in the afternoon, when their evening soup was given out to the men, I happened to be standing on deck with two Russian officers and a Sister of Charity, when I heard a very irate voice near us cry out: "Comrades, they are giving us the same soup that we had this morning! It's a shame—are we to allow them to treat us in this way?" Immediately a crowd formed, for the rapidity with which Russians gather together is astonishing; they are always ready to make a circle in order to hear any one harangue. A lively discussion then began, led by two or three malcontents who abused the quartermaster and declared that it was abominable to feed men so badly. The crowd grew and grew; the cries became louder, and one of the leaders bawled: "Let's throw our bowls at the quartermaster's head—that'll teach him a lesson!" Things were looking squally when suddenly one of the surgeons arrived, having been fetched hurriedly by a steward. He was about forty years old, thick-set and vigorous, with broad shoulders, a strong voice, and an air of authority. He forced his way into the middle of the group, brushing the men out of the way with his hand. "Have you all gone mad?" he said sternly to the ringleaders. "You know quite well that if the sea had not been rough yesterday we should have arrived by this time. Is it any one's fault that there was a storm? That's the affair of Providence—bring me a bowl of soup!" It came and he tasted it. "It's perfectly eatable," he declared, "just as good as what we officers have. Let every one who complains hold up his hand and give me his name. When we land we will go together before the Soviet at Mariopol, and if the complaint is found to be unreasonable, as it certainly will be, those who have made it will have their leaves of absence docked." This decided speech acted like magic. There was dead silence; only one man was willing to give his name, looking rather sheepish as he did so, and the crowd scattered, each member of it going back to finish his bowl of soup. It was enough for one man to speak common sense energetically to make these unruly children peaceable again.

Scenes like the one which I witnessed at the battery took place on all the different fronts, and also in the garrisons at the rear, their consequences depending largely

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on the ability of the officers and of the quickness with which they were able to take the lead. It was too much to expect, however, that all the officers, and still more all the provincial functionaries, thrown for the first time on their own resources, should have been able to take the initiative at the right moment. The government at Petrograd ought, of course, to have given them proper instructions, but this it could not do, for it lacked authority to carry them out, and instead of dominating the situation was overpowered by it. With the single exception of Kerensky, who has great personal influence, the government is practically non-existent, and it is because of its failure to assert itself that the military and the political situations are so closely intermingled.

What is the ministerial situation? To have a clear idea one must go back more than three months. The Russian revolution, as I said in my former article, was made by the workmen and the garrison of Petrograd, and in the first hours it crystallized itself around the Duma, which was supposed to be composed of representatives from all the nation. It was the president of the Duma, Rodzianko, who sent the decisive telegrams to the Czar and communicated with the different commanders; the Duma organized the provisional government. It was therefore natural to expect that the Duma would play an important part in the general reorganization. If it had energy enough to start a government, it would surely have enough to carry it on. But it did not. While the government was still in its very first stages the Duma seemed to melt away and disappear. No one ever even mentioned its name—it had committed a sort of political harakírí. It was like the male bees, who die as soon as their task of fecundation is accomplished. This is an important point, on which I dwell because it explains all the rest. I have often asked influential leaders of the Duma, such as Goutchkoff, the reason of this strange self-effacement. The answer was usually the same: its members, not having been elected by universal suffrage, could not properly constitute the first revolutionary assembly. This answer struck me as doing more honor to their high-mindedness than to their political sense. In the midst of a sudden and far-reaching crisis it is not the place of leaders to quibble over whether or not they have full right to their power; while they are searching their consciences others, less scrupulous, push into their places. Leaders of a revolution are always more or less usurpers; it is impossible that it should be otherwise. The proof that the Duma, no matter how it was elected, stood for authority in the eyes of the people is that the garrison of Petrograd went at once to the Tauris palace, where the Duma was sitting, and solemnly professed allegiance to it. The leaders of the Duma, being somewhat theoretical and utopian in their views, were surprised and carried away by the suddenness and strength of the movement; they had not the energy to grasp the helm at the proper moment; it slipped from them, and other hands seized it at once.

This political suicide had two consequences:

1. The Duma, by its abdication, left the ground clear for the Soviet, which thus became all-powerful.

2. The government which had been started by the Duma was therefore deprived of its support and obliged to make terms with the Soviet and yield to its exactions.

The Soviet has been for some time the real master of the situation. How was it recruited, and how have its members been chosen? It is not easy to get any very definite answer, even from those most directly interested. I have often tried to find out, as I have often tried to be present at one of its meetings, but I have always met with vague phrases and a politely disguised refusal. Delegates to the Soviet are apparently anxious to surround their election and deliberations with a certain mystery. In theory the workmen in the factories of Petrograd have one delegate for every thousand of their number; the soldiers, one from every company of about two hundred and fifty men. Who made these rules? Are the elections regularly and honestly conducted? All that is very obscure.

When a successful revolution is in full

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swing nobody bothers about the right of its leaders to be where they are—energetic and audacious men prove that they have a right to rule by ruling. It is the doctrine expressed by the proverb that "possession is nine points of the law."

The first election of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates brought together an assembly of more than twenty-five hundred members, with full legislative powers. It was hard to get any hall large enough to hold them, and now they rarely meet at all. But that assembly elected a central committee of about eighty members, which in its turn chose an executive committee, with subcommittees to study particular subjects.

It is impossible not to be struck by the fact that this all-powerful council does not represent the whole of Russia, but only Petrograd, its capital, and in this capital it is far from representing the whole of the population, as it only consists of two classes—workmen and soldiers. Leaving the aristocracy out of the question, there is no representation for the merchants, the professional men, nor for all the many grades of the middle and lower classes, unless they are actual workmen or in the army. All the rest are left without any means of declaring their will; it is as if they did not exist. The mere mention of this is enough to show the injustice of such a legislative body and the abuses to which it is open. These abuses are already so evident that steps have been taken to remedy them, but so far without much success. A great assemblage of Soviets from all over Russia was held at Petrograd, which widened the geographical base of the Council, so to speak, but it still represented two classes only. It was natural that those who were left out should have held reunions of their own, and during the last two months there have been several of these; one made up of peasants, another of officers from the front, etc., which multiplication of congresses, with no correlation, instead of helping matters has made the situation even more complicated.

If one keeps these facts in mind it is easy to see the difficulties of the new government. From the first days the moderate element in the ministry, led by Goutchkoff, Secretary for War and the Navy, Milioukoff, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Konovaloff, one of the party leaders of the Duma, were mistrusted and opposed by that body, especially when it was a question of the foreign policy of Russia in her relations with her Allies, or of military problems, such as the maintaining of discipline in the armies.

In the Soviet itself the more moderate members were perpetually bullied and terrorized by the *bolcheviki* or maximalists, aided by Lenine and his acolytes when they came back, by way of Germany, to carry on their wretched propaganda. These men are all downright and avowed anarchists, and besides advocating peace on any terms they include in their programme the abolition of individual ownership and the confiscation of all private property. As the government did not assert itself against the Soviet, this criminal propaganda was allowed to spread openly, with disastrous results.

It must be remembered that when the torrent of the revolution swept away autocracy it also carried with it the whole system of police and even of judicial administration. The police and their agents, who had played an important part under the old régime, were all sent to the front, and their places filled by an improvised force made up of militia and volunteers—in fact of amateurs.

The garrison of Petrograd also, especially in the beginning, could not be safely counted upon. The barracks were crowded with troops who, conscious that they had made the revolution, were not inclined to obey their officers. The khaki-clad mass, left to its own devices, was swayed now this way and now that by all sorts of contradictory influences; the men listened with open mouths and cloudy brains to the demagogues who harangued them, each proclaiming a different infallible doctrine, and in the end were ready to side with the new government or against it, according to the last speaker or their mood at the moment.

The German agents found this sunshine for their haymaking. When Lenine was on his way back from Geneva he was

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allowed to travel across Germany, and was treated with great consideration in the hope that when he reached Petrograd he would work for the German cause. Whether he did so intentionally is not yet clear, but he could not have served Germany better than by the active propaganda which was carried on in the different barracks, and even among regiments at the front—the men were urged to desert and to disobey their leaders, and as a direct result the garrison of Cronstadt, a few miles from the capital, rose in open revolt against the provisional government.

While these efforts were being made to overthrow all military discipline another and still more insidious propaganda was carried on among the civil population, who were assured that it was only the selfishness and greed of England and France which stood in the way of peace. In public meetings fiery orators protested against the French and English "bourgeois" who, in order to add to their territory and enrich themselves at the expense of the conquered, were sending working men to slaughter everywhere. It was at this moment that the famous formula of "Peace without annexation or indemnity" was first heard. It at once caught the popular fancy, so much so that at the front in Asia Minor, more than two thousand kilometres from Petrograd, numbers of soldiers asked me why the French and English obstinately opposed a peace which seemed to the Russians just and reasonable. I did not have much trouble in showing them how much hypocrisy and equivocation was comprised in the formula which so impressed them. I told them that Germany, having plunged the world into war at her own time and for her own ends, after three years' bloody struggle now found it going against her; she therefore had a lively desire to patch up an inconclusive peace which would leave things as they were before, and for that reason she was trying to sow dissension between the Russians, the French, and the English. I also told them there was no question of annexing foreign territory against the wish of the inhabitants, and that when France demanded Alsace-Lorraine she was only asking for the return of what had been stolen from her. That if any one was guilty of wanting to annex territory it was Germany, who longed to extend her empire at the expense of France, of Russia, and of Belgium, and that they were playing her game by listening to empty phrases instead of pushing the war to a victorious conclusion. When I had explained this to them the men understood and said I was right—but the explanation was very necessary.

The leaders of the revolution shrank instinctively from trying to govern by means of force, preferring to reason and argue with their opponents rather than risk coming to blows. Haunted by the memory of the French Revolution—for every Russian reads the history and memoirs of that time greedily—they were afraid that if they once started to repress sedition forcibly they would not be able to stop—and it must be said that this great revolution counts few victims and has shed little blood. It is impossible not to respect such scrupulousness, but unfortunately it lost valuable time. No important question was settled; it was all waiting and groping. Toward the beginning of June, however, the government finally decided to put an end to the open scandal of the insurrection at Cronstadt. Two new Socialist members of the Ministry went there and presented a real ultimatum, demanding absolute surrender, in default of which vigorous measures of repression would be adopted at once. The Cronstadt insurgents yielded, or at least professed to do so, but when the maximalists and anarchists tried to overthrow the government on the 18th of July last, they were helped by sailors and marines from the garrison of Cronstadt.

In May there was an important change in the ministry: Goutchkoff resigned, to be soon followed by Konovaleff. They had all represented moderate groups in the Duma and were replaced by Socialists taken from the bosom of the Soviet. This infusion of new blood had become absolutely necessary, as the government, weakened by the loss of three able members and without any real backing from the Duma, could not hold its own with the Soviet save by making frequent concessions. After the serious outbreak of July 18 there was still another change

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in the ministry! Prince Lwoff, the president of the Council of Ministers, resigned and was succeeded by Kerensky, who thus became the head of the revolutionary party in name, as he had been for several months in fact. Among the men who have been forced into leadership by the irresistible pressure of events since the war began, none is more interesting or better worth study than Kerensky. On the 11th of March, 1917, as one regiment after another went over to the side of the revolutionaries, they marched to the Tauris palace, where the Duma was sitting. While Rodzianko, its president, was deliberating with his friends as to how the troops should be received, a young man ran out bareheaded from the council chamber into the bitter cold to meet the soldiers, and threw himself into their arms. It was Kerensky, a Socialist deputy, who by this action pledged himself as one of the leaders of the revolution. When the provisional government was formed he was first made Minister of Justice, and I sometimes went to see him early in the morning at the office of his ministry in Ekaterinskaia Street. Nothing could be more simple than his surroundings, his dress, or his manner, nor more striking than his appearance.

His face lacks symmetry and is careworn and anxious; his movements are quick and nervous, his look full of energy and determination; he evidently has a temperament not to be daunted by difficulty or danger, and which does not shrink from sudden and bold decisions. But the most remarkable of all his gifts is his extraordinary personal charm; it is as if a subtle fluid, emanating from his will, envelops those who come into contact with him, be they few or many. Proportion, moderation, and balance have no place in such a nature, but it is through his defects as well as his qualities that Kerensky has so great a hold on the souls of his countrymen.

Each time I saw him he assured me that he has full faith in the outcome of the revolution, saying:

"Tell your friends in France, England, and America not to lose faith in us, whatever happens; the old régime has left us a crushing inheritance, but we shall win through."

No task can be too heavy, no responsibility too great for him; his fiery nature carries him into the thickest of the fight, as his generosity makes him eager to pour all that is in him in defense of a just cause. He has shown this lately by his magnificent rush to all the fronts to restore order and discipline in the armies, to rally their broken ranks, to arouse their fighting spirit, and to make them fit to hold back and then to attack the enemy. During all this campaign, surely one of the greatest and most arduous ever undertaken by mortal, Kerensky has spared neither his mind nor his body. He has thrown himself into his mighty task with a mighty soul. Thanks to him all the group of armies formerly commanded by General Brussiloff were rendered capable of a vigorous offensive; they pushed back the German troops, made a considerable advance, and took almost forty thousand prisoners.

While these splendid results were being attained at the front, as ill luck would have it, the agents of Lenine, a handful of scoundrels and traitors, succeeded in fomenting a serious insurrection in Petrograd and in dragging part of the garrison with them; there was firing in the streets again, both of rifles and mitrailleuses.

Finally the party of order and decency got the upper hand. The government decided at last to take strong measures; the followers of Lenine were arrested and convicted of having taken German pay; his newspaper, the *Pravda*, a corrupting influence, was suspended and he himself fled. Kerensky had left the army in the Carpathians to hurry back to Petrograd, and while he was there a most unfortunate incident happened at that front. The Austrians and Germans, who had been surprised and driven back, brought up strong reinforcements and counter-attacked energetically. It appears that one of the Russian regiments ordered to the first line to hold back the German advance, failed to carry out the order. Instead of going forward the men stopped to discuss and palaver, and in the meantime a breach was made in the sector of attack, obliging the regiments right and left to fall back. This weakness gave the enemy a victory which, it is to be hoped, will not be of any great importance.

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Incidents like these show the enormous difficulties which confront Kerensky, and as if they are not enough, he has also to deal with the grave questions of local autonomies; yesterday Finland sought independence; to-day it is the Ukraine; to-morrow it may be the Caucasus. The government wished to put off considering these demands until the meeting of the Constitutional Assembly, but Finland and the Ukraine would not hear of it, and have made known their terms, which are radical. They say to themselves, no doubt, that the weakness of the provisional government gives them a chance to push their claims which may not come again, and, although one may regret their selfishness, under the circumstances they cannot be ignored. Not content with having gained autonomy, part of the population of Finland now wishes to insist that all Russian troops now on its territory shall be withdrawn. It is most important that the government should make a formal and categorical refusal. The Finlanders do not seem to take into consideration the self-evident fact that, were the Russian troops once out of Finland, it would be child's play for the enemy, who now controls the Baltic, to occupy the most important military positions in a country where German influence is always powerful, and thus succeed in flanking the Russian armies and the capital.

On the whole the conditions in the armies, although they certainly cannot yet be called good, have become better in the last two months. They are, however, deeply affected by the political situation, which is very uncertain, subject to sudden changes and complications, while that in its turn is dominated by the economic situation, which is very bad. This is the most important and alarming point of all, to which I would call the attention of thoughtful Americans.

The United States, with a promptness and energy which do them the greatest credit, have undertaken to save Russia, both financially and industrially, and if they succeed they will have deserved well of humanity. It would be a grave injustice to hold the present provisional government responsible for the present economic crisis, for it is not to blame. Here again the former régime left a deplorable inheritance. Economic disorganization, wretched administration of the railways, slackening or cessation of the principal industries—all these were at their height last winter, weeks before the revolution broke out. It seems certain that some of those who surrounded the Czarina, Protopopoff in particular, had the criminal intention of allowing these conditions to go from bad to worse in order to have an excuse for making a separate peace.

The revolution only added another to the many causes of disintegration which existed already, but it was a serious one. Unfortunately, all the workmen in factories, all the petty officials interpreted the new freedom as giving them an immediate right to wages or salaries three, four, and even five times as large as what they had been getting, and this in exchange for less work. Pillage is the only word which fitly describes the onslaught made on the pay-rolls of the manufacturers, as well as on the budget of the state. The immediate and natural consequence was a great rise in the cost of living. Political economy is logical and far-reaching. If salaries are suddenly doubled or trebled, the manufacturer must increase his prices in proportion; this increase is already alarming, and there is no relief in sight.

As prices rose the value of the paper currency went correspondingly down. In theory the value of a rouble is a little more than an American half-dollar, but now it is worth scarcely more than twenty-five cents, and its purchasing power is appreciably less. It is my impression that in Petrograd, and many other places in Russia, a rouble will only buy what one could get in France even now for half a franc, or about ten American cents. Money having thus lost much of its value, the peasant farmer, for instance, hesitates to exchange his produce, which he knows is worth a certain amount, for roubles with which he cannot buy what he needs. The rouble is undergoing a depreciation comparable in some degree to that of the *assignats* in the French Revolution.

But the gravest economic question of all is that of transportation. Before the

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revolution, through the carelessness and indifference of the authorities, locomotive engines were allowed to fall out of repair, so much so that on certain lines, according to figures which were given me, about thirty per cent of the locomotives are unfit for use. Americans are doing their utmost to remedy this serious state of things. About the time the eminent statesman Mr. Root went to Russia there went also a committee of some of the greatest railway specialists in America who will, no doubt, accomplish even more than seems possible, but there is an immense amount to be done. It is not as if this disorganization had come on suddenly; it is comparable to an old neglected wound, which may well appal the surgeon who at last takes it in hand.

Before I close this rapid sketch of the present Russian situation as I have seen it I must acknowledge that as I have tried to group together and synthetize its essential features the result is a gloomy picture, with very black shadows. But we must not be misled by what I may call the *mirage of pessimism.* All the facts which one brings together for purposes of illustration are in reality scattered and far apart—lost in the constantly changing immensity of Russia. When I read in the morning newspapers of disorders in the provinces, of peasants looting and burning country houses and soldiers deserting to their homes, I am instinctively inclined to believe that all Russia is given over to what Taine, in his history of the French Revolution, called "cases of spontaneous anarchy." But that is far from the truth. On my way back from the Caucasus I purposely went over a great part of the country, and talked everywhere to men and women in all classes of society, coming to the conclusion that while there are undoubtedly disturbances and acts of violence here and there, on the whole the country is relatively quiet. It is well not to be too much impressed by stories of anarchy and misrule but to keep them in a just scale of proportion.

Yet another important factor should be kept in mind. The psychology of individuals or crowds in Russia is misleading to the Western mind. Their impulses, their reasoning, their actions do not seem to be governed by any logic, or if they are it is a logic widely different from ours. Situations which in France or England would infallibly lead to certain consequences here lead to entirely different ones—or sometimes to none at all. Because of the sinuosity of the Slavonic mind, which usually prefers a curved line to a straight one, things which seem to us absolutely irreconcilable get on together with tolerable smoothness.

Take one case among many, that of Cronstadt, a fortress only a few miles from Petrograd and for several months in open insurrection against the provisional government. In France there would have been an instantaneous collision between the two forces, and the stronger would have got the better of the weaker. Here, on the contrary, they backed and filled, and argued and compromised, until finally they arrived at some sort of conclusion.

One of my Russian friends said to me the other day: "You French are an odd race. You insist that two and two must make four and are always doing sums in your heads. We Russians get along very well without any such game."

THE GHOST

By Jessie B. Rittenhouse

A SCORE of years you had been lying
In this spot,
Yet I, to whom you were the dearest,
Had seen it not;

And when to-day, by time emboldened,
I looked upon the stone,
'Twas not your ghost that stood beside me
But my own.

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CLOSED DOORS

By Maxwell Struthers Burt
Author of "John O'May," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

HARDY told the story of "the wolf" because Mrs. Roland in her clever, carefully put together voice had settled once more the ancient question of right and wrong. Black was black, you see, and white was white. The luckless couple she had been describing might—but they were very fortunate if they got it—expect sympathy possibly, but certainly not condonation. People were free agents. Nowadays we were inclining much too much to overlook attacks upon the social order. Our moral fibre was slackening. One made his or her own bed, and—well, that was all right, provided afterward there was entire willingness to lie in it. No kicking, you understand; nor any expectation of intelligent people being infinitely forgiving. And there you are! Exactly! There you are.

There had been about this a little fierceness, a little overinsistency. One looks for it when clever women annunciate the simplicity of the moral code. They know better. One has always a sense of an attempt at self-conviction.

In the shadows of the background Callender stirred uneasily. "Oh, of course," he interjected in his thick, tired voice; "of course! It's all true—perfectly; what you've been saying; but—" He trailed off into confusion. "Damn these double beds, anyhow! There're too many of 'em."

Then Hardy leaned forward. I had known that he would lean forward. There are times when Hardy is bound to lean forward. Under his calm, spare, brown exterior he nurses passions, and perhaps the most fierce of them all is a hatred for the average judgment of the world.

"It's a wonder to me," he said, "how well people get on under the circumstances. We're all of us living in a world much too big and complex for the best of us. We're like peas shaken in a giant hopper; and we don't know why we're shaken." He paused and lit a cigarette. Behind the orange flame of the match you had a sudden glimpse of lean, firm-textured cheek and gray, narrow eyes. Then there was darkness again. For a moment no one spoke, and Hardy asked abruptly: "Do any of you happen to remember John Murray and Eloise Foster—Alec Foster's wife?"

About the question was a curious whiplash quality, and you realized immediately that although you did not know John Murray and Eloise Foster—had never heard of them, in fact—some of the others did; remembered them, that is, poignantly, for there fell another silence—this time a silence in which you suddenly became acutely aware of your surroundings; of the white shirt-fronts of the men, forming, in the soft darkness, a circle of etiolation like century-plants in the dusk of a garden; of the firefly ends of cigarettes and cigars. Far away to the south a hanging of gold across the sky indicated the city; and in the valley below the lights of a suburb twinkled through the trees. Pressing in upon the vine-covered porch was the smell of July, sweet and heavy; and the continuous, strident chirruping of insects seemed for a moment to monopolize all sound. It was as if instantaneously a picture of John Murray and Eloise Foster had been flashed upon a screen—one was so vividly aware of their presence in the minds of some of those listening to Hardy.

Callender broke the spell. He stirred uneasily. You heard his rattan chair creaking under his heavy body. He made a curious sound with his lips. "Good Lord, yes!" he murmured.

"I saw them a year ago," said Hardy.

"You did! Where?"

"In Wyoming."

From his dark corner Roland spoke precisely. His words sounded like dollars

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being counted. "Is that that fellow, that painter, that ran away with Alec Foster's wife about fifteen years ago?" he asked.

Hardy answered with equal grimness. "Yes," he said, "it was that fellow Murray—that painter." His lighted cigarette described a circle in the darkness, and I realized that he had made the peculiar gesture with which, as a rule, he precedes narration—rare narration, for he is not much given to story-telling—a gesture as if out of the air he was gathering together memory with his fingers.

"You remember John Murray in New York, don't you, Helen?" he began. "I do especially, because, perhaps you recollect, I knew him intimately; as intimately, that is, as any one knew him. He happened to be the one bright spot in the dreary five years of office work that followed my graduation from college. You see, I was at the age when I hungered for color and didn't know how to go about getting it. Most young men are that way. Then I met Murray. It was at a reception given by a distant cousin of mine. I can see him now, standing before an open fireplace, balancing a cup of tea in one hand and talking with extreme dexterity to three women at once, and I am perfectly sure that each one of them thought he was wishing the other two were not there. He had to a supreme degree the peculiar gift of complimenting by his manner even the dullest person to whom he talked." Hardy interrupted himself. "You remember that trait, don't you?" he asked.

Mrs. Roland answered. "Yes," she said.

"It was an odd trait," continued Hardy thoughtfully, "when you consider what Murray really was; he was, you see, in reality the most impersonal man I have ever known. I put this down at first to the aloofness of genius, but afterward—well, you will understand. At all events, he made no such impression upon me that afternoon. I realized only the apparent, and to me unaccustomed, interest he took in my personality and the charm of the man's face and figure: his tall, lithe figure; his black, close-cropped, curly hair; his black, amused eyes. It wasn't until much later that I perceived the faun-like quality other people complained of; the curious, darting elusiveness. And, of course, I refused to believe it long after I knew it was true. He was—I wish I could make him clear to you—so oddly not-to-be-pinned-down to anything; so oddly obstinate about refusing to live up to expectations; in the end, so cold about life. There were dozens of little outward signs. His fingers were always limp, I remember, although he shook hands so eagerly. And there was about him the queerest kind of a blurred quality. At a distance, you understand, he seemed clean-cut, extremely so, but as you came closer there grew a mistiness, a mobile lack of precision, that eventually made you aware only of the eyes I have mentioned: amused, and quick, and black, with little wine-color lights in them. And yet in countless ways he was so sweet and kind and humorous.

"I remember that first afternoon an incident which at the time made little impression upon me, but which, in the light of subsequent knowledge, was sinister. There was a small blonde girl talking to Murray when I went back to where he was, and she moved away, but not before I had noticed an unmistakable look in her eyes. As for Murray, he was bored. He took no great pains to conceal it."

Hardy paused long enough to throw away his cigarette. "Of course," he resumed in a dry voice, "I am not contending that every time a man has the misfortune to be the object of an unreciprocated passion it is his duty to propose marriage. That Victorian ideal, I believe, has gone out of fashion. But there's a difference. I don't think we've yet reached the point where such things can be done for amusement, or to gratify a taste for amateur psychology. And Murray, I am afraid, rather enjoyed illuminations. He was a lighter of bonfires he had no intention of tending. He was something like a cold, sweet wind—if the figure is not too exaggerated—blowing tinder into flame.

"All these things were not clear to me at once, you understand; they came to me gradually, after I had known Murray some time. And with them came another sense of disturbance, all very confused—a haunting discomfiture. Briefly, Murray should have been on his way to being a

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great painter; briefly, he wasn't. There was no use blinking the fact. Even my ignorant and loyal eyes told me that. But what was holding him back? Admitting all he had against him—too much money, too much love of gayety, too large a flock of adoring women—there was still no adequate reason that I could find. It wasn't until the end of those five years that I laid my finger on the scar; then it was laid for me by Hewitt—Hewitt, who was old and wise, and who, occasionally, painted a beautiful thing. 'The fault lies in the boy's character,' he spluttered. 'How the devil can you paint a portrait when you can't get inside, and don't want to get inside, your subject's mind? When you don't know what getting inside a mind is? Sense of beauty? Oh, yes, he's got a marvellous sense of beauty; but you can't even paint a great landscape unless you have a perception of humanity. In the end, as in everything else, you've got to know the taste of blood and smell of sweat. I'm talking about great stuff, not even fairly good stuff; and, mark my words, the former is the only kind young Murray will ever be satisfied to paint. If he doesn't come through he'll kill himself. I know him. And how the deuce can he come through?'

"That was at luncheon at a club, and I recollect how depressed I was. It was a snowy February day, and after Hewitt had gone I went to one of the windows and peered down into the muddy desolation of the street. I knew that what he had said was true. Here, after all my twistings and turnings, I was face to face with a fact. None the less, late that afternoon I went up to Murray's studio. By that time my mind was a little bit more at peace; at all events, I found myself needing desperately Murray's laugh, his quick, amused eyes, the warm beauty of his rooms, the reassuring smell of paint. It was a coincidence, wasn't it, that I should have met Eloise Foster there that very day?

"I shan't forget it. The room was dark when I came in, but a lamp was burning on a table beside a screen, over which had been flung a gorgeous vestment of cloth of gold. Standing before the screen was Eloise Foster. At first she terrified me a little, she was so bright and arresting. I wasn't used to women. A tall, slim, coming-toward-you sort of person she was, with boyish bronze hair parted at one side and smiling lips. I delighted in her laugh and her gestures. But I must confess this first impression suffered a slight reaction when later on we sat down to tea. It was rather like meeting the mystery of a lantern at night, and then, immediately afterward, hearing the matter-of-fact voice behind it. At that time I am sure—I am very sure—Eloise Foster was rather an ordinary sort of woman. Indeed, I am not at all sure she isn't a very ordinary sort of woman to-day. Perhaps that's the thing about her—she is so ordinary as to be exceptional. We don't grow ordinary women any more. Primitive impulses are carefully restrained. It isn't the fashion to act like bursting dams; emotions are run into strongly banked irrigation ditches. And Eloise Foster, you see, did give one the impression of a dam—a well-groomed dam. But that first afternoon the conversation was more than normal—it was subnormal, as most 'smart' conversation is. At that time the Fosters lived at Long Slip, and the talk was almost entirely about the inner life of that spiritual community.

"That was in February, and during the winter I met Mrs. Foster several times at Murray's, but it was not until a certain night in spring that I ever talked to her alone. We had had tea, and I walked with her through the growing night to the house of a friend with whom she was staying. It was a very fragrant night; we didn't say much until we had gone a block or two, then she turned to me abruptly.

"'You're a great friend of John Murray's, aren't you?' she asked.

"I assured her I was.

"'Does he ever worry you?'

"My heart gave a little jump, but I pretended not to understand what she meant.

"'He seems to me,' she said—'he seems to me rather like a man dying standing up—inch by inch.'

"I was astonished. I had never before suspected this typical product of Long Slip of any seriousness or any capability of feeling. She had seemed to me

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merely the most attractive addition to Murray's adulatory dove-cote. Her next speech had the curious logical disconnectedness of the direct feminine mind.

"'I wish,' she said, a little breathlessly, 'I wish he would fall in love with some one—forget himself. But he can't. That's his trouble. He ought to be such a great man. If he could only lay his hands on something!'

"We came to the house where she was staying and went up the steps. As the door was opened she turned and smiled at me—a very radiant, proudly beautiful sort of person. I wasn't to see her again for fourteen years. Within two weeks she and Murray ran away together."

In the silence that followed Callender again made the odd little whispering sound with his lips.

"Yes," said Hardy, out of the darkness, "you remember her too, don't you?"

He lit another cigarette. "Do any of you by any chance know central southern Wyoming?" he asked. "Well, it's a good deal of a desert—yellow and red buttes and stunted cactus; all of it under a sky of piercing blueness. Every now and then there's a water-hole, or a valley opening up unexpectedly out of the dead monotony. A year ago last August I dropped into one of these—one of these valleys. It was dusk. I had been five days coming from Idaho. I was all alone—just a couple of pack-horses. At a God-forsaken little town fifteen miles back they had told me there was a ranch ahead of me where I could spend the night. And then, here it was. The road dipped suddenly and twisted through a sand-bank, and at the end of the twist I found myself looking down into a bowl of green fields through which ran a shining ribbon of river. As I looked, a yellow light broke out from a clump of cottonwoods, and then another, and I traced between the foliage the outline of a long, low ranch-house. The smell of dampness and the smell of grass came up to meet me. It was like wine. My mouth was dry with alkali. The country through which I had come had been even more desolate than usual, for there had been a drought; no rain for a month. The dust was ankle-deep on a horse. The road followed down another bench. At the bottom I found a gate; then some corrals, to one side of which were outbuildings and saddle-sheds. As I led my horses toward the latter a woman came out of a near-by cabin—a woman dressed in white—and started toward the main ranch-house. She did not see me at all, but, at the sound of my voice, turned, hesitated, and came toward me. She walked very slowly. One had the impression of a picture slowly emerging from the black-and-gray of a negative. When she was within a foot or two of me she stopped. She was the quietest, slowest-moving woman I had seen in a long time. You notice gestures, mental or physical, with extraordinary quickness and accuracy in a lonely country. The woman was Eloise Foster."

Hardy fell silent for a moment, and then again described the curious circle with the end of his lighted cigarette—the circle as if he was gathering with his fingers memory out of the air. "One gets used to coincidence after a while," he proceeded. "One comes to the conclusion that life is almost entirely a matter of coincidence. Astonishment is replaced by an attitude toward fate of 'I told you so.' At the back of my brain I had always thought that somewhere, some day, I should again see John Murray and the woman he had run away with. I had even imagined that I might meet them under some such circumstances as I did. There were rumors of their being West. But I was not prepared for Eloise Foster's first words:

"'Oh!' she said. 'So it's you!'

"Wasn't it odd? Nothing else: no word of greeting, no laugh. Nor did we speak while I was taking my saddles off and turning my horses in to pasture. Afterward I walked beside her to the house.

"We came to a grove of trees, and a courtyard and a well; beyond, silhouetted against a sky of deep yellow, was the outline of a large T-shaped log house. A window or two was lighted. We were facing the end of the T.

"Then, for the first time since her opening words, my companion spoke again. She looked at the sky. 'Another hot day to-morrow,' she said. 'It's bad. The river is shrinking to nothing.' Perhaps my nerves were beginning to be already

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a little on edge, but the remark seemed to me to have about it portentousness, more portentousness than even the usual remark of a person close to the soil and the weather. I was beginning to look and listen; this was a strange place to which I had come and my old acquaintance had turned into a strange woman.

"We pushed open a door. It opened into a long passageway that ran straight through the house. To one side was a square frame hung with a heavy curtain. Eloise lifted this and I found myself in a great log living-room. It was astonishingly beautiful. On the floor were heavy rugs, and the walls, ruddy wine-colored in places where the light from a couple of lamps struck them, were hung with skins. Here and there were even a few landscapes, framed in a dark wood to suit the background. One was aware of luxury and careful living. My hostess made a gesture toward a great, high-backed bench before the empty fireplace. 'Sit down,' she said. 'I'll tell John.' I heard her go. For a minute I was alone in the mellow quiet of the room; then there was a step, and a voice said—it was Murray's voice, but with a note in it I had never before heard—a high, whining note, an apologetic note, a note that suddenly made me sit very still—'If you don't mind I don't think I'll go in to supper, Eloise. I'm awfully tired. I—' and it trailed off into silence as the curtain stirred, and I heard the swish of Eloise's skirt.

"Her answer was as strange as the curious appeal. 'Yes,' she said, 'you will—you will go in to supper,' and her words had a precise, commanding quality. 'Besides, here's an old friend of ours, Mr. Hardy.'

"'Who?' asked Murray.

"'Hardy! Jim Hardy!'

"I had the topsy-turvy impression of being behind the scenes of a play. I got up from my bench. Standing near a lamp was Murray. For a moment he hesitated vaguely and then came toward me, and I cannot tell you with what relief I saw flash to the surface the same ready smile, the old darting quickness, I remembered so well. It was as if some aura of evil had been dispelled. And in a flash of intuition the truth of the situation—what I thought was the truth—came to me. Of course, a woman of Eloise Foster's training—or lack of training—was unhappy stripped of all the things that seemed to her worth while. I pitied Murray; I patted his shoulder affectionately; I looked him over closely. He was very thin, and he stooped, and his hair, much too long, was streaked with gray, and his face, under its sunburn, was haggard; but at least he was human and hospitable, and the woman beside him had been neither of these things.

"I went to my room to wash—it opened on the long hall and was, like the living-room, surprisingly beautiful and luxurious—resenting Eloise Foster, and I went in to supper with my resentment growing upon me. Supper proved no particularly agreeable meal. Eloise and Murray attempted an interest in New York—in people they had not seen in years—but the interest was evidently not very acute. The conversation languished. I experienced the feeling of disappointment that usually follows the seeing of old friends after a long lapse of time. There were six or seven others at table: ranch-hands, and an older man who was evidently a foreman. I noticed they treated Murray with the kindly contempt Westerners show those for whose opinion they have little respect. There was talk in brief sentences of sheep; of the drought; the older man was ominous. It seemed there was 'no water in the moon.' He inferred calamity if the river went dry. One of the younger men was more optimistic. 'The river never had gone dry.' 'Had he noticed how all the fish were gathering in a few pools? No? Well, that meant something. A fellow from the Lazy Z outfit over in the sand-hills claimed to have seen a mad coyote—hydrophobia.' The optimist offered to fight any coyote, mad or otherwise, with bare hands. I remember the other's words. 'Smart!' he said grimly. 'A smart young fellow! And never left the country either! Wonderful, I calls it.' He fixed a baleful eye on the offender. 'Son,' he said, 'don't you go fightin' no mad coyotes; I seen them in Texas in the 'eighties. They ain't got enough sense left to run— Jes' plumb full o' hell and courage.'

"In the silence that followed you no-

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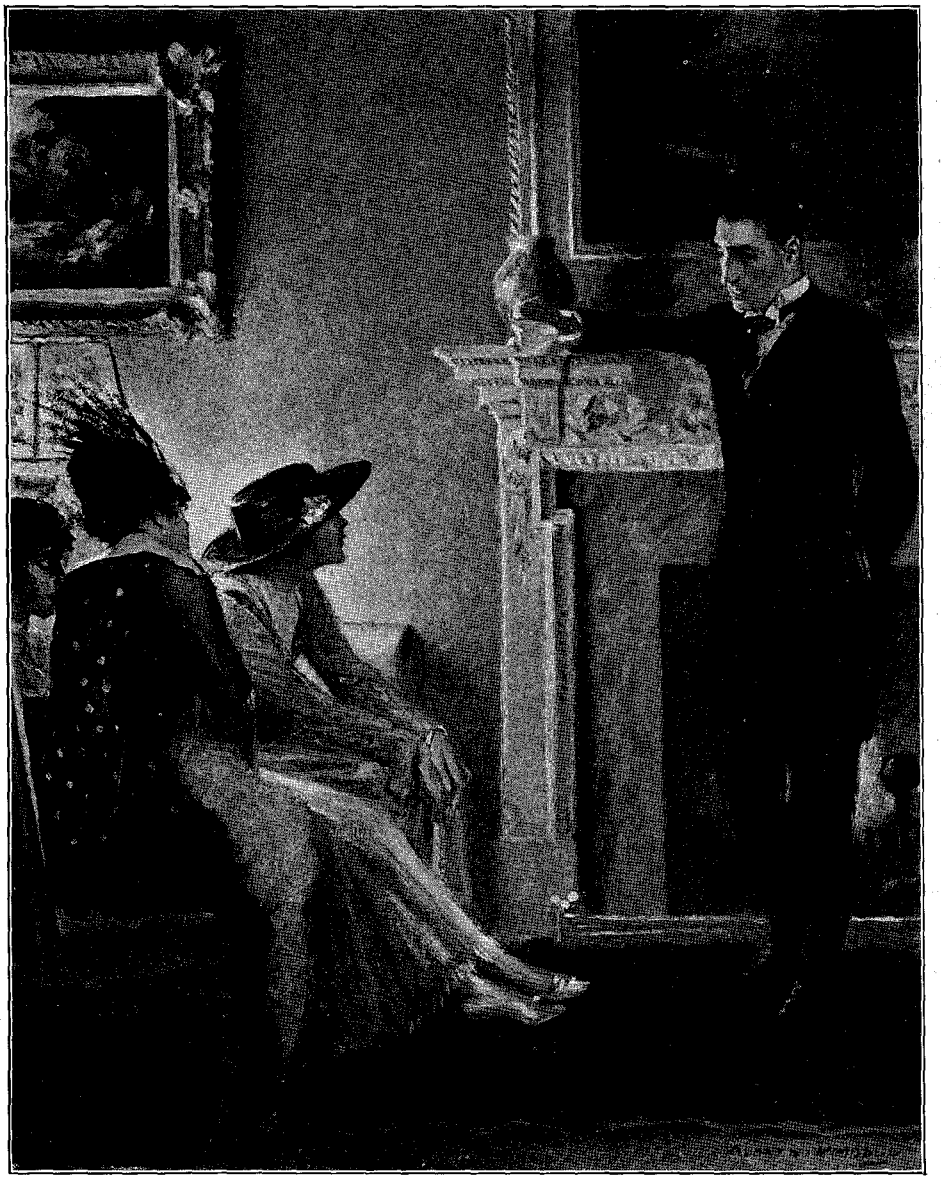

"I am . . . sure that each one of them thought he was wishing the other two were not there."
—Page 561.

ticed the wind, the wind that had been blowing with fitful steadiness for over a week. It poured into the room in hot, arid gusts. I hate wind. Most people—cow-punchers, sailors—who see much of wind dislike it. It is bad for the nerves; it is always prophetic. I had lived with this wind ever since I had left Idaho; at night it was peculiarly noticeable, and back of its coming and going was an odd sense of persistency. You felt that it had no end. One of the men stirred irritably. 'Damn!' he muttered, and got up and closed the windows. The room became stifling. And then, suddenly—quite suddenly and unexpectedly—I saw something that left me wondering—I saw Murray's face.

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"He had been silent a long while. He was sitting at the end of the table, his hands below the surface of the boards, but he had left the room. So you see what I mean? The principal part of him was gone. There was a rigid, fairly polite body upright in his chair, but John Murray was somewhere else. And above the body was a mask with no trace of human designing about it; just a long, brown oval, with two burnt-out coals where eyes should have been.

"We don't believe such things, do we?" Hardy puffed at his cigarette. "We insist upon reaffirming that life is matter of fact, when, of course, we all know it isn't. I insisted upon it at the moment. I questioned my senses. Then I looked up again—what I had seen was true. I looked about the table; every one was eating placidly—every one, that is, but Eloise Foster; she was staring straight ahead of her, an expression on her face as if she was listening for a sound just beyond the reach of her ear. As for myself, I couldn't eat any more. In a little while we went into the living-room—Eloise, Murray, the foreman, and myself. The younger men, with evident relief, left for mysterious back-buildings. I found myself adjusting my first impressions. Here was something more than merely a woman weary of a bad bargain; than merely a man unhappy because the woman he loved was unsatisfied. I was very tired. I excused myself and went to my charmingly incongruous room. All night the wind whined about the house; I heard it every time I awoke. A queer, oppressive sense of mystery overwhelmed me like a vague, unpleasant dream.

"The next morning, of course, everything was different. It always is. The sun came up huge and hot, but for a little while, before its full rays struck the earth, there was coolness and the smell of grass and early mist. Breakfast, too, proved a pleasant meal. Even the old foreman was smiling in a silent way. I decided that I was getting old; that long journeys tired me more than I was aware. I was entirely restored to the commonplace. I felt a little silly about the night before.

Hardy paused. "I wish," he resumed, "I had followed my inclination and plan and had left the following morning. Had I done so I would have saved myself much emotion, and after one has knocked about the world a good deal one becomes a trifle weary of vicarious emotion. But I didn't leave. I couldn't. I told Eloise—Eloise Murray, for by this time I knew she and Murray had been married—of my intention that night. We were standing on the porch after supper. There was a round, hot moon risen over the skeleton whiteness of the benches to the east, and I could see my companion's face clearly. For a second she seemed lost in thought, and then, with a quick, fluttering gesture, she came toward me and put her hand on my arm. The dropping of her mask was as queer as the wearing of it. 'Don't go!' she whispered. Her lips twisted. 'Don't go!' she repeated. 'You see'—her voice broke in an odd little laugh—'you're the first human thing I've known—I've seen for years'; and she turned and fled into the house.

"I walked across a field to the little river. It lay in shining pools beneath the burning moon—languid, with no motion left to it. Pretty soon the wind would begin again—it had dropped for an hour or two at sundown. My feeling of matter-of-factness had left me entirely.

"I won't go into the next three weeks. You must imagine for yourselves how the thing grew upon me—how the impression of unnaturalness, of secrets being whispered about me, finally took possession of me, until, in the end, I became as much a part of the drama as the principal actors themselves. It is necessary to have been isolated for a period with just a few people to grasp the psychology of this. I found myself on edge—listening for hints; spending my time trying to piece these hints into a logical whole. Save for that one break in her calm, Eloise Murray had never dropped her mask; save for stated and very obvious attempts to play the host, Murray was largely unaware of my existence. I was coming to the conclusion that here were two people playing at a game between themselves: a desperate game—at least, so it seemed to me in my more overwrought moments. And all the while I was watching this moral malady another malady was coming upon us, a malady much more definite—I mean the drought.

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"At first she terrified me a little, she was so bright and arresting."—Page 562.

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I had forgotten its presence; it made itself finally visible like a great ghost with creaking, dust-colored wings.

"Have you ever seen drought—real drought?" Hardy's voice took on a sudden rasping intonation. "Well, it's what you think God would do to the whole world if ever he should lose his infallible sense of humor. It's thirst personified, weariness made into your shadow. It follows you all day, and goes to bed with you at night, and gets up with you in the morning. Out of the desert came Mexicans with bands of sheep; the water-holes were gone. The ranch became a place of bawling animals, of incredible dust and stench; the little river, dwindling day by day, grew foul and green, and the banks down to it were broken by countless hoofs. At first it was like the rush backward of a fleeing population before an advancing army; there was much action, much planning, much talk of expedients; and then this fell away into the dour, hopeless silence with which men take the sardonicism of the universe. We sat down prepared to see this devil of wind and dust and heat out. In the end humanity is even more persistent than nature.

"For a few days Murray seemed stirred from the queer trance in which he lived, but only for a few days; it was his wife who surprised me. She met the drought head up. It was she who took charge, who was everywhere superintending, who kept the men in hand when some of the less hardy wanted to flee down the valley toward the distant railway. I achieved for her a new respect, a respect that began to have in it some touch of old affection. She was a curious woman; I failed to understand her. Oddly enough—I had not seen it before—I suddenly found her beautiful. Not the beauty of fifteen years back, but a new beauty—a hard, spare, translucent beauty—the beauty a woman gets when she learns some of the distasteful lessons a man learns while he is still very young; the beauty of a sword. And then—quite by chance—I found out what was back of all this mystery; what was back of the masks that Murray and his wife wore. It was very simple.

"One afternoon I came in just before dusk from the corrals; I was tired and wanted to wash off some of the yellow dust that I had been drinking for the past three weeks. My hair and eyes and ears seemed irritatingly full of it. The doors at either end of the long passageway that ran through the house were open and the burning air of outside stirred in and out in portentous breaths. My room was opposite one that I knew Murray used as a study, although I had never been inside it. As I came in I noticed that the door of this room was slightly ajar. As I passed I suddenly heard again the high, whining voice, the voice with the apologetic, inhuman note in it I had heard the night of my arrival. I paused instantly. Perhaps I shouldn't have done so, but there are times, you know, when you do. 'Good God!' said the voice. 'Good God, yes! What do you think I am? What do you think I am made of?' Then there was silence, and then again the high, wailing voice. 'For God's sake,' it said, 'go away! Get out of here!' and the door opened and Eloise Murray came out. She was walking very rigidly, her head thrown back, two spots of color in her cheeks; her eyes were blank. I think she hardly noticed me, although as she went by her sleeve touched mine. But I had had a glimpse into the room; bending over a table was Murray, and he was pressing something into his bared arm."

Hardy paused. "Oh, yes," he said to the unspoken question, "it was drugs. I should have known before. I am very stupid about such things. I observe closely, but often my conclusions are dull. I am always surprised, for instance, when people tell me that women, whose complexions I think beautiful, paint. I never guess. Yes, it was drugs. Stupid, wasn't it? All that brain full of beauty; all that talent! And here I'd been thinking the usual gross inaccuracies about a woman ruining a man or a man ruining a woman.

"That night I spoke to Eloise about what I had seen. We were again on the porch, only this time under a sky of stars drooping in a roof of candent purple. You see, the drought had brought us close together, although we had actually talked to each other very little. She listened in

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silence to my suggestions—stupid suggestions, I've no doubt—the suggestions of the average man: change of scene, doctors, sanatoriums. Then she spread out her arms. 'Do you suppose,' she said, 'that I've done none of these things? What is the end? Oh, dear God, what is the end? You've never known a thing of this kind, have you? It is the elusiveness of it; the intangibility that is killing. If there was only something one could take hold of! But there isn't. Not a thing. Listen! Once, just after we ran away, one of the few times he has ever spoken openly to me, John gave me a hint of this. I am not quite sure he was taking anything then; I am not quite sure when he began; but I remember that he spread his

"And then, suddenly . . . I saw something that left me wondering—I saw Murray's face."—Page 565.

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arms out as I am doing now. "If I could only grasp life!" he said. "If I could only get my head down to where my hands are, or raise my hands up to my head! If I could only feel just the human things and not merely the things that have been raised to a supreme degree!" And then he began talking about the immaterialism of sin. "Strangle it!" he said. "If a man could only strangle it! Those old saints who could fling an ink-pot at the devil were lucky." He laughed as he said it, and I laughed too. I didn't understand then; I was very happy; I thought I was going to make him a great man. But now I do—I understand, utterly.' She paused. 'And yet,' she continued, 'I am not sorry. No, I am not sorry. No woman is ever sorry for having been made awake.' She shook her head, and I saw she had reached the point where people can no longer speak. . . . Within the week the wolf came down out of the desert."

"The what?" asked Mrs. Roland sharply. Far off in the valley a train whistled twice; the night suddenly pressed in upon us again.

"The wolf," said Hardy casually. "A gaunt, mangy wolf, grayish-yellow like the country he had left. He came down one afternoon when I was smoking a cigarette in the shade of a saddle-house. There were two or three sheep-herders sprawled out beside me. Our conversation, as you can imagine, had been desultory. It was too piercingly hot to talk. It was a good deal of an effort even to lie on the ground. I happened to look up, and there, coming down a narrow trail that had been worn by the horses, was something that looked like a slowly moving bundle of sage-brush. It didn't interest me very much at first, but I called my companions' attention to it. 'A coyote,' I said lazily. One of the men was a Mexican and he studied the oncoming object carefully; I saw his eyes widen. 'Wolf!' he said suddenly. We continued to watch without excitement. It didn't seem to occur to any of us that, of all preposterous things in the world, nothing was more preposterous than the idea of a wolf trotting down a trail in full sight of men at four o'clock of an afternoon. There was a dip in the ground, and for a moment the gray bundle was lost to view, but almost immediately it appeared again, unhurried, undeviating, preoccupied. We gazed at it with calmly speculative eyes. Do you know—I think we were all a little crazy that last week of the drought? The trail from the lowest bench, past the corrals, was within ten feet of us, and before we knew it the thing was amongst us; no, not amongst us, but alongside of us; for it never turned its head as it went past. You felt that you could almost smell its breath. As it ran, a slobber of foam streaked its jaws and fell in a little fine spray on the dust. There was a horse tied to a hitching-rack; it gave a sudden snort, kicked, and backed into the creature at its heels. Almost without turning the wolf sank its teeth deep into the nearest fetlock, shook its head, and went on. I noticed then that all the horses in the corrals were fighting and squealing. The bitten horse screamed, and for the first time the monstrosity of the whole thing came home to us—the monstrous quiet, the monstrous lack of fear of this creature out of the wilds. One of the men jumped to his feet. 'Good God!' he said, and started toward the house at a run. We all followed him. The wolf was perhaps fifty feet ahead. He never paused, never looked back, never once slackened in his long, swinging gait. 'He'll be in the house in a minute!' some one beside me sobbed. 'Every door is open. Not a gun—not a gun on any of us.' We burst through the little grove of cottonwoods, and on the other side was a vision as strange as any of that mad afternoon, for standing in the door of the ranch-house was John Murray, waiting, his hands held out before him, the fingers extended and crooked; coming toward him was the wolf.

"Involuntarily we stopped. We didn't shout. The affair seemed prearranged. And then for the first time the wolf swerved; without hesitation, merely sheering away, he swung off around the corner of the house. And John Murray swung after him.

"A confused time followed. It was all so queer, so incredible. Some of the men ran for horses, others for their Winchesters; I ran through the house and out the opposite side, and when I got there I saw

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John Murray on the edge of the bench, outlined against the blue of the sky; he was trotting, without weariness, without haste; thirty feet or so in front of him was the wolf.

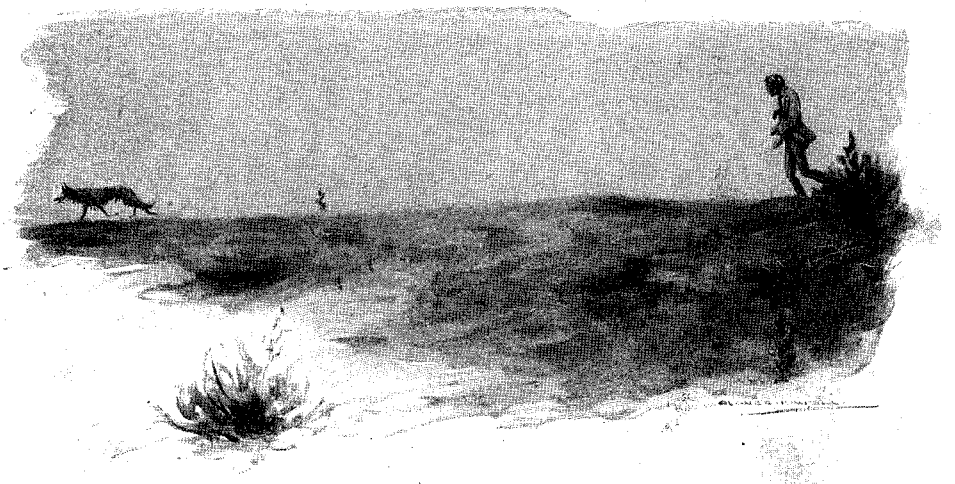
"And that," said Hardy, "is about the end of it. We followed Murray, of course. We found him and the wolf up a little draw. They were both dead; but Murray wasn't much torn. He had strangled the thing with his hands. It doesn't sound possible, but he had. I couldn't quite make out Eloise. She was shocked, naturally—saddened; but back of it all was the flicker of an illumination—the illumination of a person who has come through a storm."

"But good Lord!" said Callender. "Do you think— You don't really think the wolf——?"

"I don't think anything," said Hardy. "I've seen too many queer things ever to interrogate; I merely record."

"The whole affair, of course, is easily susceptible of explanation," interjected Roland. "I've heard before of these mad wolves."

"So have I," agreed Hardy; "often. But I never before heard of a man knowing one was coming before he was told."



"He was trotting, without weariness, without haste; thirty feet or so in front of him was the wolf."

THEY WHO WAIT

By Charles Buxton Going

Oh, the gold hills of Ireland
The gorse blossoms on
Are all gray with heart-break
Since Michael is gone.

The blue hills of Scotland
Where heather blows gay
Are weary with crying,
For Colin's away;

And who sees, in England,
The daffodils dance?

. . . . . .

Oh, laddie—oh, laddie,
Those red fields of France!

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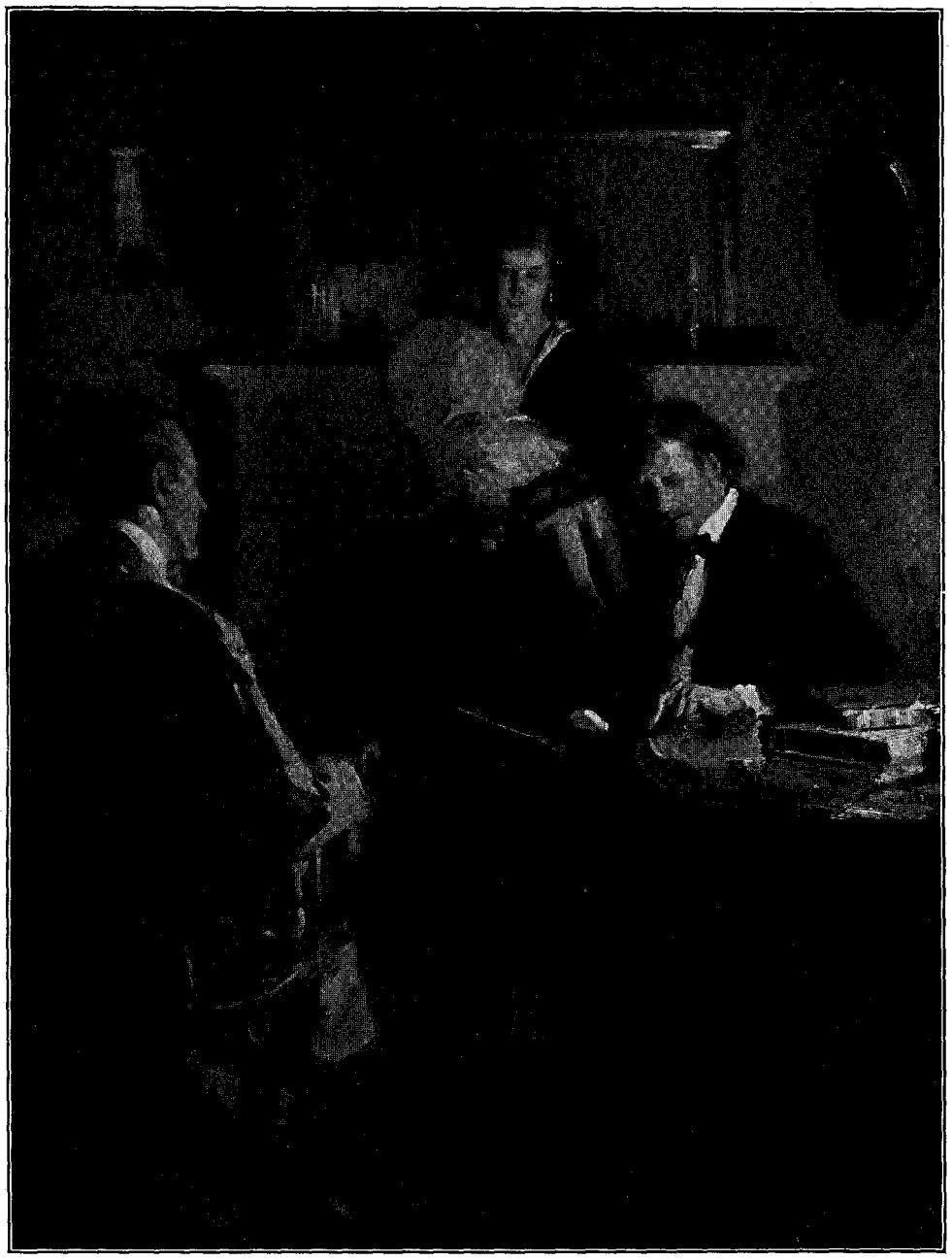

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Poor little baby," she murmured, "he's always thinking of his dear, departed daddy!"—Page 577.

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SHEILA

[DR. BROOKE'S LOVE-AFFAIRS]

By Norval Richardson

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER BIGGS

I

OUT of death comes resurrection, so the poets tell us; and if you are interested in proving the assertion you have only to look at a widow. Did you ever see one who didn't bury with her husband at least ten years of her past life, ten years of wrinkles and worry, ten years of fading beauty? Of course you haven't! Therefore—the resurrection, or re-creation, if you wish to quibble over words!

Mrs. O'Herron was an illuminating example. I hardly knew there was a Mr. O'Herron until he died. There were the children, I admit—three of them—and necessarily, somewhere in a vague background, there must have been a father; but one somehow never thought of him. I found out afterward that he had been a confirmed invalid for several years, confined to his bed—probably as fortunate an arrangement as could have been devised, as Mrs. O'Herron's personality was of such virility that it would hardly have brooked being linked with a conflicting force.

Dr. Brooke had tended Mr. O'Herron for years, in the room over the grocery which he never left; he had sat by him during his last days; he had closed his eyes in that last sleep; and he alone had announced to Mrs. O'Herron, holding her hand in his warm clasp and letting his adoring gaze soften into unfathomable pity, that the poor man had gone to eternal rest and that the duty now before her, be it never so heavy and hard to bear, was to be brave and courageous, look forward and not backward, think of the children—and a little of herself.

Well—I don't know about the children, but I do know about herself. She appeared at the funeral in such a sumptuous use of *crêpe* that the village was scandalized. It was a waste of hard-earned money. It immediately brought up the question of how much life-insurance Mr. O'Herron had left. There was something vainglorious about it. But what made it undoubtedly questionable was that it was vastly becoming. Through its sable thicknesses you got the glint of starry, tear-stained, deep-blue Irish eyes. And the children, also sable-clad, grouped about her at the brink of the grave, gave a poignantly pathetic touch to the scene; though, too, there was something undeniably dramatic in the picture. One couldn't help thinking of that resurrection theory; and one couldn't help thinking, too, with a gasp, of the youthfulness of Mrs. O'Herron, a thing one had never thought of before. Surely the woman couldn't be more than thirty; and before the funeral she might have been any age!

She bore herself with considerable dignity, leaning on Dr. Brooke's arm as she followed the casket up the aisle of the church; she was calm throughout the service; even at the grave one only caught a glimpse of a black-bordered handkerchief now and then, but never a sound. Only once had she spoken, when the flowers were being placed on the grave and she disapproved of a certain arrangement. She touched Dr. Brooke on the arm and indicated her wish. And he? He never took his eyes off her, leaning over her now and then, always watching for and ready to carry out her slightest wish—his eyes, more adoring than I had ever seen them, but with a wonderful, abounding sympathy in them that should have been comforting enough to assuage any widow's grief.

The next morning business was resumed. Condolences accompanied the purchase of groceries. Indeed, business was brisk: it afforded an exceptional op-

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portunity to express one's sympathy and at the same time furnished a discreet sop to one's curiosity as to how the widow was bearing her grief. It was perfect; every one admitted that. Her gown was unrelieved in its sombreness, not even a touch of white at the neck, not even a hint of relief in the severe lines of the apron she wore. One felt sure she wouldn't think of touching anything but black coffee. The alarming effect of the voluminous black veil of yesterday was counteracted. Her uncompromisingly arranged hair, brushed straight back from her brow, gave exactly the correct expression for a widow. It suggested Spartan endurance, Stoic philosophy, Christian acceptance.

Yes, indeed—it was a burden to bear; that it was, to be sure. It took all the courage that was in herself to bear it. A box of sardines? There it was—fifteen cents! Yes, he himself was a burden, the dear man, and 'twas that gave her the comfort—the comfort of knowing that she had made his days happy, happy as it was possible to make them. Many thanks. She would make the change. There it was—ten cents. And then, to think of the poor, dear babies—three of them—to grow up and never know the guiding hand of their father! That was what saddened herself more than her own sorrow—the poor children! There would be a fresh shipment of apples to-morrow. Could she send some to the house? A peck; yes, many thanks. She wouldn't forget it, sure she wouldn't.

And so the O'Herron household settled down, so far as I could see, into exactly the same routine it had always maintained. The disturbing *crêpe* veil was worn only on Sundays to church, which Mrs. O'Herron now attended regularly—another sop to transient criticism, for is it not expected and natural of one to seek comfort at such trying periods in the words of the Gospels!

II

It was a tragic winter.

No sooner had Mr. O'Herron got comfortably settled in his final resting-place—that is, if six months is considered sufficient time—than Dinah left us. This, to Dr. Brooke, was a loss the extent of which could not be calculated. He had never known another servant; she had nursed him as a baby, and she had gone on nursing him the twoscore and more years of his life. He didn't have to think of a thing; she tended his inner and outer wants with a thoughtfulness habit had made perfect. And as for her cooking! Every one in the village admitted that no one had ever approached her in the making of Sally Lunn, waffles, risen rolls, and griddle cakes. She was the acknowledged batter queen. If she had lived in France she would have been decorated with the *cordon bleu*.

"What are you going to do?" I asked Dr. Brooke the afternoon we returned from Dinah's funeral.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," Dr. Brooke replied, his expression quite childish in its bewilderment. "I don't see how I can get along without her!"

I carried him off with me up the mountain that evening and made him stop there a day or two. A house without a cook is much more desolate than one without a wife. The former is a necessity; the latter a luxury. You can get along without one; you can't without the other—unless you are one of those lucky people who combine the two.

It ended with his deciding to eat at the inn, which he did for a month and steadily grew thinner and more seedy each day. Then he gave this up as hopeless and tried a new cook, a woman from the mountains. This may have been a slightly better arrangement, though Mrs. O'Herron confided to me that he was buying an enormous amount of tinned goods, and, though she sold them herself, that she did, and made her living thereby, enough to send the children to school and lay a bit aside for that always imminent rainy day, she didn't at all approve of such diet. What it did to the stomach was something awful! As for nourishment—why, bless you, it didn't do that at all! It just filled up that empty feeling with a lot of rubbish!

"'Tis my heart that's aching for the poor man," she said. "'Tis bad enough, the good Lord knows it, for a woman to be living alone by herself, with all the trials that be coming after her, to say

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nothing of the dear children; but a man living by himself! That was never intended. It was all wrong; that's what it was."

"How can we help him?"

"Now you've got me. 'Tis not myself can tell. I, as you know, am ready to do anything for the poor man. But I'm a widow lady now; and 'tis careful I must be or the village folks will be after talking of me."

"Even so, what could you do?"

"Bless you, I could have him eating here with the family. He wouldn't be after starving then."

"Couldn't you do it, Mrs. O'Herron?"

She shook her head with decision. "'Tis not of myself I'm thinking; 'tis that I must give a thought after the children."

While Dr. Brooke was rolling steadily down-hill Mrs. O'Herron was climbing up—even socially. The second period of mourning being entered, the stunning veil was laid aside, probably in camphor—once more that constant thought of a rainy day. A bit of white appeared here and there, the sheerest of organdy collars and wristbands, and a hat that was more than a whisper of renewed interest in carnal things. It was really a charming hat, all white under the brim, though still sable above. People smiled and wagged their heads, and the postmaster was seen to change his pew in church to one directly behind Mrs. O'Herron.

Other changes gradually appeared. The Spartan mother coiffure had been softened in a becoming way that showed off effectively her really nice, blue-black hair. She no longer wore an apron, she no longer wrapped up parcels—she had hired a boy for that purpose; and, at last, she no longer waited on you herself, she had employed a salesman. Of course, she was still there—all there, as you might say—the embodiment of hospitality and sympathy, but entirely now in the rôle of hostess or patroness, a sort of wholly irresistible reception committee.

I went in one day to order some groceries and found her sitting at the rear of the shop in a willow chair discreetly upholstered in lavender cretonne. Mark the stage of mourning! She rose, came forward, shook hands with me, and accompanied me around the shop while the salesman took my order. Once or twice she offered a suggestion: some things were just arrived and were very fresh; others she could guarantee as being excellent. Then she asked me if I wouldn't sit down and conducted me to the rear of the shop, where I found Mr. Jones, the rich widower of the village, a veritable *parti*, seated in one of the lavender chairs.

I could see from her manner, graciousness itself, and Mr. Jones's rather florid gallantry, that the situation between them might be watched with a view to interesting events. In fact, it was just that which brought the crisis in her evolution. If she were going to be the future Mrs. Jones, it was high time the village literary society counted her as one of its members. Hadn't Mr. Jones already presented it with a lot on which to build a club-house! Surely, it was only diplomatic to gain the interest and co-operation of his future spouse! Mrs. O'Herron was elected without a single blackball and soon after—it sounds preposterous, but it's true—read a paper before that organization on the subject of how to make the useful side of life beautiful. I helped her with it myself; it was quite illuminating.

Then, as always happens—deny it as much as you please, there doesn't exist such a thing as a lane without turning—another tragedy occurred, and brought to a standstill, at least for the present, the ups and downs in the careers of Mrs. O'Herron and Dr. Brooke.

III

It was three o'clock in the morning, when Dr. Brooke, returning from the bedside of an ill patient, passed Mrs. O'Herron's grocery. Suddenly he stopped, looked at the building, rubbed his eyes to see if it were really true, then stepped up on the porch and knocked softly on the door. After what appeared to him an interminable time he knocked again, though not so softly.

Finally, Mrs. O'Herron herself put her head out of the window. And who was it, at such an hour of the night, would be knocking at her door?

"Mrs. O'Herron," Dr. Brooke called

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softly, in fear perhaps of disturbing neighbors' rest, "I'm sorry to awaken you——"

"'Tis you, then, doctor. Don't you mind that. Just wait. I'll be down in a jiffy."

Lighting a candle and giving a glance at her sleeping-cap of lace and purple ribbons, she carefully went down-stairs. There she lighted a lamp and unbolted the door.

"'Tis some one that's ill?" she inquired sympathetically.

"No, Mrs. O'Herron," he replied, quite calm. "It's your house."

"My house! And what's after being the matter with my house, then?"

"It's on fire, Mrs. O'Herron."

By this time a neighbor had seen the flames and came rushing to the rescue. But he was too late. While Dr. Brooke had knocked gently on the door and Mrs. O'Herron had given a touch to the lace cap and purple ribbons, the flames had spread over the entire roof. There was very little that could be done; a few trunks and some utterly useless pieces of furniture were all that was saved.

Just as the roof was beginning to cave in Mrs. O'Herron remembered that Patrick, sick in bed with the scarlet fever, had been left up-stairs. She made a rush into the burning building, but was caught by Dr. Brooke and held back until she managed to emit the single word "Patrick." Pushing her aside in what she considered a most ungentlemanly way, Dr. Brooke climbed the steps and in a few minutes returned with the sleepy-eyed Patrick in his arms.

Every one said that the look Mrs. O'Herron gave Dr. Brooke, when he laid the now thoroughly awakened heir to the family in her arms, was a look that Mr. Jones should have resented if he had been on the eventful spot. Another thing to be resented by that worthy aspirant was the fact that all the children were at once carried to Dr. Brooke's house; moreover, Mrs. O'Herron herself, after she had stood a long time viewing the smouldering, black ruin, from which a searching scent of fried tomatoes and broiled sardines was now rising, followed the children to their refuge.

Invitations poured in from all the villagers to make their home hers. She refused them all. She was grateful, more than she could ever say; but there was Patrick, ill of the scarlet fever, and the doctor's roof seemed the only proper shelter.

Mr. Jones called the morning after the disaster and offered his house—and perhaps his hand. The house *was* rather distant, he admitted, two miles from the village, but the country air would be good for the children. That it would, Mrs. O'Herron appreciated that, and the poor dears needed a rest after such a fright in the middle of the night, too, but—there was Patrick with the scarlet fever. No, it wouldn't do to move him just yet—perhaps later. She'd be bearing in mind his kindness, though, to the end of her days.

As for Dr. Brooke, he appeared delighted. And why shouldn't he have been? He was once more taken care of, as well as if not better than before Dinah's inconsiderate departure. His meals were served on time—good meals they were, too, overlooked by Mrs. O'Herron and served by the maid she had saved from the *débris*.

The insurance quite satisfactorily settled and promptly paid, the village awaited further plans. They came with the development in the second child of scarlet fever and Mrs. O'Herron's announcement that they would stop on at Dr. Brooke's. It was out of the question to think of moving the children, particularly as Patrick had just reached the peeling stage.

But could she do such a thing? Why not? What would people say? What *could* they say? But she was a widow, and he was a bachelor. Well? It was hardly—er—proper. Bless you, there were the children, three of them, two with the scarlet fever! What more could you want?

Mrs. Grundy, in the cloak of Mrs. Brown, laughed in her sleeve. Who had ever heard of children as chaperons? Why, they were too young to know! The decision gave rise to many discussions, some adverse comment; but ended with a tacit acceptance of the situation. A bit irregular—yes; but if one knew Mrs. O'Herron and Dr. Brooke well—as every one did—one could not possibly see

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any harm in such an arrangement, provided, of course, that it was not permanent. That would be another matter.

One night, a month after the fire, Dr. Brooke asked me to supper. The third child, Timmy, was now recovering—even the peeling stage had been safely passed and he did not think I would run any risk in coming to the house. As a matter of fact, Mrs. O'Herron had just fumigated it.

I was delighted at the opportunity of viewing the situation from the inside. Being barred admittance for a month had made me imagine all sorts of developments. I have never seen such a change in a house. It was as clean as a new pin. Even the medicine cabinets had been gone through and properly arranged. The dining-room had been renovated in such a way that it was not at all familiar. A bowl of roses was in the centre of the table, and the candlesticks had never shone so brilliantly since they had left the silversmith's a hundred years before. Yet, with all this cleanliness and order, I felt a touch of regret. I believe I liked it better in its unkempt condition. At least it was then more a part of him: the cleaning process, as always, had removed too much of its personality.

Mrs. O'Herron sat at the head of the table, Dr. Brooke at the foot, and I between them. You can't imagine the strange feeling I had at seeing a woman at that table. It was almost a sacrilege. But you may be sure Mrs. O'Herron had no such feeling about it. She looked and acted as if she had been born there.

The supper was excellent, but, alas, the conversation was somehow very halting and stilted—this due, I think, to Dr. Brooke's embarrassment. He appeared as if he would like to go through the floor, said nothing, and refused to meet my eyes.

After supper we went into the office, where the children joined us for a little while. They grouped themselves about Mrs. O'Herron in the approved family fashion. If there had only been one of those revolving bookcases filled with encyclopædic volumes, and one of those relentlessly advertised acetylene gas-lamps, it would have been a perfect picture of the ideal American happy family seen in the back pages of all the magazines.

Throughout the evening only one illuminating incident occurred. When the children told us good-night the two older ones shook hands; Teddy, the youngest, held up his cheek to be kissed. Dr. Brooke, abstracted, neglected to do so. Teddy waited patiently and, getting no attention, called out, in a piping voice:

"Pa—ain't you goin' to kiss me?"

Dr. Brooke, scarlet, performed the act; and Mrs. O'Herron, shaking her head a bit and with an expression that was poignantly pathetic, picked the little fellow up in her arms and carried him toward the door.

"Poor little baby," she murmured; "he's always thinking of his dear, departed daddy!"

I left, complaining bitterly that I had lost Dr. Brooke—I mean the part of him that I had grown to love. He was too domesticated, too prosperous-looking, too far away from what I had found charming in him. He had said himself that he was not a marrying man, and seeing him in what approximated the marital state I was fully convinced that he was right. It robbed him of every bit of his personality.

IV

Spring, that dangerous period, came on.

A soft, friendly May day, late in the afternoon, I was sitting in front of my house when I saw Mrs. O'Herron, accompanied by all three children, coming toward me. She looked very slim and svelte in a new spring suit, still all black, but not in the least mournful in cut; in fact, it had a jauntiness about it that suggested thoroughly restored hope. In her hands she carried a bunch of crocus and ferns. They had been out all the afternoon, she and the children, getting a breath of the sweet-smelling air. Finding herself on the road to my house, she had come a bit out of the way to see how I was going on. She *was* a little tired and would rest a few moments before going down the mountain.

She sent the children off to pick dewberries and sat down in the chair I had been occupying. She took off her hat, another concession, though more of an

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amelioration, to the demands of grief. She laid it in her lap, ran a pin through it, and looked across the valley with rather brooding, perhaps dreaming, eyes.

"I've been planning after coming up here to see you for many a day. I've been wanting to talk to you. 'Tis a bit of a comfort to talk with some one that's not of the village. 'Tis by way of giving one thoughts that's new to one."

She has a perfect taste in flattery as well as millinery; and why shouldn't she, with all her ancestors kissing that historic stone as regularly as they ate their potatoes?

I waited, smiling appreciatively. She gave me a sidelong glance and returned to the view.

"'Tis grand to be living these days," she began slowly. "Springtime, with the sound of twittering birds that be coming; and the fine warmth of the air and the sweetness of it; sitting quiet like and easy, and just smelling the things that be growing up and budding." Her eyes finally drifted back to mine. "'Tis that that's set me thinking."

"Plans?" I hazarded.

She nodded and sighed. "Mostly for the dear children."

I said that I could see no cause to worry for the present. Weren't they all happy and comfortable at Dr. Brooke's? As for the future, there was the insurance money which she had told me herself would rebuild the grocery.

That was true, every word of it. But there was another thing to be thought of; 'twas that she couldn't go on living much longer at Dr. Brooke's.

"It's a godsend to him; it's a convenience to you. Why bother about it?"

She again took refuge in the view. 'Twas not herself was bothering about it: 'twas Mr. Jones.

"What has he got to do with it?"

"'Tis he that's after marrying me."

I jumped. Then she was really going to do it!

"And you?" I asked.

"'Tis that I want to talk to you about."

She sat up more rigidly and met my eyes with a determination that said she was bent upon getting the truth from me. At least, that is what I thought; it turned out afterward that such was not her purpose at all.

He was rich, Mr. Jones was, very rich: he had a grand house in the country; horses and cows and a chicken run that was an honor to the county; he was a good church-member; and he had a generous heart. According to her recitation of his qualities, he was a sort of utopian type. There never had been a man like him; and never would be again. He was an influence she had to consider for the dear children. She felt, if she did not think of them now, at this tender age of their lives, a black curse would follow her the rest of her days.

"Will it be soon?" I asked.

"What?"

"The marriage."

"What a man you do be! I'm only pondering on it a bit."

"I'm very glad," I sighed with intense relief. "I was just wondering what under the sun would become of Dr. Brooke. Now that he's comfortably settled for a time, I've felt relieved about him, but if you are going to leave——"

"Dr. Brooke!" she interrupted, her eyes opened wide. "But he's not a marrying man!"

"Of course he's not! Whoever suggested such a thing! I meant, how could he get along without you, now that you've made him so comfortable!"

She took this with a peculiar change of expression, an enigmatic look in her eyes that I did not understand.

A short silence lingered between us.

"And what be you thinking of it?" she began again, her nice blue eyes once more on me.

"Your marrying Mr. Jones? Well"—I made a poor attempt at appearing an oracle on the subject; what a fool she must have thought me!—"well, if I were thinking of matrimony there'd be only one thing I'd consider."

"What, then?"

"If I was enough in love to risk it."

She shook her head and smiled. "'Tis young you be. And bless you for it! 'Tis one like myself who has had twelve years of it that knows what the happy state of matrimony means. I know it to its dregs. 'Tis that that keeps me pondering."

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I ventured the remark that she could not be very much in love with Mr. Jones; otherwise she'd let herself go.

"Let myself go, say you!" She shook her head gravely, and yet, somehow, it wasn't grave at all; it was suggestive of all sorts of other things, and principally a capacity for letting herself go, if she made up her mind to it, on the very wings of abandon. "No—not now. There's other things for me to be thinking about than letting myself go, as you put it. That's the hard part of it!"

Again we were silent. For the first time during our long acquaintance our conversation lagged. Usually it went with considerable snap. That day we both appeared thoughtful.

"Have you talked to Dr. Brooke about it?" I asked.

"Never so much as a word," she answered promptly. "I couldn't bear the thought of it. It would be a hard word to be saying to him. I don't want him to be knowing it till it's settled."

"Is that quite fair to him?"

"I think it is. Let the dear man go on being as comfortable as he can the length of the time I'm with him. When I go"—here she looked away sadly—"I'm going to leave him as comfortable as I know how."

She put on her hat and rose to go. The children were waiting for her, each of them with blue-stained mouth. They had evidently found the dewberries and disposed of them.

"'Tis a grand pleasure to have talked to you thus," she said, holding out her hand. "I'll be thanking you to the end of my days for your helpful thoughts."

I began to feel a little resentful of her flattery. My helpful thoughts! I hadn't done an infernal thing but listen to her. Perhaps that is what some women call being helpful.

I sat down and watched the warm, scented sunset lights gather about the mountains; and while I sat there I too did some pondering. I was sincerely distressed to hear of Mrs. O'Herron's contemplated departure from Dr. Brooke's. I once more saw him reduced to dire straits. The thought of his wandering about, shabby, ill-fed, and miserable, was most discouraging. I came very near cursing Dinah for her ingratitude in leaving him stranded. She was only seventy; she might easily have lived on another ten years, and by that time—who knows?—he might have been married and had a good, conscientious wife to look after him. Even if he were not a marrying man, the more I thought of him, the more I came to the conclusion that his only salvation lay in matrimony. I went so far as to think of all the eligible women in the village and by the time he arrived to take supper with me I was primed with plans and convincing argument.

After supper, when we had smoked for an hour or more and darkness had come on, I broached the subject.

"I've been thinking about you all the afternoon," I began.

"About me—why?"

"About your future."

He drew at his pipe. "It's not much to think over. I can tell you exactly what it's going to be. Right here in this village for about twenty years more. That's all."

"Good enough! But those twenty years must be comfortable."

"They will be, I hope."

"Not if you live alone; not unless you are married."

His start showed genuine surprise. "I—get married! I thought you knew I was not a marrying man!"

"We all say that until the time comes."

He shook his head, not so resolutely as thoughtfully.

"Your time has come."

Again he started. I really believe he was disturbed at my insistence upon impending evil.

"Why do you say such things?" he finally asked.

"Because I see it is the only way for you to be comfortable. You say you are not a marrying man; that is exactly what you are. You were made for domestic life. You can't get along without it. A confirmed bachelor is one who knows how to manage for himself. You don't. You can't get along at all by yourself."

He smiled with confidence. "I've been getting along a mighty long time by myself."

"Indeed you haven't! Dinah did everything for you that a wife would have

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done. In a way it was most unfortunate; she made you so comfortable that, without her, you are lost."

He received this in silence.

"Am I right?"

He bowed his head. "Perhaps you are."

"Good! So now—let's talk about possible wives for you."

"Wives!"

"Yes. We'll begin in the plural and reduce to the singular by the process of elimination."

He got up, stretched himself, and walked up and down in front of the house. He may have been trying to change the subject or he may have been pondering, too; he said nothing and so I remained without a clew.

"Is it that you are afraid to pay the price?"

"The price!" he exclaimed.

"The price of your future comfort. Philosophers say we have to pay for everything we get. It would appear that marriage is going to be your payment."

He continued walking a little while longer, then came back and sat in the chair opposite me.

"I don't see why we should bother about it any more. For the present I couldn't be more comfortable. I believe I'm more comfortable than I was with Dinah. Dinah, you see, had some faults. She never had dinner on time. Mrs. O'Herron does." He uncrossed and crossed his long legs. "No, I think we had better leave well enough alone. I've told Mrs. O'Herron I hoped she'd stop as long as she could; and she said she would."

"That will not be very long."

"Yes, I think it will. She has about definitely decided not to rebuild the grocery, so there's nowhere else for her to go. It's a very nice arrangement for both of us."

The sly woman! I had a whole-hearted contempt for her at that moment. Why should she deceive him in this way? There was no point to it. It was abominable of her. I hated myself for having liked her so much. And in my sudden anger toward her I decided to expose her. She shouldn't go on playing Dr. Brooke this way up to the last moment.

"It would be a good enough arrangement if Mrs. O'Herron didn't have other plans; but she has. I know them."

He looked at me, casually interested, and relighted his pipe.

"What sort of plans do you mean?"

"She is going to marry Mr. Jones."

The match held in his fingers burned to the end, even to the flesh, before he dropped it. Then he broke into his deep, mellow laugh and settled comfortably in the chair. Mrs. O'Herron marry Jones! It was the best joke he had heard for a long time. He went on laughing. What had put such a notion in my head anyway?

"What has put the notion in yours that it's impossible?"

"Why! She laughs about his attentions all the time!"

My hatred of the woman deepened. I was just finding out the depths of her duplicity. She was quite despicable.

"If she laughs about Mr. Jones to you, it is quite the opposite of her manner when discussing him with others."

He was lighting another match, and in its glow I caught a troubled expression in his eyes.

"I don't understand you."

"She told me this very afternoon that she had practically made up her mind to marry Mr. Jones. She also said that her reason for not telling you was that she didn't want you to be made unhappy over the prospect of her leaving you alone in the house."

He drew hard at his pipe.

"So, you see, your marriage becomes once more an imminent necessity."

"You think she was serious?"

"I'm sure of it. Why shouldn't she be? She is not the sort of person to neglect her future comfort—even if you are."

He left rather precipitately after this, making some excuse about having to go by to see a very ill patient. I walked a little way down the mountain with him, but got nothing more from him on the subject, not a word.

V

I WAS in his office a few days later. Through the windows I could see, in the garden, Mrs. O'Herron sewing. The

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three children were gathered about her. It was a quiet and homelike picture, and there was such a suggestion in her pose of thorough peacefulness with the world, future assured and all effort laid aside, that I might have suspected what was coming; any one else would have, I'm sure.

Dr. Brooke asked me to smoke, which I did, through a silence lasting much longer than usual, though I felt no alarm at this; it was our usual form of conversing. Finally he rose and looked out of the window. His glance, no doubt, was resting on Mrs. O'Herron at that very minute, though I did not know it.

"I've been thinking about what you said the other night"—he turned and gave me his old-time, warm smile—"and I've about decided it's the best thing to do."

"I'm glad to hear that!" I exclaimed. "The only thing now is to find the right woman."

"I've done that."

You can imagine my astonishment. I got up, crossed to him, and held out my hand. "Who is she?"

Again he smiled. "What a question!"

"I haven't an idea."

"It's Sheila, of course."

"Sheila!" I exclaimed. "Who under the sun is she? I never heard of her before!"

"Sheila"—he was blushing now like a schoolboy—"Sheila is Mrs. O'Herron. . . ."

After five months of matrimony he still appears perfectly happy. And she! Well, any one who has been looking forward to a certain event, planning it, not missing a single revolution in the wheels that would carry her in that direction, and still reaches the goal while young enough to enjoy it has no reason in the world not to be happy. Of course, I maintain that he is not half so charming as he was; yet now and then I get a reversion to type. As for his love-affairs—between you and me, they are still going on. Only last month a huge, Amazonian creature arrived in the village for the purpose of buying some ground on which to erect a young ladies' seminary. She met Dr. Brooke and—But that would be giving away secrets. I must be careful. You see, he's a married man now; though when he forgets it—and I don't believe he has ever thoroughly realized it—he always refers to his wife as Mrs. O'Herron.

WOMEN AND PROPERTY

By Robert Grant

BY the will of a deceased lawyer of national reputation it appeared recently that one of the two executors and trustees named was a woman. The provision was unusual enough to provoke the inquiry—how did he happen to select her? When it was explained that she was his private secretary and had kept his books for many years, both captious conjecture and latter-day common sense were satisfied. An appointment anomalous a generation ago, except of a wife, ceased to be even an idiosyncrasy the moment the nominee's qualifications were disclosed. One could see that the choice had its advantages; that it would save trouble and accelerate the handling of the estate. While the testator undoubtedly intended it as a mark of confidence and gratitude, his controlling motive must have been the woman's fitness.

This instance provokes another—a double-barrelled—inquiry: Why should not women have a greater share in the management of property, and why should they not understand more about property than they do? Their own property in the first place, but also other people's. In spite of the revolution in public sentiment concerning what woman is free to do and ought to know, property in the sense of anything larger than a purse or very mod-

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erate bank-account remains virtually a sealed book to her. It compares with a Sacred White Elephant—a tutelary divinity, but august and unapproachable. Moreover, this awesome attitude is encouraged by prevalent masculine opinion, which, if invited to decide by a referendum whether she would do better as a bishop or a banker, would declare that, though out of place as either, she could not do much harm as a bishop, but as a banker would inevitably make a mess of things. Indeed, the blue line in Durham Cathedral beyond which no woman was allowed to pass has proved with the march of time a far more evanescent prejudice than the taboo of the money-changers. Men still hug the tradition that in money matters women are constitutionally helpless and need looking after.

This tradition dies hard, because its decayed roots are ponderous with law verbiage. For centuries the status of a woman while single was solemnly defined as *femme sole* and after marriage as *femme covert*. Veritably it may be said that the second estate of that woman was far worse than the first. A *femme sole* was in legal phraseology an "infant" until her majority, but after attaining it she had full possession and control of her property. If she was rich it was scarcely reputable that she should not marry unless she became a nun; consequently the interval between minority and wedlock was, so to speak, 'twixt hay and grass. Nevertheless, if she defied social sentiment and remained single the law protected her ownership. She might be choused out of her possessions, but she could not be deprived of them. The instant she married, however, she became *femme covert*, and every attribute of ownership ceased.

Of every human status devised by civilization that of the *femme covert* was the most ignominious, though it wore the air of chivalrous concern for the inherent helplessness of woman. So absolutely did the law insist on merging her entity in her lord and master's that if she committed a crime (unless it were very atrocious) she was assumed to have acted at his instance and he was held responsible for it. She was more completely a cipher than any other soul on the sunny side of barbarism, and the aftermath of her legal obliteration crops out even in our day in the maxim of the domestic hearth, albeit playfully uttered: "What's yours is mine, my dear, and what's mine's my own." The author of "The English Woman's Legal Guide" (London, 1913) states her quondam predicament succinctly as follows:

"By the common law, prior to the series of acts known as the Married Women's Property Acts, 1870–1908, a woman by marrying stood to lose, either permanently or during married life, all actual benefit in any property of which she was at the commencement of or might during the marriage be possessed. The theory was that 'a man and his wife are but one person in the law,' which sounds as favorable to wife as to husband and which if literally applied would have meant equal enjoyment by both of their common property. This, however, was not the meaning given to the phrase in practice. The real meaning would be expressed better by saying that 'a man and his wife are but one person in the law and that one person is the man,' since the immediate interest in the whole of her property passed to her husband, while his property continued to belong to him solely."

So genuine did this legal fiction—that a married woman could not own anything—seem to the legal mind that as time went on and a desire was felt to protect the dowries of wives from the rapacity or debts of husbands, recourse was had to circumvention. Barred from declaring that a wife's property should continue hers the lawmakers of the period devised a method of tying it up so that her spouse or his creditors could not reach the principal and so that the yearly income should be paid over to her own use. This method survives in the comparatively modern system of trusts by which estates in Great Britain or the United States can be kept intact during a generation or so for the support of widows, unmarried daughters or spendthrift sons, and protection against sons-in-law. Yet, although because of its historic origin the tradition of woman's financial ineptitude lingers, it is some time now since the common-law fiction holding her incapable of ownership after marriage was done away with as an

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absurdity in English-speaking countries. In the United States, where it obtained for a while as a part of the legal code inherited from England, the uprooting has been well-nigh universal. To quote from "The Legal and Political Status of Women in the United States" (1912), which should be authoritative on the point because written by a woman: "In most of the States at the present time property of every kind owned by either husband or wife at time of marriage, or acquired during the marriage by gift, devise, bequest, inheritance or purchase, constitutes the separate estate of such husband or wife and is not liable for the debts of the other, but it is liable for the debts of the one who owns the property whether they were incurred before or after marriage."

And yet, though restrictions on feminine ownership are obsolete and have long since ceased to be an incentive to lack of familiarity with money matters, the American woman is peculiarly ignorant of everything pertaining to finance. Much more so than the women of the Latin countries, who, especially in the shopkeeping class, are often vigilant partners in their husbands' fortunes and who pride themselves on keeping the domestic pot boiling by insisting on full money's worth in their daily purchases. The European woman has the habit of saving, our countrywomen that of spending, and, as has been often pointed out, the husband of each is mainly responsible for the antithesis. Unlike her foreign sister, who is schooled from childhood to regard extravagance as a deadly sin, the American wife, in nine cases out of ten, feels free to indulge even her caprices and then collect at the source.

Now that the challenge of war demands economies, we hear it said that a French or Italian family could subsist on the contents of many an American housewife's garbage pail. True as this probably is, the blame belongs no more to her than to her husband, who, dazzled by the resources of this amazing continent where every man hopes to better himself, would not be pleased unless she gave him red meat constantly, and in her own belongings put her best foot forward. Good provider as the American husband is, he will not be able to go on indefinitely giving his wife her head unless she co-operates in eliminating what they do not require or cannot afford. The opportunities for rapid self-advancement will diminish as our population grows more dense. On the other hand, after taking fully into account the growing vogue for economic independence, we cannot doubt that the vast majority of women will continue to allow men to support them. The clinging vine is likely to remain the hardiest of annuals in the rosebud garden of girls. The American wife of the future is sure to be less wasteful and to know more of food values if not eugenics, but when it comes to money matters her chief function (like Oliver Twist's) will still be "asking for more," and if she inherits stocks and bonds she will be little less apt than formerly to hand them over to her husband to care for.

There will be exceptions, and it is desirable that there should be; but it is in the interest of women seeking economic independence rather than the housewife that this mystification concerning property needs clearing up. It is even more disproportionate than the panic due to a scampering mouse. After all, mice once in a while do invade the person, but the primary principles relative to dividends and coupons are too simple to justify confusion in any brain. In every large community a much-respected body of men makes a living, frequently a very comfortable living, by taking care of other people's property. They are known as trustees, a term that includes executors, guardians, and all who hold in a fiduciary capacity. Their first requisite is probity —to be scrupulously honest; they should possess good judgment, which is almost a synonym of common sense, tact, show themselves punctual accountants, and preferably be erudite in the branch of the law that governs the devolution of estates. That integrity is the paramount consideration in the minds of those who employ them appears from the current tendency to select trust companies as fiduciaries. A trust company has no soul (the courts decided long ago that every corporation lacks one) and it does not pretend to know law, but a trust company cannot abscond and its capital stock is a bulwark against peculation. If some ab-

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struse or knotty point arises, it sends for a lawyer and deducts the amount of his bill from the beneficiary's income.

In my experience the vast majority of individual trustees are honest, and the instances of their absconding, if we take number and opportunities as a measure, comparatively rare. They are scrupulous in the performance of their duties, and, now that inheritance and income taxes have complicated the situation, their bed is not always one of roses. I have no wish to underrate their responsibilities or minimize their virtues by asking why woman should not enter into competition with them, and why woman is not better adapted for this employment than for certain others where she aspires to shine. To me her chief stumbling-block would seem to be that she has made a bogy of property.

Every fresh batch of candidates for the bar shows, I believe, an increasing percentage of women. They still seem lost in the multitude of male practitioners, and it is too early yet to draw more than the single deduction that, Portia to the contrary notwithstanding, they are at a disadvantage in forensics. Women speak admirably, sometimes quite as well as men, before committees and on formal occasions; but in the hurly-burly and give and take of court practice they are outclassed by their own nicety, the abandonment of which makes them appear either shrewish or strident. Conspicuous laurels in arguing questions of pure law before courts of last resort are still to be won. Their professional activities for the most part are confined to quasi office work, the collection of claims,—often forlorn hopes,—the redress of minor grievances, and the preparation of probate papers—matters that require integrity, patience, tact, and love of detail, all of them qualities essential to the care of property. Women have the reputation of being honester than men, but whether this is due to previous lack of opportunity only time will show. When it comes to patience, tact, and love of detail they should compare favorably with the average male competitor.

The old-fashioned trustee resembled a czar. Because clothed with the legal title to the property in his charge, he was apt to conduct himself as though it were really his, and beneficiaries could not afford to ask him many questions unless they would be snubbed. The courts abetted him somewhat in maintaining this attitude of "none of your business." The modern trustee is a much more approachable person, for the law, imbued with the "new freedom," no longer countenances the policy of keeping the real owners at arm's length. But, though suave, he is constantly on guard against the importunities of those entitled to the income which he collects, most of whom are women whose patrimony has been tied up for life. Perplexed as they often are why property does not yield a larger return, or why he feels constrained to add this or that increment to capital instead of paying it to them, many women hanker to catechize the trustee—ask a string of questions no matter how foolish. This is difficult when the listener is a man; they shrink into their shells in a presence which, however kindly, is from force of habit condescending. If they had a woman to deal with, they would regard a heart-to-heart talk—encouragement to ask indiscriminate questions—as an essential of satisfactory service. Is it too much to allege that most female beneficiaries would rather have their interests safeguarded by a woman than a man except for a single consideration—the fear of her not proving equal to the responsibility? Or that many women property-owners would elect to manage their own affairs or to hand them over to some congenial person of the same sex but for this dread of lack of equipment?

Woman seems to be constitutionally gun-shy when confronted with mortgages, stocks, and bonds; she sheers off as if afraid of being hit and manifests a like tendency to become panic-sticken or obfuscated over rates of interest or the distinctions between capital and income. She has no fear of money in the bank so long as she does not overdraw her accounts, but becomes dazed with apprehension when any question of investment is broached and is apt to murmur: "I leave it all to you." This is explicable enough on the theory that her mind has been a blank on these subjects for centuries, but far from flattering to her

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intelligence if inherent difficulties be the test. The ability to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before approximates genius in the constructive type of modern financier, but that demanded of the successful custodian of property need not rise above the level of normal wisdom. This normal wisdom seems beyond feminine attainment largely because of the outlook which it presupposes. At a time when she was being grounded in needlework and household handiness her brother was already listening in the smoking-room to the small talk of his elders concerning the rise and fall of securities. But it is no tax on the intellectual faculties to acquire a speaking acquaintance with the railroads and manufacturing companies of one's habitat. Any woman worth her salt who gave her mind to it ought to find the study and comparison of statistics which would enable her to discriminate between investments no more difficult than algebra. The good judgment, alias the normal wisdom, of the male trustee is derived from the analysis of reports, the weighing of probabilities, and the nosing out of inside information. From these he reads the signs of the times, and if he reads them correctly he prospers. But there is nothing in the vocation which should bid a woman quail unless it were that masculine freemasonry should combine to frustrate her when she tried to ascertain the truth in advance—an odious improbability. The primary rules of the game, which seems so terrifying at the outset, are almost as easy as the alphabet: that a return of four to five per cent spell safety and any more than this involves a speculative risk which it is sometimes prudent and far oftener not to take; that a mortgage and a bond, however formidable to look at, are severally nothing but interest-bearing promises to pay secured by collateral, the first by land, the second by the property of the corporation which issues it; and that stock certificates are merely shares in a corporate partnership entitled to dividends after the coupons on the bonds and other fixed charges have been met.

A few months' study, supplemented by a little practical experience, would enable any reasonably intelligent woman to master these and other elementary technicalities and so to cease to think of them as bugaboos. Thus equipped she would no longer be handicapped by her inveterate and once-cherished disability of being unable to comprehend the language of the money-changers. With this removed, and provided she kept in mind that the admonition, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings," is even more applicable to her because of a certain scatter-brain, atavistic tendency, she ought not to be at a disadvantage in the arena of competition on the score of ignorance. Her progress would be gradual, but the reactionaries of her own sex reluctant to employ her would presently be outnumbered by those ready to reward her zeal and winsome amiability. She would not be so apt to be grouchy or dictatorial as men. And yet the ultimate test of the rivalry—the criterion of her fitness—must be the quality of her brain cells, for the prudent and discerning care of property rights is in the end a serious intellectual process.

Is there a congenital kink in woman's cranium which would interfere with her success as a custodian of property or fiduciary? Let me illustrate by an object-lesson which, though gleaned from fiction, was widely recognized as veracious on its appearance, nearly twenty years ago, under the title of "The Woman and Her Bonds." The heroine of Edwin Lefèvre's short story was a widow with $38,000 to invest, and the hero (or victim) a stock-broker who had been her husband's intimate friend and was eager to do her a good turn. We make her acquaintance at his office eager to ascertain how she can get a larger income from her money than the trust company where it is deposited is allowing her. Mr. Colwell advises the purchase at 96 of 100 five-per-cent gold bonds of the Manhattan Electric Light, Heat & Power Company, in regard to which, as he tells her, he has inside information. She is to deposit with his firm as a wide margin all but $3,000 of her $38,000 and wait quietly until he shall market the bonds, as he confidently counts on doing at a ten-per-cent profit, which would add a handsome slice to her capital. He tells her besides that he has bought some of the bonds for his own mother, and that she can always find them

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quoted on the financial page of the newspapers.

Mrs. Hunt departs, but returns anxiously three days later to point out that Manhattan Electrics are selling at 95 instead of 96. She is assured that this signifies nothing and is urged not to worry. She goes away only to reappear in another week with a dejected air, for the bonds have fallen to 93. When, in response to her remark that according to a friend she has lost $3,000 by the transaction, Mr. Colwell proposes to take her purchase off her hands for his own account at the original price and return all her money, she jumps at the offer. But it is not very long before the bonds are quoted at 95 again and then at 96. This prompts another visit by the widow to the broker's office.

"Mr. Colwell, you still have those bonds, haven't you?"

"Why, yes."

"I—I think I'd like to take them back again."

"Certainly, Mrs. Hunt. I'll find out how much they are selling for."

The quotation telephoned proves to be 96½, which, as the broker points out, is practically where they were when she had bought them originally.

Mrs. Hunt hesitates, and inquires: "Didn't you buy them from me at 93?"

Mr. Colwell explains that he had bought them from her at 96 and given her the full sum that she had paid.

She makes answer: "Well, I don't see why it is that I have to pay 96½ now for the very same bonds I sold last Tuesday at 93. If it was some other bonds, I wouldn't mind so much," and though Mr. Colwell, knowing the plans of the syndicate, does his best to induce her to change her mind and to let him purchase them for her, she goes away obdurate and disgruntled.

The sequel is heartrending. Manhattan Electrics rise steadily, and when they are quoted at 106 back comes Mrs. Hunt.

"Good morning, Mr. Colwell; I came to find out exactly what you propose to do about my bonds."

Then, finding him mystified as to her meaning, she continues: "But never mind. I have decided to accept your offer; I'll take those bonds at 96½."

"But, Mrs. Hunt, you can't do that, you know. You wouldn't buy them when I wanted you to and I can't buy them for you now at 96½. Really, you ought to see that."

The widow remains unable to see why she is not in the right, and makes her final exit in high dudgeon, threatening to consult a lawyer.

Compression has obliged me to omit the fine shades of the entertaining story, but the mental obliquity it suggests is obvious enough. No one except a woman could possibly see the matter in that light except now and then a clergyman. I remember some years ago being asked by a member of that profession to take a trustee to task for imposing on a poor woman. On the day appointed for the investigation it appeared that the fiduciary had received from the testator ten bonds of a construction company yielding eight per cent, which the complainant himself hastened to characterize as a "mortgage on a lot of rotten old cars." These had been sold at par and the proceeds prudently invested. When, puzzled, I inquired what the imposition was, the clergyman promptly answered: "Don't you see? She used to receive eight hundred dollars yearly and now she only gets six."

"But," I urged, "the former investment was hazardous, as you admit. What can the trustee do?" And then came the extraordinary assertion, yet made in good faith: "He ought to pay her the difference out of *his own pocket*."

I was unable, though I labored hard, to make this clergyman see it otherwise.

While these examples certainly suggest a kink in the brain, they scarcely furnish grounds for deeming it organic rather than functional—or, in other words, incurable. On the contrary, the assumption is much more credible that the obliquity they indicate is due to a lack of experience and worldly wisdom which has, as it were, atrophied certain ordinary mental processes. Common sense, to say nothing of a sense of justice, is largely a matter of background and is hardly to be expected of one traditionally banished from any specific field of inquiry. There is no one more shrewd in bargaining than the wo-

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man of continental Europe who sells vegetables and posies, and this is simply because she is schooled to give her whole mind to her trade. Much the same set of faculties is exercised by the successful guardian of property as by the successful huckster. It is simply a question of sufficient attention and interest. With these assured, the kink which produced the ethical vagaries of "the woman and her bonds" would speedily desert the cranium of any woman who for self-support or self-protection essayed to master the rudiments of financial knowledge. It would not be long before she would be able to think in terms of principal and interest or stocks and bonds almost as subconsciously as she appraises foulards and bombazines.

It will be argued by some that sophistication in money matters would render women sordid and thereby imperil the attribute we call charm. The less liberal men are in their views concerning feminine freedom, the more likely are they to be awake nights wrestling with this particular dread—the exodus of fascination. I am not suggesting that all women should become adepts in finance but that systematic training in the care of property would open to a group of women a breadwinning occupation where they would shine eventually to better advantage than in some other quasi-masculine callings, and that a little resolute familiarity with its everyday symbols would add materially to the self-respect and convenience of woman at large. While amateurishness would be the bane of those with professional aims, partnership in the modicum of business knowledge possessed by all educated men would render innumerable women in the larger class far more independent and level-headed. So far as sordidness is concerned, it used to be admitted that the helpless sex yearned for money and delighted in its expenditure. If this be true, why should enlightenment as to its sources and how it is safeguarded mar this virgin tendency? On the contrary, it should serve to make women more ambitious to make their dollars go as far as they will.

There are, to be sure, especially in our day and generation, people to whom the mention of property is repugnant and to whom any association with it imports a lowering of spiritual tone. They would like to see the world get along without it, and pending that blessed day they are "eating the air on promise of supply." I remember that some years ago a reviewer dismissed a novel of mine with the solemn anathema: "This is a novel of property." It was the ultimate word. He was unconscious of cant, I dare say, but who can doubt that he would have been glad of my royalties or if some aged relative had died and left him a windfall? In spite of the leaven of the new freedom we still live in a practical age which continues to protect individual ownership by bank-accounts and strong boxes. Even Liberty bonds may be lost or stolen and should be sheered of coupons twice a year. Up to this time the custodians of property have been men. Women are perhaps honester than men. Let us dismiss a lingering doubt whether they have the same amount of brains, and assert boldly that there is no reason except inexperience why they should not manage their own business affairs and those of others to a greater extent than they do. They would be very pleasant to deal with; yet sex would be no protection against the loss of dollars by poor judgment. So I venture to repeat and italicize the homily: "Seest thou a *man* diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."

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WAR, WOMEN, AND AMERICAN CLOTHES

DRESS, THE MONEY-MAKER

By Elizabeth Miner King

WHEN the news of the severance of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany came out in the newspapers on the streets of Paris, two designers of women's clothes were lolling over their afternoon cups in a Paris restaurant. One was a Frenchman. He was a well-known "creator" of a famous dressmaking house on the Rue de la Paix. The other was one of the foremost American designers, not well known or famous. They had paid a few francs for their tea and pasties and had given the waiter as much more for the privilege of sitting there, talking and watching the throng. The American sketched scratchily when some costume feature crossed his vision.

The waiter brought them a copy of the "extra" that was being shouted under the windows. The Frenchman read the news soberly and without comment. He handed it to the American and watched his face.

"That means war between the United States and Germany," said the American designer.

"War, maybe. But what else?" The Frenchman's tone was a little impatient. He narrowed his eyes searchingly. The afternoon's talk between the two had not been centred upon war, but upon progress in the fashion world, designing in particular. He continued:

"Wake up! For heaven's sake, don't you see what this means to you? The opportunity for America. Don't you see? It means war, perhaps, but it means money. Money and more money for you. You folks are blind. I know what this means for us. Couturiers down to the bottom. Market shot to pieces. Work twice as hard after the war to pick it up. Or, if you fellows see a yard ahead of your nose, find ourselves after the war——"

Thus Frenchmen were quick to realize the unprecedented situation that now exists in America with respect to the business of making women's clothes. America has been the greatest rival of France for this industrial prestige for years, and New York the rival of Paris.

War conditions have forced the business of the importation of wearing-apparel from Paris to the United States almost to the wall. Therefore American designers have had to supply an industrial demand in the clothes line, covered by millions of dollars of good American money, with home-made products. A great American industry (clothes-manufacturers to-day calculate the value of products to be second to that of the steel business of the country) has a wide chance to make good and to make an international reputation.

In New York and Chicago, two principal centres of the trade, manufacturers are doing enormous businesses. The figures given out by the large producers of women's clothes are almost out of proportion in considering the country's per capita income and expenses, but these men have based their estimates upon the footings on their own and their neighbors' ledgers. One manufacturer said that the income from the cloak-and-suit trade in New York City for the last year amounted to $150,000,000. To one concern on Twenty-third Street he credited an annual business of $12,000,000. His estimate for the whole country for the sale of ready-made garments for women, including the products of tailors, dressmakers, bootmakers, hatters, was $2,500,000,000.

On such a fabulous basis as this, every woman in the country would spend about fifty dollars a year for her wearing apparel. This would be a mean allowance for many, but it would cover the annual expenses of two or three women who are roughing it on the plains, or anywhere in the back-country. So this manufacturer contended that the number of women who far exceed the fifty-dollar allowance is so

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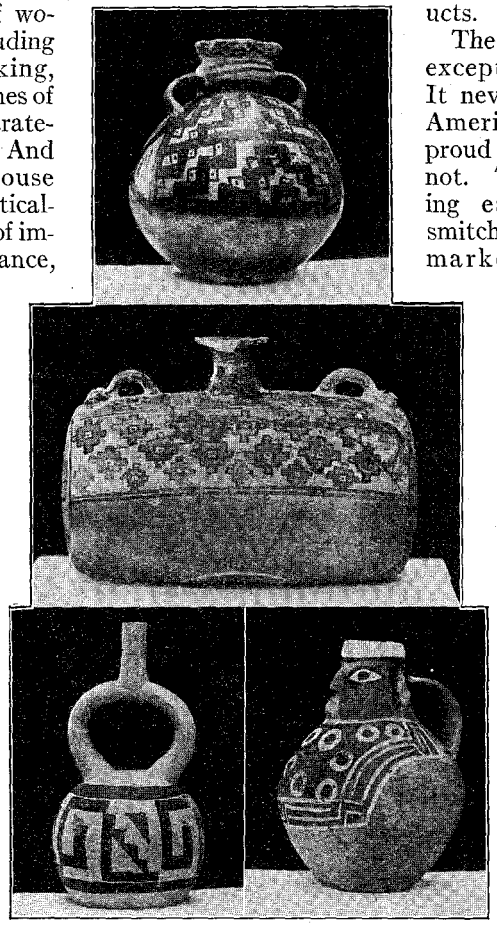
much greater than that of the poor dressers that the estimate is conservative at the billions figure. The manufacturing census for 1909, even when between two and three millions of dollars' worth of importations were coming in, places the value of the products of the manufacture of women's clothing, excluding tailoring, dressmaking, and various other lines of apparel listed separately, at $384,750,000. And present custom-house records show emphatically how the business of importation from France, which in normal times swells our dress expenditure by millions, has been struck flat by the war and filled in with American goods. Comparing the figures for 1913 and for 1915, in the three departments of cotton, silk, and wool wearing-apparel, importation has lost $2,265,660. In 1913 our importations of clothing from France amounted to $4,510,948; last year we dropped to $2,245,288. In present conditions, and if they continue, the importation record for 1917 will not approach the millions mark in this line.



Studies from old South American pottery.

Before costume-designers working at the American Museum of Natural History.

There are fewer Paris-made gowns and wraps on sale in the United States now than there have been in twenty years. The wife of the mine-owner in Nevada or of the Texas rancher who has $200 to pay for one garment will pay it just the same and get an American-designed-and-made gown. French models that have been brought over with difficulty and personal danger for the most part are treasured by the manufacturing-houses for copies. Here and there a retail dealer has a supply of fifty or so Paris garments. For the remainder of his high-priced stock he has filled in with and given prominence to home-made products.

The home stock is an exceptionally good one. It never has been better. Americans ought to be proud of it. But they are not. They have a lingering eagerness for any smitch of clothes that is marked "imported." Their apathy toward home-made things is reflected by the retail buyers who are bemoaning the transportation problem that prevents them from filling up with Paris stock. The only really wide-awake institution to be up and doing so that this exceptional turn of affairs can be made the most of is the American Museum of Natural History. For the first time in America scientists have deemed the problem of contemporary fashions for women's clothes worthy of a little expert attention.

Through the hustling of M. D. C. Crawford, research associate in textiles of the museum, the scientists of the department of anthropology are more interested in putting the "punch" into the work of the American clothes-designer and putting the "go" into the head of the American manufacturer than is any set of merchants in the country. In the first place, M. D. C. Crawford knows the business of

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clothes-manufacture as carried on in Paris and New York to a dot. He knows that the fundamental principle of the work of the Paris couturiers and of their long success is their persistent study and application of art and history to dressmaking. The libraries and museums of Paris are the storehouses of inspiration for the dressmaking establishments. Therefore he interested the scientists of the American museum.

First he brought textile designers and manufacturers to them. For months this co-operation between science and industry has been going on. To-day Mr. Crawford and his museum associates have so helped the textile-manufacturers that they are putting out silks and other fabrics with designs that can hold their own with any in the world. So many designs and garments made up to show designs were sold to manufacturers from a textile exhibit at the museum that it had to be closed out before the end of the time set. The designs were based on museum studies. The textile men were live wires.

His next step was to take hold of the industry that was so closely related and dependent upon textiles—design of clothes. But the clothes designers and manufacturers, especially the latter, are standing off. They are in two classes: some of them obstinately will not see the crux of the whole situation in museum study and adaptation according to the methods which have brought such success to the Rue de la Paix; others do not trust American women to stand back of the home industry. And here is where the anthropologists come in. They are trying to wake up the designers and manufacturers to a realization of the market and to educate American women to appreciate the excellence of home products present and future.

With this in view, when M. D. C. Crawford and Doctor Herbert J. Spinden, curator of the Hall of Mexico and Central America, write fashion articles they are pioneering. Fashion lingo has been left to unscientific persons since the world began. The "fashion staff" of the museum further consists of Doctor C. W. Mead, curator of the Peruvian hall, and Doctor Clark Wissler, also of the department of anthropology. On Saturday Mr. Crawford brings up a secretary and opens the department to designers, manufacturers, and any other persons interested. Men and women with sketch-pads and pencils sit around a long table listening to lectures and inspecting samples of prehistoric decoration. Textiles, and gowns using the textiles, are designed around that table that, after the approval of Crawford, who also is a commercial expert, have been sold right in New York for good round sums. One set of American Indian designs, made from museum suggestions and accompanied by a panorama picture of "beautiful ladies" wearing costumes of the silks and stuffs showing the Indian motifs, was sold to one of the largest silk-mills in the country, and the designer was asked to take a position with the mill, to have charge of designing and carry on more work by museum study.

Designers are being made in New York to-day. Those who have waked up have doubled their incomes. Miss R., who had never designed a silk textile for a manufacturer in her life before, but who had been a fairly successful designer in other lines, after several Saturdays at the Natural History Museum, produced a design for a silk that was fresh in every point of conception and yet rich in traditional art. She sold it to a large manufacturer and is now on his designing staff.

All this, together with an initial good start, is bringing American textiles into merited prominence. The other day a buyer for one of the large New York and Philadelphia retail stores brought out a ten-yard length of green silk, hand-decorated. She asked a group of silk experts to pronounce opinion on it. They said that without question it was one of the most beautiful silks they had ever seen. The buyer added that such a piece, if Parisian, would cost fifty dollars a yard, and she would gladly pay the price. But it was an American silk, decorated in New York, priced at ten dollars a yard.

What the textile-manufacturers did years ago before they accumulated their present spunk was to copy some of the fine textiles from Europe and cheapen the copies by leaving out some of the colors. Every color in the decorative scheme adds to the price. Gradually the textile men have grown with their market, making the American product more and

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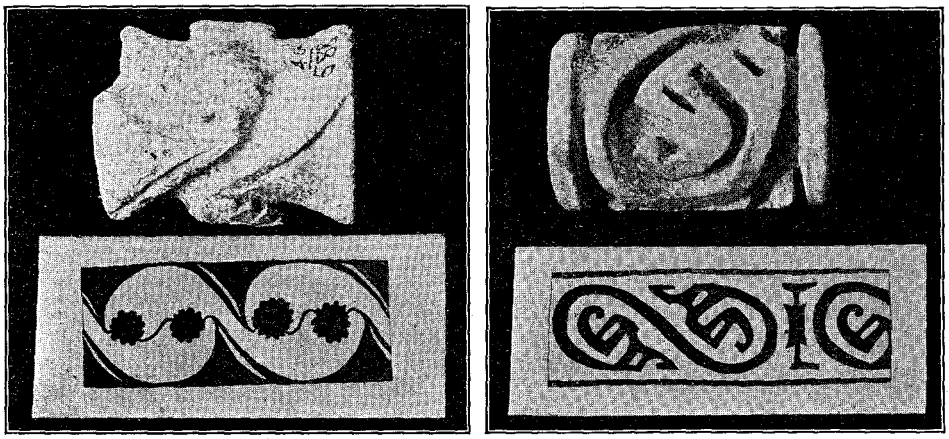
more worthy of recognition. Now their spunk is not alone a seizure of the opportunity on account of the lack of imports, but a natural desire to get credit for their own work—credit forfeited in the not distant past partly because of the practice of foreign buyers to purchase the best American silks, take them to Europe, add to or furnish the decoration, and reship them to us as imported. Of this, the manufacturers are ready to show proof. Just the other day an American manufacturer was asked to leave off his selvage-mark on a superfine quality of silk which an American retailer, this time, put out as "imported" and got away with it. This has happened with crêpes, fine voiles, chiffons, as well as with fine silks.

In textile-designing the young persons who are studying primitive art at the schools and museums are doing some of the best work. The old hands are pretty much "institutionalized." The youngsters are peddling their designs from house to house getting anywhere from ten dollars to one hundred dollars for their pieces. Of course, a lot of it is ordinary. Some of it has a decided touch of the "crazy craftsman" which has to be made sane by a few weeks of peddling.

Doctor Spinden said that too many American designers of textiles and clothes have the idea that primitive American art or primitive art of any other nation is a slap-dash that happens to strike a happy color note.

"Primitive art is not sketchy and quick—it is communal art having a careful process of selection and progression," he said. "The fundamental designs of the American Indian are good to-day. All they need is expert separation into motifs and arrangements that are adaptable to present clothes. Every American designer ought to know the beauty and grim humor in the Indian motifs. The possibilities of adaptation are infinite. He ought to think hard on the subject of the relation of design to construction. Design following construction improves the construction."



Prehistoric clay rollers from Colombia.
With designs which will be used for new silks.

By thus inspiring the textile-designers of the country Doctor Spinden, Mr. Crawford, and the others have helped to raise the quality of American costume-design by furnishing good materials with which to build. Up there in the rarefied atmosphere of anthropology at the museum, Mr. Crawford said that there could be no question of the fact that the success of American clothes was due considerably to the rise in the scale of our design work. He told the story of a salesman for a Cleveland woollen-house who was travelling in South America a few months ago. The salesman showed the South American firms samples of fine woollens which they refused to believe were not manufactured in Europe. After the salesman had telegraphed this to his firm, he received an answer telling him to bring three or four of the leading mer-

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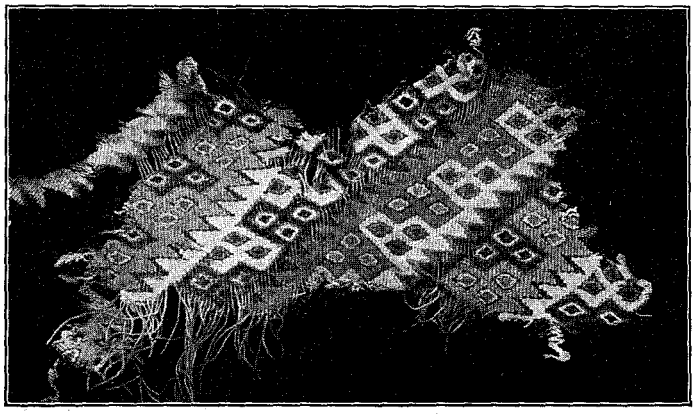
chants in that part of South America to the Cleveland factory at the expense of the house. The merchants were shown the woollens in every step of their manufacture and passed two weeks inspecting other American textile-factories.

Then there was the salesman for a New York firm who went to Europe for the first time with a line of shirt-waists to try his luck. In six weeks he had cabled orders for so many American shirt-waists that he had to be recalled. The price was low and the workmanship and materials fine. Mr. Crawford believes that had any number of American textile and clothes firms sent out their products from Paris instead of from the home shop, they would have acquired an international reputation and market.



Ancient Peruvian tapestry.

Many modern designs can be taken from the conventionalized Peruvian cat motif.

"If the costume-designers in America will study not only the trend of fashions, the life and necessities of the day, but also the documents in our chief museums and libraries, there is no reason why they should not make as beautiful things as are made anywhere in the world," said Mr. Crawford. "Their work has advanced in quality in the last two years and it was pretty good to start with. After the war there will be high competition between France and America. The market for clothes over here is an immense proposition. We already have the machinery for swinging the industry. We have not yet learned the art of it. Having gained the fundamental art from our splendid museums, we then can turn out our work cheaper and better because of our specialized machinery."

When Mr. Crawford said "American work was pretty good to start with," he had in mind such signs of it as the admission recently made that the barrel skirt, a sensation in Paris modes, originated in Chicago, in the parlors of a certain dressmaking establishment, thence going to Paris and coming back. And the fact that a certain Paris fashion expert, who comes here every year with a fashion promenade of Parisian models which he takes through the country, recently complained that after all the trouble and worry of getting the gowns over here for his manikin show this year he was having difficulty in selling the things because the American gowns were too good to give the Paris outfit its accustomed distinction.

From the American buyer's viewpoint the Parisian models on the American market now are weak, weak in inspiration and freshness, and at higher prices. Not one new thing, was the comment of one buyer. For this there is reason enough. In the first years of the war the grip was not so keenly felt along the Rue de la Paix. To-day the couturiers are in temperamental straits. Their touch is sadly dulled. And when the American buyers speak of this condition they do so respectfully, with the remark that now of all times is not the time to "knock." What American designers have learned in the past has come from Paris. We have had the benefit of all the tradition and experience of the European designers. They have known the fundamentals of style design and development for generations. Their art has been handed down from mother to daughter, protected by a national patronage. France has capitalized its fashion prestige. The theatre, the opera, the races all have helped. The French have passed laws to protect the

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designers. Over there dressmaking is considered an art. In America it is regarded as machine-work.

Years of copying the French models as they came over have made American dressmakers expert copyists. The new features on one Paris gown have furnished us the quirks for five or six models taken from it. We have adapted and made over the artistic touches from the Rue de la Paix in manifold until the American hand is in. Even the retail buyers here, while looking forward to the time when the seas will be cleared for their annual trips, admit that all the American designer needs is realization and education in the methods of Parisian inspiration. The inclination of the American designer is to be practical rather than artistic. He will not make a costume entirely for its beauty but works in terms of the market—how much is the material going to cost, the trimming, the labor in making; how popular will the finished model be? He eliminates in his working process that intermediate stage of hand-draping which has given the Parisian designer self-confidence and brilliance. Americans work from paper pattern to manufacturing machine. The Parisian works on paper, then on the deft hand-drapery, then to machine. The ten-thousand-dollar costume-designers in New York to-day are following the French way. But there are few of these high-salaried designers. There is one who at this writing is lolling on a vacation after having stocked a Fifth Avenue house with gowns that are being sold in the "imported salon." These things he has made show French schooling but have a noticeable American touch. And the true American touch is nothing more than cosmopolitanism. Future American designs at their best ought not to be distinctly French, or American Indian, or Oriental, or Wild West; but the highest art, irrespective of nationality, adapted to American life.

American buyers predict that they will be rushing to Paris on the first steamer after the war. They frankly say it will be because the American designer and the American manufacturer will not have sense enough to leave room in their weary, hard-worked brains for fresh inspiration or for study at museums and visits to libraries of art. It gives them a new heart in their work, they assert, to go to Paris, just to see the different way the French work, compared with the American treadmill.

To back up the "treadmill" assertion, a large buyer quoted the names of the only two manufacturing establishments in the country who recognized the fact that clothes-designing was not a job that should be controlled by the time-clock. One of these enlightened firms recently contracted with a designer for so many hours of work a week, at any time convenient. She can study at the museums all the morning and work two hours in the afternoon, or walk along an autumn road in the country for a whole day and work the next. This designer is delivering hun-

Prehistoric Peruvian shawl with design motif of the ancient god Puma.

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dreds of dollars' worth of designs every week of a quality that the house cannot obtain by the restrictions of a nine-to-five day.

But for every manufacturer with such broad-minded views there are hundreds who are only half-awake to the present possibilities. And the same holds good with the large body of designers. "Ask one question, if you want to know what is the matter with American designers," said one of the few ten-thousand-dollar men now in New York. "Ask—How many have ever been to the art-rooms of the public library? Then ask—How many have been to the Metropolitan Museum and to the Natural History Museum? About one in every twenty has strolled through on Sunday afternoon, just humping along with some second cousin from the country. Not one in a hundred will have gone up on a week-day for serious work.

"I tell you the American designer is impressed by his employer with the fact that he has no time to fritter away in study. The manufacturer is not satisfied unless he grinds out of his factory thousands of coats or suits, or whatever it is, of a single style every year. If Madame Paquin sells seventy-five copies of one model, she is satisfied and rather tired of superintending the making of that one model. Many an American suit that has a popular twist in design sells over the ten-thousand mark.

"One suit I designed last winter had braid decorations and went from one end of the country to the other from a New York firm. I took the motif for the braiding from a swinging sign in front of a New York store. A sport suit that is in nearly every large store in the principal cities has a belt arrangement suggested to me by the hanging straps in the subway. If we were awake in New York to-day we would be abreast of the time—designing clothes with Russian motifs before we are flooded with the Russian red of the liberalists from the Paris designers, and following other hints. But to come back to the sports-clothes made here. They are the finest in the world. We have the sporting inspiration at its best.

"But we have not had the credit for this any more than we have had it for the other good things which have been made here for years. However, in spite of our humdrum way of working we are coming up rapidly. The best is not too good for the American woman. She demands it. And her figure is the best dressmaking figure in the world.

"Had the present clothes situation come to a head without preparation by the manufacturers and designers, the results you see in the retail shops to-day would not be so pleasing. The intermittent war crises schooled American designers, here and there, to realize possibilities that now have become eventualities. If we only can get some of the museum atmosphere, the inspiration of the Louvre, learn to get at the source of art for our color and form, learn to stop sweating and get a little mental ventilation, learn to look a little farther than the basting-thread cost per thousand garments, we shall build, and build well, on the good start already made. The industry in America now is on a tottering fence. Some sceptical buyers are anxious to get to Paris. Paris is more than anxious to get over here. American machinery is waiting. American men are waiting to see how the American women will take American clothes. In the meantime the textile-designers who have taken such a step forward ought to have co-operation. In Paris, when the couturiers get together to decide what the period mode for the fashion world shall be, interpreted as each dressmaker sees fit, the button-makers, the lace-makers, the lining-men, the textile-manufacturers all meet with the couturiers to co-operate in producing goods that will carry out an artistic style. That is what we need here.

"Here the only co-operating we do is to co-operate in trying to find out what a manufacturer-competitor has up his sleeve. We try to swing the whole industry by individual coup. All the principals in the garment, textile, and allied industries need to go to the museum and sit around the long table. We must have the right foundation so that our progress will mean success. We cannot hope to do in a few years what it has taken generations of Frenchmen to do, but we can make headway fast if we have the right idea. As for inspiration—walk up Fifth Avenue this afternoon. That is enough. New York is a potential Paris."

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SIX-FEET-FOUR

By Edward C. Venable

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

POOR old Jeremy Phillmore! Those who see him nowadays, some six feet odd inches of well-nourished manhood, striding *pari passu* down the Street of Success, will probably not understand such an exclamation, but those others—they are not many now—who remember him during what may be called the critical period of his career will understand well enough and probably echo, too, this seemingly unfitting vocative.

Jeremy was a husband from a very early age, certainly eighteen, possibly even earlier. He was not married then, but to men like Jeremy a wife is a matter of time, of accident, sometimes of finance—in fact, of anything but choice. He was going to be married—even a fortune-teller would have risked that after a glance—but to whom? That was too perilous an eventuality probably for Fate to risk its reputation upon.

There were, however, two qualities necessary for his future wife, as any man who knew him well, and a great many did, could have told. She had need to be clever and, what is much more important, she must not in the least want him. For Jeremy was clever—not shrewd or wise, but eminently clever—and he was so big and strong and good-humored that the value of his cleverness to him was enhanced one hundredfold, like an enemy in ambush. Nobody ever suspected this pink-and-white smiling Goliath of having a brain. He looked as though he could have concealed a house and lot about his person as easily as an idea. Wherefore, upon these superficial observers the keen opponent ambushed behind guileless blue eyes leaped with the stunning effect of pure surprise. And in no case did this power serve him in such stead as in the case of women. They adopted him at sight as a Pomeranian, and it was delicious to the initiated to observe their consternation as they watched his steady development to the mastiff size. Some of them never forgave him for their mistake and hate him to this day. Others got frightened and ran away. A few fell in love with him. Very few, however.

Jeremy, for his part, inclined toward those who ran away, one or two of whom very probably even now possess some part of his imagination. He really enjoyed what so many men are credited with and so few have the power to enjoy—the chase. He had that instinct for accomplishment that is perhaps the only infallible visible sign of ability. Octavia never ran away, to be sure, but then she did more; she stood still and dared him to come on. Her head possibly reached his elbow; she was dark-skinned with hazel eyes and brown hair. When she talked to men she nearly always had to look up at them, and she invariably gave the impression of aroused timidity tensely on the aggressive. Some men, looking down at her in this way, smiled fatuously as at the antics of a kitten. Others, like Jeremy, became very grave. She seemed to prefer the fatuously smiling and collected a train of them which followed her in a simple-minded fashion on all public occasions. With those of the grave demeanor she preserved a dignity that was almost as out of proportion to her inches as her eyes. Her mother had been the daughter of a Brazilian diplomat in Washington, her father was a New York lawyer, chiefly distinguished as the trustee of a very great fortune. She had spent most of her girlhood in Buenos Ayres with her grandfather, who, it was said, was immensely rich and who intended making her heiress to several hundred square miles of rubber forest.

She first saw Jeremy at a private exhibition of etchings in the Waldorf Hotel. He was standing in the centre of the room with a rather helpless expression;

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he knew nothing about etchings. Octavia was sitting on a divan by the opposite wall, and three of her usual train were standing in front of her, smiling.

"Who is the big man?" she asked.

"Oh, that is Jeremy. Don't you know Jeremy?"

"Not if *that* is Jeremy," she said. "I never saw him before."

They were all looking at him, and Jeremy caught them doing it, and blushed. He was a clever man, but not sufficiently clever to appear so at a private exhibition of etchings.

"Who is that little thing over on the sofa?" he asked of the first acquaintance who came along.

"Fleming," answered the man. "She's a Jewess or something, I believe."

"She's a damn good-looking Jewess," said Jeremy.

"You ought to see her dance," said the acquaintance. "Gee whiz!"

Jeremy stuck his hands in his pocket. "My Lord!" he remarked, after a while. "This is awful."

Nevertheless he did not go home until he had lost sight of her.

He was introduced to her the following week. He was spending Sunday at Roslyn, and she came with a party for lunch.

"You were at that picture show the other day," he told her. "I saw you."

"Did you?" She was looking up at him, on the aggressive as usual, perhaps a trifle more so. "Did you?" she asked, and waited.

"Do you like etchings?" asked Jeremy.

"Not a bit," she answered, and seemed to be still waiting, looking up at him, almost on tiptoe.

"I hope you like chicken pie," he continued, "because that is what we are going to have for luncheon."

She smiled a little, hardly politely. "Why," she asked, "should I know you? When I asked who you were at that exhibition everybody seemed to be surprised I didn't know you. Is it because I've lived so much in Brazil?"

Jeremy leaned his big shoulders against the mantel and considered the question with gravity. "No," he said, "I don't think it is because you have been in Brazil, but because I've grown to be six feet four inches high."

She seemed to be measuring him with the hazel eyes, computing the accuracy of his statement.

"Football?" she asked suddenly.

He nodded.

At the nod her gravity dropped from her like a veil.

"Oh, that's it!" she cried.

And just then some one interrupted before he could say, as he found himself on the point of saying, that that was not all. She went away and left him "in the air," as military men say of bodies that have no support.

He followed her in to lunch and sat across the table from her. "Of course," as he expressed it to himself. He might for his purpose have been lunching at the next house. He could not call out across the table: "Yes, but it really wasn't football." He had to content himself with cursing football sincerely.

Necessarily matters did not improve after lunch, for it was bitterly cold and there was only one open fire in the house. The group about that was as unbreakable as a British square. Somehow, while he was hanging about the outskirts, he began to feel a little ashamed of his inches. Ordinarily he was proud of them. To be six-feet-four and well-proportioned is no mean endowment, and he knew it. But temporarily, at least, he overlooked this truth and felt uncomfortably self-conscious as he towered above the fringe of the group. He had to be out there. If he had been closer in, at the heart of the warmth, nobody else could have got warm at all. On the whole, she went away leaving him rather more up in the air than ever.

He did not forget her. Ten days later he found her looking up at him out of a crowd that was leaving the theatre. She had a cloak with a heavy collar of fur about her. This time she smiled with her first glance, and in a very much more friendly manner than ever before.

"Isn't it awful?" she asked with a little shrug, as the crowd pressed her against him, surging through the narrow foyer.

He pushed out his elbows, almost without an effort, and the pressure about her loosened.

She gave a little sigh of relief and a sur-

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Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

She was as helpless in his arms as some flower he might have chosen to pluck.—Page 602.

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reptitious glance upward. "Oh, thank you," she murmured.

Then she was gone, slipping through some opening in the crowd quite barred to him. The next glimpse he caught of her was over the heads of people, getting into a motor-car.

He called the next afternoon. That meeting had been the last straw. He did not know whether she wanted to see him, but he was determined she should see him in a civilized and intelligent manner. They were rather strong expressions to apply to such a situation, but they were his own. That was the way he felt about it. As it turned out, she seemed very glad to see him.

"Wasn't it disagreeable last night?" she asked. "But in America one doesn't mind. At least I don't. Everybody seems so good-natured. In Buenos Ayres it's different. Once," she gave a little shudder, "I saw a fight start in just such a crowd as that, coming out of the opera. There were knives. One man was killed." She gave him one of her grave upward glances. She was knitting, for it was the winter of mufflers, and the distraction of her work made her a little graver than usual. "Ever since," she went on, "I have been a little afraid of crowds."

"We are good-natured as a race," he said. "It's quite a national characteristic, I suppose. It goes with our size. We don't have to be touchy like little peoples. We——"

She was looking at him again, not gravely though. For a moment the meaning of her smile was lost to him. Then he blushed. "Oh, confound it," he broke out.

"Of course. But it was funny, wasn't it?" She again gave him from his toes to his hair one of those measuring glances.

"It isn't that," he explained. "But with you I never seem to be able to say or do anything that my miserable bulk doesn't interfere."

"It interfered very comfortably last night," she suggested.

"I am sorry for it," he blurted out.

She looked surprised, naturally surprised, not more so.

"I mean," he explained, "that there is no other way I would not rather have been of use to you."

She put aside the knitting. "Do have some tea. There is some in the next room. I had forgotten all about it."

"I wonder," he muttered to himself, as he followed her, "if she will trust me with a teacup?"

The fifth time he saw her, instead of wondering meekly, he kissed her. It was not an explosion, that kiss, but a deep-laid scheme. He had seen her four times then, and each time he had left her feeling like a prize animal of some sort, and four times, he decided, were too many for pure chance. No woman, he believed, ever let the same accident happen three times. So he planned his revenge astutely and took it boldly. It was at a moving-picture party. The pictures were shown on a screen at one end of a high hall that ran back to a conservatory. They had come in late, and as the hall was nearly full had remained standing just across the threshold of the conservatory, very skimpily hidden by a big potted plant. The pictures were war views shown to stir the pulses of the charitably opulent. They were very grewsome pictures, and neither Octavia nor Jeremy were opulent, so they talked of themselves instead.

"I first saw you at a picture show," he reminded her.

"Yes, you stood in the middle of the room. I remember I could hardly see the pictures."

"You know how I hate that," he answered.

"What?" Then she started forward. "There are two empty seats far down. Let's get them," she whispered. "I want to see *these* pictures."

But instead of following her he drew her to him and kissed her. She was as helpless in his arms as some flower he might have chosen to pluck; and she made no more effort to resist. When he freed her she walked down to the two empty seats, but she went alone.

Jeremy was in the cloak-room hunting for his hat. When he started to kiss he had some idea that wanted deliberately to insult her (for she had plagued him, he was sure, beyond endurance), and when he had kissed her he knew that he loved her.

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Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

She was standing at the counter half-way up, . . . absorbed in the examination of a quantity of . . . silk handkerchiefs.—Page 604.

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The realization of his love was the most terrible moment of his life. He felt as a man might who had desecrated the altar of a god only to be instantly stricken with faith. Jeremy had never loved any one or insulted any one before in his life. They are both perturbing adventures. Either unsettles the nervous equilibrium of the ordinary man, and, though Jeremy had steadier nerves than most, the combination coming about as it did completely unbalanced him. He went to his rooms and wrote to her an incoherent and unintelligible mixture of love and of penitence. He tore it up and wrote another entirely penitential. This he tore up and wrote a love-letter of sixteen pages. It was almost dawn when he finished and he fell asleep, sprawling over the writing-table, the unfolded sheets scattered over the blotting-pad under his folded arms.

When he awoke the sight of the blotted, half-legible pages made him shiver. He hastily burned them all and wrote instead:

"I must see you.

"J. P."

Then he took the coldest possible bath and went to work. With his nerves thus steadied, he was about one part miserable and two parts idiotically happy.

He got no answer to his imperative message, which did not surprise him, and he was equally prepared for his rebuffs when he called and telephoned. In fact he had rather expected all these things. That orange-tree, or whatever the potted plant at the conservatory door had been, was so very skimpy, he reflected, that it might as well not have been there at all, and he could not expect any lack of resentment. He was a little spoiled by women. He recognized that she had assumed a veil of invisibility, that he would hear people talk of her, of having just left her, of being on their way to meet her, and that he would not see her and meet her except suddenly and, to him, quite unexpectedly.

It happened exactly so. The crowd on the street opened a little, and through the tiny vista he saw her coming toward him. Evidently she had caught sight of him too, for she turned into the nearest shop. That was a mistake, he recognized, and a bad one, because it was a small shop and a haberdasher. He grinned like a keen hunter at the end of the trail and went in.

She was standing at the counter halfway up, leaning over, absorbed in the examination of a quantity of enormous silk handkerchiefs spread before her.

He walked to her side. The grin had vanished. Instead his voice was a little unsteady. She looked somehow a great deal smaller than he remembered her.

"Miss Fleming," he said. Then more steadily, "Miss Fleming."

At the second address she turned and faced him. "Yes, Mr. Phillmore," she answered.

He had expected her to look up at him just as she did and had expected the familiar air of the aggressive. But she did not look so at all. Her face was quivering and her eyes were full of tears. "Yes; Mr. Phillmore," she said.

He had miscalculated. He had forgotten to take into account how lovely she would look to him and how much he loved her. Every thought was swallowed up in this dual consciousness. He stuttered, raised his hat stiffly, and crossed the shop to the opposite counter.

"I want to buy a necktie," he said to the clerk who was standing there.

He bent over the pile that was offered and selected one. It was of alternate stripes of purple and green and in the stripes were tiny gold dots. He chose it because it was the easiest to see.

"Pretty," he commented, holding it up on his little finger.

Across the aisle she bent down absorbed in a blue handkerchief with white dots.

"You needn't wrap it up," said Jeremy, and stuffing the thing in his pocket he strode from the store.

From across the street he saw her come out, saw her cross the pavement and signal to a passing cab and, getting in it, drive away.

But he did not see how once inside she sat with her fingers tightly clinched on the cushions, staring ahead through the glass and murmuring over and over again to herself: "I hope he wears it. I hope he wears it, and, oh, I hope I see him wearing it."

Jeremy never expected to see her again.

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Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"Lift me, lift me up, up, and kiss me."—Page 607.

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The sight of him, he had learned, made her cry with shame. He knew that he had at last met one of those rare cloistered female souls to whom a touch is desecration; when he had met her he kissed her by force. Heretofore he had known only vulgar women who kissed and thought no more of it, unless they chose, one way or another. In his cheap cynicism he had thought this sort the only sort. He had thought she was this sort. Time might, with her, efface the memory of the kiss, but all eternity could not so serve such vulgarity of soul as was his.

He was terribly severe with himself. The deep springs of his sex's inexhaustible idealism were unsealed and flowed forth in a flood. He had all his life, he now realized, dreamed of a woman of this sort and, deep beneath the cynicism he had learned, he had always believed in her existence. However much he had sinned against his conviction, he had never made to himself the grand renunciation of the ideal. No man ever had, he believed. In the most depraved remained some saving remnant of the truth. Even for them, half blinded with satiety, debauchery was faintly gilded by the pale gleams from some vision of virginity. All men are mariolaters at heart—all Jeremys.

He did not attempt to see her again. Instead he worked brutally hard and between whiles perfected his mariolatry. As a result, in three months, by the middle of June, he had developed a severe case of indigestion. He grew yellow and gaunt and irritable and fond of solitude, for men annoyed him with suggestions of French Lick and the White Sulphur, and women he avoided from a deep sense of injury. The only hours that were endurable were those after midnight, when, alone in his rooms, secure from the society of his fellow creatures, he could think undisturbed. The vigil often lasted until dawn. Then, standing at his windows watching the sunrise gilding the squalid housetops, something like peace would come to the poor perturbed spirit and he would go to bed almost happy and sleep like a child. His greatest fear was that he might again be brought face to face with Octavia. He felt that if she looked at him again as she had looked then he would find life quite unbearable. The fear grew so strong that he avoided all streets and houses of any sort where she might possibly come, and it was actually with a deep sense of relief he learned she had left town for the summer. Sometime he knew the meeting would occur, and he even desired it. He nourished vague schemes of a friendship founded on his worship and her tolerance. But that was in future—next winter. For the present; she was best away. New York was not designed for the purposes of knight-errantry.

Three weeks later, stepping off the ferry at Dark Island, he met her. She was standing on the steps of the little ferry-house, evidently awaiting the arrival of some one on the boat. A northeaster was blowing a fine, stinging rain in from the sea, and she was wrapped in a rain-coat, with a felt hat pulled well down against the wind. He had last seen her gorgeous in all the panoply of late Lent. He passed on with the crowd, uncertain even whether she had recognized him, but even that glimpse wrecked his vision of a friendship founded on his worship and her tolerance, for that same little spasm of tenderness, that queer surprise at her smallness and dearness, made him tremble again.

She was human, then, a thing of flesh and blood, not a vision of tears and lilies. As he drove to the little club-house through the keen weather his mind went half-way back to normal again, and when he got out of the bus he was actually in better health than when he got into it. If John Conway could have seen the swing of the Gladstone bag as he lifted it to the ground he would have been more pleased than ever at having got rid of his law partner for a space.

Dark Harbor was Jeremy's summer haven. He had trained there every year as a boy, and when his name was big in the college world he had been the hero of the colony. They were perhaps the happiest years of his life. No other fame had ever been quite so sweet, never afterward had ginger been so hot in the mouth. And it was not all cold even then. Reputations like clothes last long in little places. There were people still who pointed him out as he strode forth on the beach, stripped to a bathing-suit, there truly a

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king among men, where most men seek obscurity. And to him too, some part of the years seemed to have been laid aside with his clothes. The sand and the sun and the water and his own body coming to its own once more after its strange punishment! It was all familiar and delightful. He went under the water, lithe as a seal, then up and out, far out beyond ropes and people till there was nothing but water and sun, into a green and gold and silent world.

Drifting with the strong "set" that sweeps along the little bay, he came ashore far down the beach, where the crowd about the ropes looked like little specks on the water. He rose up out of the surf, flushed and refulgent from the water, and stood in the sunlight on the white sand. He lifted both hands high, and with a little cry of exultation ran through the ripples.

Octavia was lying in a sand-dune across the beach. At the cry she sat up suddenly and he saw her.

She was in a black bathing-suit with a red cap and red stockings. Against the dead-white background she stood out like a flame at night. Above her, for a tide-mark, two pieces of wood lashed in the shape of a cross marked the dune from out of a monotonous succession. She was kneeling on the sand and the book she had been reading dropped from her fingers as she watched him.

He was standing beside her before she moved.

"Did you know I was here?" he asked. "Did you see me yesterday?"

She got up slowly and stood looking up at him.

"Why didn't you speak?" she said.

"I didn't know," he began. He looked like a god, but he was trembling with fright.

"Didn't know what?" she whispered.

"Whether you wanted me to." He stopped. He would worship her. He would not kiss her. The devil that betrayed him before should be downed this time. "I was a beast," he spluttered.

She seemed to sway a little. Her eyes half closed. She laid her hands on his arm to steady herself.

"It doesn't matter," she answered. She could feel the great muscles swell and grow hard beneath her fingers.

"I must tell you," he went on. "I didn't follow you here. I didn't know you were here until yesterday."

She seemed to shrink from him suddenly.

"You mustn't be afraid of me," he broke out. "I swear——"

"Hush!"

She put up both hands beseechingly.

"Don't swear—here."

Suddenly he remembered the cross above them—Brazil—a convent. The old adoration swept over him again, sweeping everything else away.

"I worship you. Teach me, help me, guide me." He bent his head and something like a sob broke his voice: "Help me."

She stood a little off from him. Her eyes, shining, swept him from the sand at his feet to his hair, six-feet-four of radiant manhood, fresh as the sea and the sky and the sand.

"So," she said, and bent his arm beneath her shoulders. "No, lift me, lift me up, up, and kiss me."

He held her high as she commanded and kissed her.

"Do you remember that first day at the exhibition?" she whispered. "It was so then. I could feel you then lift me so. And I knew you would some day."

They are married now and have a charming apartment in Park Avenue. John Conway, who is Jeremy's most intimate friend and who dines there constantly, says what everybody knows—that Octavia is a fascinating woman, American charm with just a dash of tropical fire, and adores her husband. And yet it was John Conway who knew all about the vigils and the indigestion, and who sent him to Dark Island "on purpose"; it was he who called him "poor old Jeremy."

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THE MIDDLE YEARS

BY HENRY JAMES

II

I TAKE courage to confess moreover that I am carried further still by the current on which Mrs. Greville, friend of the supereminent, happens to have launched me; for I can neither forbear a glance at one or two of the other adventures promoted by her, nor in the least dissociate her from that long after-taste of them, such as they were, which I have positively cultivated. I ask myself first, however, whether or no our drive to Aldworth, on the noble height of Blackdown, had been preceded by the couple of occasions in London on which I was to feel I saw the Laureate most at his ease, yet on reflection concluding that the first of these—and the fewest days must have separated them—formed my prime introduction to the poet I had earliest known and best loved. The revelational evening I speak of is peopled, to my memory, not a little, yet with a confusedness out of which Tennyson's own presence doesn't at all distinctly emerge; he was occupying a house in Eaton Place, as appeared then his wont, for the earlier weeks of the spring, and I seem to recover that I had "gone on" to it, after dining somewhere else, under protection of my supremely kind old friend the late Lord Houghton, to whom I was indebted in those years for a most promiscuous befriending. He must have been of the party, and Mrs. Greville quite independently must, since I catch again the vision of her, so expansively and voluminously seated that she might fairly have been couchant, so to say, for the proposed characteristic act—there was a deliberation about it that precluded the idea of a spring; that, namely, of addressing something of the Laureate's very own to the Laureate's very face. Beyond the sense that he took these things with a gruff philosophy—and could always repay them, on the spot, in heavily shovelled coin of the same mint, since it *was* a question of his genius—I gather in again no determined impression, unless it may have been, as could only be probable, the effect of fond prefigurements utterly blighted. The fond prefigurements of youthful piety are predestined more often than not, I think, experience interfering, to strange and violent shocks; from which no general appeal is conceivable save by the prompt preclusion either of faith or of knowledge, a sad choice at the best. No other such illustration recurs to me of the possible refusal of those two conditions of an acquaintance to recognize each other at a given hour as the silent crash of which I was to be conscious several years later, in Paris, when placed in presence of M. Ernest Renan, from the surpassing distinction of whose literary face, with its exquisite finish of every feature, I had from far back extracted every sort of shining gage, a presumption general and positive. Widely enough to sink all interest—that was the dreadful thing—opened there the chasm between the implied, as I had taken it, and the attested, as I had, at the first blush, to take it; so that one was in fact scarce to know what might have happened if interest hadn't by good fortune already reached such a compass as to stick half-way down the descent. What interest *can* survive becomes thus, surely, as much one of the lessons of life as the number of ways in which it remains impossible. What comes up in face of the shocks, as I have called them, is the question of a shift of every supposition, a change of base under fire, as it were; which must take place successfully if one's advance be not abandoned altogether. I remember that I saw the Tennyson directly presented as just utterly other than the Tennyson indirectly, and if the readjustment, for acquaintance, was less difficult than it was to prove in the case of the realized Renan the obligation to accept the difference—

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wholly as difference and without reference to strict loss or gain, was like a rap on the knuckles of a sweet superstition. Fine, fine, fine could he only be—fine in the sense of that quality in the texture of his verse, which had appealed all along by its most inward principle to one's taste, and had by the same stroke shown with what a force of lyric energy and sincerity the kind of beauty so engaged for could be associated. Was it that I had preconceived him in that light as pale and penetrating, as emphasizing in every aspect the fact that he was fastidious? was it that I had supposed him more fastidious than really *could* have been—at the best for that effect? was it that the grace of the man *couldn't*, by my measure, but march somehow with the grace of the poet, given a perfection of this grace? was it in fine that style of a particular kind, when so highly developed, seemed logically to leave no room for other quite contradictious kinds? These were considerations of which I recall the pressure, at the same time that I fear I have no account of them to give after they have fairly faced the full demonstrous demonstration that Tennyson was not Tennysonian. The desperate sequel to that was that he thereby changed one's own state too, one's beguiled, one's æsthetic; for what *could* this strange apprehension do but reduce the Tennysonian amount altogether? It dried up, to a certain extent, that is, in my own vessel of sympathy—leaving me so to ask whether it was before or after that I should take myself for the bigger fool. There had been folly somewhere; yet let me add that once I recognized this, once I felt the old fond pitch drop of itself, not alone inevitably, but very soon quite conveniently and while I magnanimously granted that the error had been mine and nobody's else at all, an odd prosaic pleasantness set itself straight up, substitutionally, over the whole ground, which is swept clear of every single premeditated effect. It made one's perceptive condition purely profane, reduced it somehow to having rather the excess of awkwardness than the excess of felicity to reckon with; yet still again, as I say, enabled a compromise to work. The compromise in fact worked beautifully under my renewal of impression—for which a second visit at Eaton Place offered occasion; and this even though I had to interweave with the scene as best I might a highly complicating influence. To speak of James Russell Lowell's influence as above all complicating on any scene to the interest of which he contributed may superficially seem a perverse appreciation of it; and yet in the light of that truth only do I recover the full sense of his value, his interest, the moving moral of his London adventure—to find myself already bumping so straight against which gives me, I confess, a sufficiently portentous shake. He comes in, as it were, by a force not to be denied, as soon as I look at him again—as soon as I find him for instance on the door-step in Eaton Place at the hour of my too approaching it for luncheon as he had just done. There he is, with the whole question of him, at once before me, and literally superimposed by that fact on any minor essence. I quake, positively, with the apprehension of the commemorative dance he may lead me; but for the moment, just here, I steady myself with an effort and go in with him to his having the Laureate's personal acquaintance, by every symptom, and rather to my surprise, all to make. Mrs. Tennyson's luncheon-table was an open feast, with places for possible when not assured guests; and no one but the American Minister, scarce more than just installed, and his extremely attached compatriot sat down at first with our gracious hostess. The board considerably stretched, and after it had been indicated to Lowell that he had best sit at the end near the window, where the Bard would presently join him, I remained, near our hostess, separated from him for some little time by an unpeopled waste. Hallam came in all genially and auspiciously, yet only to brush us with his blessing and say he was lunching elsewhere, and my wonder meanwhile hung about the representative of my country, who, though partaking of offered food, appeared doomed to disconnection from us. I may say at once that my wonder was always unable *not* to hang about this admired and cherished friend when other persons, especially of the eminent order, were concerned in the scene. The case was quite other for

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the unshared relation, or when it was shared by one or other of three or four of our common friends who had the gift of determining happily the pitch of ease; suspense, not to say anxiety, as to the possible turn or drift of the affair quite dropped—I rested then, we alike rested, I ever felt, in a golden confidence. This last was so definitely not the note of my attention to him, so far as I might indulge it, in the wider social world, that I shall not scruple, occasion offering, to inquire into the reasons of the difference. For I can only see the ghosts of my friends, by this token, as "my" J. R. L. and whoever; which means that my imagination of the wanton life of which these remarks pretend but to form the record, had appropriated them, under the prime contact—from the moment the prime contact had successfully worked—once for all, and contributed the light in which they were constantly exposed. Yes, delightful I shall undertake finding it, and perhaps even making it, to read J. R. L.'s exposure back into *its* light; which I in fact see begin to shine for me more amply during those very minutes of our wait for our distinguished host and even the several that followed the latter's arrival and his seating himself opposite the unknown guest, whose identity he had failed to grasp. Nothing, exactly, could have made dear Lowell more "my" Lowell, as I have presumed to figure him, than the stretch of uncertainty so supervening and which, in its form of silence at first completely unbroken between the two poets, rapidly took on for me monstrous proportions. I conversed with my gentle neighbor during what seemed an eternity—really but hearing, as the minutes sped, all that Tennyson didn't say to Lowell and all that Lowell wouldn't on any such compulsion as that say to Tennyson. I like, however, to hang again upon the hush—for the sweetness of the relief of its break by the fine Tennysonian growl. I had never dreamed, no, of a growling Tennyson—I had too utterly otherwise fantasticated; but no line of Locksley Hall rolled out as I was to happen soon after to hear it, could have been sweeter than the interrogative sound of "Do you know anything about *Lowell?*" launched on the chance across the table and crowned at once by Mrs. Tennyson's anxious quaver: "Why, my dear, this *is* Mr. Lowell!" The clearance took place successfully enough, and the incident, I am quite aware, seems to shrink with it; in spite of which I still cherish the reduced reminiscence for its connections: so far as my vision of Lowell was concerned they began at that moment so to multiply. A belated guest or two more came in, and I wish I could for modesty's sake refer to this circumstance alone the fact that nothing more of the occasion survives for me save the intense but restricted glow of certain instants, in another room, to which we had adjourned for smoking and where my alarmed sense of the Bard's restriction to giving what he had as a bard only became under a single turn of his hand a vision of quite general munificence. Incredibly, inconceivably, he had *read*—and not only read but admired, and not only admired but understandingly referred; referred, time and some accident aiding, the appreciated object, a short tale I had lately put forth, to its actually present author, who could scarce believe his ears on hearing the thing superlatively commended; pronounced, that is, by the illustrious speaker, more to his taste than no matter what other like attempt. Nothing would induce me to disclose the title of the piece, which has little to do with the matter; my point is but in its having on the spot been matter of pure romance to me that I was there and positively so addressed. For it was a solution, the happiest in the world, and from which I at once extracted enormities of pleasure; my relation to whatever had bewildered me simply became perfect: the author of In Memoriam had "liked" my own twenty pages, and his doing so was a gage of his grace in which I felt I should rest forever—in which I have in fact rested to this hour. My own basis of liking—such a blessed supersession of all worryings and wonderings!—was accordingly established, and has met every demand made of it. Greatest was to have been, I dare say, the demand to which I felt it exposed by the drive over to Aldworth with Mrs. Greville which I noted above and which took place, if I am not mistaken, on the morrow of our drive to Witley. A different shade of confidence

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and comfort, I make out, accompanied this experiment: I believed more, for reasons I shall not now attempt to recover, in the furthermost maintenance of our flying bridge, the final piers of which, it was indubitable, *had* at Witley given way. What could have been moreover less like G. H. Lewes's valedictory hurl back upon us of the printed appeal in which I was primarily concerned than that so recent and so directly opposed passage of the Eaton Place smoking-room, thanks to which I could nurse a certified security all along the road? I surrendered to security, I perhaps even grossly took my ease in it; and I was to breathe from beginning to end of our visit, which began with our sitting again at luncheon, an air —so unlike that of Witley!—in which it seemed to me frankly that nothing but the blest obvious, or at least the blest outright, could so much as attempt to live. These elements hung sociably and all auspiciously about us—it was a large and simple and almost empty occasion; yet empty without embarrassment, rather as from a certain high guardedness or defensiveness of situation, literally indeed from the material, the local sublimity, the fact of our all upliftedly hanging together over one of the grandest sweeps of view in England. Remembered passages again people, however, in their proportion, the excess of opportunity; each with that conclusive note of the outright all unadorned. What could have partaken more of this quality for instance than the question I was startled to hear launched before we had left the table by the chance of Mrs. Greville's having happened to mention in some connection one of her French relatives, Mademoiselle Laure de Sade? It had fallen on my own ear—the mention at least had—with a certain effect of unconscious provocation; but this was as nothing to its effect on the ear of our host. "De Sade?" he at once exclaimed with interest—and with the consequence, I may frankly add, of my wondering almost to ecstasy, that is to the ecstasy of curiosity, to what length he would proceed. He proceeded admirably—admirably for the triumph of simplification—to the very greatest length imaginable, as was signally promoted by the fact that clearly no one present, with a single exception, recognized the name or the nature of the scandalous, the long ignored, the at last all but unnamable author; least of all the gentle relative of Mademoiselle Laure, who listened with the blankest grace to her friend's enumeration of his titles to infamy, among which that of his most notorious work was pronounced. It was the homeliest, frankest, most domestic passage, as who should say, and most remarkable for leaving none of us save myself, by my impression, in the least embarrassed or bewildered; largely, I think, because of the failure—a failure the most charmingly flat—of all measure on the part of auditors and speaker alike of what might be intended or understood, of what, in fine, the latter was talking about. He struck me in truth as neither knowing nor communicating knowledge, and I recall how I felt this note in his own case to belong to that general intimation with which the whole air was charged of the want of proportion between the great spaces and reaches and echoes commanded, the great eminence attained, and the quantity and variety of experience supposable. So to discriminate was in a manner to put one's hand on the key, and thereby to find one's self in presence of a rare and anomalous, but still scarcely the less beautiful fact. The assured and achieved conditions, the serenity, the security, the success, to put it vulgarly, shone in the light of their easiest law—that by which they emerge early from the complication of life, the great adventure of sensibility, and find themselves determined once for all, fortunately fixed, all consecrated and consecrating. If I should speak of this impression as that of glory without history, that of the poetic character more worn than paid for, or at least more saved than spent, I should doubtless much overemphasize; but such, or something like it, was none the less the explanation that met one's own fond fancy of the scene after one had cast about for it. For I allow myself thus to repeat that I was so moved to cast about, and perhaps at no moment more than during the friendly analysis of the reputation of M. de Sade. Was I not present at some undreamed-of demonstration of the absence of the remoter real, the real other than immediate and

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exquisite, other than guaranteed and enclosed, in landscape, friendship, fame, above all in consciousness of awaited and admired and self-consistent inspiration? The question was indeed to be effectively answered for me, and everything meanwhile continued to play into this prevision—even to the pleasant growling note heard behind me, as the Bard followed with Mrs. Greville, who had permitted herself apparently some mild extravagance of homage: "Oh yes, you may do what you like—so long as you don't kiss me before the cabman!" The allusion was explained for us, if I remember—a matter of some more or less recent leave-taking of admirer and admired in London on his putting her down at her door after being taken to the play or wherever; between the rugged humor of which reference and the other just commemorated there wasn't a pin to choose, it struck me, for a certain old-time Lincolnshire ease or comfortable stay-at-home license. But it was later on, when, my introductress having accompanied us, I sat up-stairs with him in his study, that he might read us some poem of his own that we should venture to propose, it was then that mystifications dropped, that everything in the least dislocated fell into its place, and that image and picture stamped themselves strongly and finally, or to the point even, as I recover it, of leaving me almost too little to wonder about. He had not got a third of the way through Locksley Hall, which, my choice given me, I had made bold to suggest he should spout—for I had already heard him spout in Eaton Place—before I had begun to wonder that I didn't wonder, didn't at least wonder more consumedly; as a very little while back I should have made sure of my doing on any such prodigious occasion. I sat at one of the windows that hung over space, noting how the windy, watery autumn day, sometimes sheeting it all with rain, called up the dreary, dreary moorland or the long dun wolds; I pinched myself for the determination of my identity and hung on the reader's deep-voiced chant for the credibility of his: I asked myself in fine why, in complete deviation from everything that would have seemed from far back certain for the case, I failed to swoon away under the heaviest pressure I had doubtless ever known the romantic situation bring to bear. So lucidly all the while I considered, so detachedly I judged, so dissentingly, to tell the whole truth, I listened; pinching myself, as I say, not at all to keep from swooning, but much rather to set up some rush of sensibility. It was all interesting, it was at least all odd; but why in the name of poetic justice had one anciently heaved and flushed with one's own recital of the splendid stuff if one was now only to sigh in secret "Oh dear, oh dear"? The author lowered the whole pitch, that of expression, that of interpretation above all; I heard him, in cool surprise, take even more out of his verse than he had put in, and so bring me back to the point I had immediately and privately made, the point that he wasn't Tennysonian. I felt him as he went on and on lose that character beyond repair, and no effect of the organ-roll, of monotonous majesty, no suggestion of the long echo, availed at all to save it. What the case came to for me, I take it—and by the case I mean the intellectual, the artistic—was that it lacked the intelligence, the play of discrimination, I should have taken for granted in it, and thereby, brooding monster that I was, born to discriminate *à tout propos*, lacked the interest. Detached I have mentioned that I had become, and it was doubtless at such a rate high time for that; though I hasten to repeat that with the close of the incident I was happily able to feel a new sense in the whole connection established. My critical reaction hadn't in the least invalidated our great man's being a Bard—it had in fact made him and left him more a Bard than ever! It had only settled to my perception as not before what a Bard might and mightn't be. The character was just a rigid idiosyncrasy, to which everything in the man conformed, but which supplied nothing outside of itself, and which above all was not intellectually wasteful or heterogeneous, conscious as it could only be of its intrinsic breadth and weight. On two or three occasions of the aftertime I was to hear Browning read out certain of his finest pages, and this exactly with all the exhibition of point and authority, the expressive particularization, so to speak, that I had missed

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on the part of the Laureate; an observation through which the author of Men and Women appeared, in spite of the beauty and force of his demonstration, as little as possible a Bard. He particularized if ever a man did, was heterogeneous and profane, composed of pieces and patches that betrayed some creak of joints, and addicted to the excursions from which these were brought home; so that he had to *prove* himself a poet, almost against all presumptions, and with all the assurance and all the character he could use. Was not this last in especial, the character, so close to the surface, with which Browning fairly bristled, what was most to come out in his personal delivery of the fruit of his genius? It came out almost to harshness; but the result was that what he read showed extraordinary life. During that audition at Aldworth the question seemed on the contrary not of life at all—save, that is, of one's own; which was exactly not the question. With all the resonance of the chant, the whole thing was yet *still*, with all the long swing of its motion it yet remained where it was—heaving doubtless grandly enough up and down and beautiful to watch as through the superposed veils of its long self-consciousness. By all of which I don't mean to say that I was not, on the day at Aldworth, thoroughly reconciled to learning what a Bard consisted of for that came as soon as I had swallowed my own mistake—the mistake of having supposed Tennyson something subtly other than one. I had supposed, probably, such an impossibility, had, to repeat my term, so absurdly fantasticated, that the long journey round and about the truth no more than served me right; just as after all it at last left me quite content.

It left me moreover, I become aware—or at least it now leaves me—fingering the loose ends of this particular free stretch of my tapestry; so that, with my perhaps even extravagant aversion to loose ends, I can but try for a moment to interweave them. There dangles again for me least confusedly, I think, the vision of a dinner at Mrs. Greville's—and I like even to remember that Cadogan Place, where memories hang thick for me, was the scene of it—which took its light from the presence of Louisa Lady Waterford, who took hers in turn from that combination of rare beauty with rare talent which the previous Victorian age had for many years not ceased to acclaim. It insists on coming back to me with the utmost vividness that Lady Waterford was illustrational, historically, preciously so, meeting one's largest demand for the blest recovery, when possible, of some glimmer of the sense of personal beauty, to say nothing of personal "accomplishment," as our fathers were appointed to enjoy it. Scarce to be sated that form of wonder, to my own imagination, I confess—so that I fairly believe there was no moment at which I wouldn't have been ready to turn my back for the time even on the most triumphant actuality of form and feature if a chance apprehension of a like force as it played on the sensibility of the past had competed. And this for a reason I fear I can scarce explain—unless, when I come to consider it, by the perversity of a conviction that the conditions of beauty have improved, though those of character, in the fine old sense, may not, and that with these the measure of it is more just, the appreciation, as who should say, more competent and the effect more completely attained. What the question seems thus to come to would be a consuming curiosity as to any cited old case of the spell in the very interest of one's catching it comparatively "out"; in the interest positively of the likelihood of one's doing so, and this in the face of so many great testifying portraits. My private perversity, as I here glance at it, has had its difficulties—most of all possibly that of one's addiction, in growing older, to allowing a supreme force to one's earlier, even one's earliest, estimates of physical felicity; or in other words that of the felt impulse to leave the palm for good looks to those who have reached out to it through the medium of our own history. If the conditions *grow* better for them why then should we have almost the habit of thinking better of our handsome folk dead than of our living?—and even to the very point of not resenting on the part of others similarly affected the wail of wonder as to what has strangely "become" of the happy types *d'antan*. I dodge that inquiry just now—we may meet it again; noting simply the fact

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that "old" pretenders to the particular crown I speak of—and in the sense especially of the pretension made rather for than by them—offered to my eyes a greater interest than the new, whom I was ready enough to take for granted, as one for the most part easily could; belonging as it did on the other hand to the interest of their elders that *this* couldn't be so taken. That was just the attraction of the latter claim—that the grounds of it had to be made out, puzzled out verily on occasion, but that when they were recognized they had a force all their own. One would have liked to be able to clear the distinction between the new and the old of all ambiguity—explain, that is, how little the superficially invidious term was sometimes noted as having in common with the elderly: so much was it a clear light held up to the question that truly beautiful persons might be old without being elderly. Their juniors couldn't be new, unfortunately, without being youthful—unfortunately because the fact of youth, so far from dispelling ambiguity, positively introduced it. One made up one's mind thus that the only sure specimens were, and had to be, those acquainted with time, and with whom time, on its side, was acquainted; those in fine who had borne the test and still looked at it face to face. These were of one's own period of course—one looked at *them* face to face; one blessedly hadn't to consider them by hearsay or to refer to any portrait of them for proof: indeed in presence of the resisting, the gained, cases one found one's self practically averse to old facts or old traditions of portraiture, accompanied by no matter what names. All of which leads by an avenue I trust not unduly majestic up to that hour of contemplation during which I could see quite enough for the major interest what was meant by Lady Waterford's great reputation. Nothing could in fact have been more informing than so to see what was meant, than so copiously to share with admirers who had had their vision and passed on; for if I spoke above of her image as illustrational this is because it affected me on the spot as so diffusing information. My impression was of course but the old story—to which my reader will feel himself treated, I fear, to satiety: when once I had drawn the curtain for the light shed by this or that or the other personal presence upon the society more or less intimately concerned in producing it the last thing I could think of was to darken the scene again. For this right or this wrong reason then Mrs. Greville's admirable guest struck me as flooding it; indebted in the highest degree to every art by which a commended appearance may have formed the habit of still suggesting commendation, she certainly—to my imagination at least—triumphed over time in the sense that if the years, in their generosity, went on helping her to live her grace returned the favor by paying life back to them. I mean that she reanimated for the fond analyst the age in which persons of her type could so greatly flourish—it being ever so pertinently of her type, or at least of that of the age, that she was regarded as having cast the spell of genius as well as of beauty. She painted, and on the largest scale, with all confidence and facility, and nothing could have contributed more, by my sense, to what I glance at again as her illustrational value than the apparently wide-spread appreciation of this fact—taken together, that is, with one's own impression of the work of her hand. There it was that, like Mrs. Greville herself, yet in a still higher degree, she bore witness to the fine old felicity of the fortunate and the "great" under the "old" order which would have made it so good then to live could one but have been in their shoes. She determined in me, I remember, a renewed perception of the old order, a renewed insistence on one's having come just in time to see it begin to stretch back: a little earlier one wouldn't have had the light for this perhaps, and a little later it would have receded too much. The precious persons, the surviving figures, who held up, as I may call it, the light were still here and there to be met; my sense being that the last of them, at least for any vision of mine, has now quite gone and that illustration—not to let that term slip—accordingly fails. We all now illustrate together, in higgledy-piggledy fashion, or as a vast monotonous mob, our own wonderful period and order, and nothing else; whereby the historic imagination, under

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its acuter need of facing backward, gropes before it with a vain gesture, missing, or all but missing, the concrete *other*, always other, specimen which has volumes to give where hearsay has only snippets. The old, as we call it, I recognize, doesn't disappear all at once; the *ancien régime* of our commonest reference survived the Revolution of our most horrific in patches and scraps, and I bring myself to say that even at my present writing I am aware of more than one individual on the scene about me touched *comparatively* with the elder grace. (I think of the difference between these persons and so nearly all other persons as a grace for reasons that become perfectly clear in the immediate presence of the former, but of which a generalizing account is difficult.) None the less it used to be one of the finest of pleasures to acclaim and cherish, in cases of meeting them, one and another of the *complete* examples of the conditions irrecoverable, even if, as I have already noted, they were themselves least intelligently conscious of these; and for the enjoyment of that critical emotion to draw one's own wanton line between the past and the present. The happy effect of such apparitions as Lady Waterford, to whom I thus undisseverably cling, though I might give her after all much like company, was that they made one draw it just where they might most profit from it. They profited in that they recruited my group of the fatuously fortunate, the class, as I seemed to see it, that had had the longest and happiest innings in history—happier and longer, on the whole, even than their congeners of the old French time—and for whom the future wasn't going to be, by most signs, anything like as bland and benedictory as the past. They placed *themselves* in the right perspective for appreciation, and did it quite without knowing, which was half the interest; did it simply by showing themselves with all the right grace and the right assurance. It was as if they had come up to the very edge of the ground that was going to begin to fail them; yet looking over it, looking on and on always, with a confidence still unalarmed. One would have turned away certainly from the sight of any actual catastrophe, wouldn't have watched the ground nearly fail, in a particular case, without a sense of gross indelicacy. I can scarcely say how vivid I felt the drama so preparing might become—that of the lapse of immemorial protection, that of the finally complete exposure of the immemorially protected. It might take place rather more intensely before the footlights of one's inner vision than on the trodden stage of Cadogan Place or wherever, but it corresponded none the less to realities all the while in course of enactment and which only wanted the attentive enough spectator. Nothing should I evermore see comparable to the large fond consensus of admiration enjoyed by my beatific fellow guest's imputed command of the very palette of the Venetian and other masters—Titian's, Bonifazio's, Rubens's, where did the delightful agreement on the subject stop? and never again should a noble lady be lifted so still further aloft on the ecstatic breath of connoisseurship.

This last consciouness, confirming my impression of a climax that could only decline, didn't break upon me all at once but spread itself through a couple of subsequent occasions into which my remembrance of the dinner at Mrs. Greville's was richly to play. The first of these was a visit to an exhibition of Lady Waterford's paintings held, in Carlton House Terrace, under the roof of a friend of the artist, and, as it enriched the hour also to be able to feel, a friend, one of the most generously gracious, of my own; during which the reflection that "they" had indeed had their innings, and were still splendidly using for the purpose the very fag-end of the waning time, mixed itself for me with all the "wonderful color," framed and arrayed, that blazed from the walls of the kindly great room, lent for the advantage of a charity, and lost itself in the general chorus of immense comparison and tender consecration. Later on a few days spent at a house of the greatest beauty and interest in Northumberland did wonders to round off my view; the place, occupied for the time by genial tenants, belonged to the family of Lady Waterford's husband and fairly bristled, it might be said, with colored designs from her brush.

THE END.

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"A CERTAIN RICH MAN——"

By Lawrence Perry

Illustration by R. K. Ryland

EVELYN COLCORD glanced up the table with the appraising eye of a young hostess who has already established a reputation for her dinners. The room had been decorated with a happy effect of national colors, merged with those of the allied nations, and neither in the table nor its appointments was a flaw revealed—while the low, contented murmur of conversation and light laughter attending completion of the first course afforded assurance that the company was well chosen and the atmosphere assertive in qualities that made for equanimity and good cheer.

She smiled slightly, nodding at the butler, who had been watching her anxiously, and then glanced out the corner of her eye at Professor Simec, seated at her right. She had entertained doubts concerning him, had, in fact, resented the business necessity which had brought him thither as guest of honor, not through any emotion approximating inhospitality but wholly because of her mistrust as to the effect of this alien note upon her dinner, which was quite impromptu, having been arranged at the eleventh hour in deference to the wishes of Jerry Dane, a partner of Colcord's, who was handling the firm's foreign war patents.

She had done the best she could as to guests, had done exceedingly well, as it chanced, fortune having favored her especially in the cases of several of those who sat about the table. And now Simec was fully involved in conversation with Bessie Dane, who seemed deeply interested. As for the man, weazened and attenuate, she could catch only his profile—the bulging, hairless brow, and beard curling outward from the tip, forming sort of a crescent, which she found hardly less sinister than the cynical twist where grizzled whiskers and mustaches conjoined and the cold, level white eyes that she had noted as dominant characteristics when he was presented.

Simec was a laboratory recluse who had found his *mêtier* in the war. Rumor credited to him at least one of the deadliest chemical combinations employed by the allied armies. But it was merely rumor; nothing definite was known. These are things of which little is hinted and less said. None the less, intangible as were his practical achievements—whatever they might be—his reputation was substantial, enhanced, small doubt, by the very vagueness of his endeavors. The element of mystery, which his physical appearance tended not to allay, invested him, as it were, with a thaumaturgic veil through which was dimly revealed the man. It was as though his personality was merely a nexus to the things he stood for and had done, so that he appeared to Evelyn less a human entity than a symbol. But at least Bessie Dane was interested and the fine atmosphere of the table was without a taint.

Shrugging almost imperceptibly, she withdrew her eyes and looked across the table with an expression which Nicholas Colcord could have interpreted had he not been engrossed with Sybil Latham. Evelyn studied him with admiring tenderness as he lounged in his chair, toying idly with a fork, smiling at something his partner was saying, while her mind ran lovingly over the dominant traits of a personality which was so strong, so keenly alive, so sensitive to decent, manly things, so perfectly balanced.

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Failing to catch his eye, Evelyn turned to her plate filled with a subtle melancholy. When would there be another dinner like this? Not, at all events, until the war was over. Nick had spoken about this—very definitely; there would be no more entertaining. She had agreed with him, of course, not, however, escaping the conviction that her husband's view-point was more or less in keeping with a certain unusual sombreness which she had caught creeping into his mood in the past year or so.

Still, everybody who amounted to anything was pulling up on the bit and doing something or talking of doing something or other for the country. It was already assured that the season would be insufferably dull—from a social standpoint at least. Evelyn could not suppress a certain resentment. She was not one of those who had found an element of thrill in the suddenly altered perspectives. Her plans for the spring season had been laid; engagements had been accepted or declined, as functions promised to be worth while or uninteresting; all the delicate interlocking machinery of the life in which Evelyn Colcord moved, somewhat prominently, was in motion—then the sudden checking of the wheels: war.

Now there were memories of her husband's sober words; now there was young Jeffery Latham at her elbow—he had been almost shot to pieces in France—now there was Simec, the genius of diabolical achievement. . . . What were things coming to? Even the weather had gone wrong. Outside, an unseasonable cold rain, lashed by a northeast gale, was driving against the panes of the French windows, and the sizzling effulgence of an arc-lamp revealed pools of water lying on the asphalt of the avenue. . . .

The dry, softly modulated voice of Captain Latham at her left lifted Evelyn from her trend of sombre revery.

"Nick is looking uncommonly fit—he'll go in for the cavalry, I suppose."

The young British officer spoke more with a half-humorous effort at conversation than any other motive, but she turned to him with a gesture of appeal.

"Jeffery," she said, "you make me shiver!"

The man stared at her curiously.

"Why, I—I'm sorry. I'm sure I didn't——"

"Oh, of course," she interrupted, "I know you didn't. Don't be silly. As for me, I'm perfectly foolish, don't you know. Only"—she paused—"I detest war talk. It's so fearfully upsetting. It seems only yesterday that it was a subject to drag in when conversation lagged. But now——"

Latham's quizzical reply was almost upon his lips, when, evidently changing his mind, he spoke dryly.

"No doubt you'll become used to it in time. . . . By the by, I was in fun about old Nick. His objection to grouse coverts and deer-stalking—I can't fancy him in war."

As she didn't reply he picked up his fork, adding: "Yet he's a tremendous athlete—polo and all that sort of thing. Do you know, I suspect that when the real pull comes he won't object to potting at Germans. . . . Did you do these menu cards, Evelyn? They're awfully well done."

She nodded, eying him eagerly.

"Yes, I painted them this afternoon. You see, it was a rush order. . . . As to Nick, I don't think it will come to his enlisting. I've never considered it, really. He's awfully mixed up in government finances, don't you know. We all tell him he's more valuable where he is."

Latham smiled faintly.

"What does Nick say to that?"

"Oh, I don't know." She shrugged. "Nothing very definite. War has been a taboo subject with him—I mean from the first when you all went in. I know he has strong feelings about it, terribly strong. But he never talks about them."

"He went in strong on the financial end, didn't he?" asked the Englishman. "Some one in London told me he'd made a lot of oof."

She nodded, coloring.

"Yes, oceans of money. . . . Not that we needed it," Evelyn added, a trifle defensively.

"I know; it just came," was Latham's comment. "Well, it all helped us out of a nasty mess."

Evelyn was thinking and did not reply immediately. When she did speak it was apparent that in changing the subject she

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had followed a natural impulse without intention or design.

"Jeffery," she said, "do you know I haven't been able to make you out since you arrived here—nor Sybil either," she added, nodding toward Latham's wife, whose classic, flaxen-haired profile was turned toward them.

The man was smiling curiously.

"I didn't realize we had changed so."

"Well, you have, both of you. You talk the same and act the same—except a—a sort of reserve; something; I don't know just what. . . . Somehow, you, and Sybil, too, seem as though you felt strange, aloof, out of place. You used to be so absolutely—well, natural and at home with us all——"

"My word!" Latham laughed but made no further comment.

"Of course," Evelyn went on, "you've been through a lot, I can appreciate that. When I got Sybil's letter I simply wept: twenty-four hours in a muddy shell-hole; invalided for good, with an arm you can't raise above your shoulder; a horrid scar down your face. . . ."

"It does make rather a poor face to look at, doesn't it?" Latham flushed and hurried on. "Well, I've no complaint."

She glanced at the cross on his olive-drab coat.

"Of course not! How absurd, Jeffery! But how did Sybil ever stand it? How did she *live* through it? I mean the parting, the months of suspense, word that you were missing, then mortally wounded? . . . Her brother killed by gas?"

Latham glanced at his wife, a soft light in his eyes.

"Poor Sybil," he replied. "She was a brick, Evelyn—a perfect brick. I don't know how she got through it. But one does, you know."

"Yes, one does, I suppose." Evelyn sighed. "But how? *I* couldn't; I simply couldn't. Why, Jeffery, I can't bear even to think of it."

Latham shook his head negatively at the footman, who stood at his side, and then turned smiling to Evelyn. "Oh, come! Of course you could. You don't understand now, but you will. There's a sort of grace given, I fancy."

"Jeffery, I don't want to understand, and I don't want any grace, and I think you're horrid and unsympathetic." She tapped him admonishingly on the arm, laughing lightly. But the gloom was still in her dark-gray eyes. "But, after all, you are right. We *are* in for it, just as you have been. . . . God grant there are women more Spartan than I."

Latham grimaced and was raising a deprecating hand when she caught it impulsively.

"Please let's talk about something else."

"Very well." He smiled mockingly and lowered his voice. "Your friend at your right there—curious beggar, don't you think?"

Evelyn glanced at Simec, turning again to Latham.

"He gives me the creeps," she confessed. "It seems absurd, but he does."

"Really!" The Englishman stared at the man a moment. "Do you know," he resumed, "he does seem a bit uncanny. Where'd Nick pick him up?"

"It was Jerry Dane," she replied. "He's done some tremendous things on the other side. Jerry met him in Washington the other day and seems to regard him as a find. He has no business sense and has given away practically everything. Now we are going to capitalize him; I believe that's the word. I never saw him before to-night"—her voice sank to a whisper—"and, do you know, I hope I never shall again." She shrugged. "Listen to him."

Several of the guests were already doing that. His toneless voice rose and fell monotonously, and he appeared so detached from what he was saying that as Evelyn gazed at him she seemed to find difficulty in relating words that were said to the speaker; only the slight movement of the lips and an occasional formless gesture made the association definite.

"Doctor Allison," he was saying, "has missed the distinction between *hostia honoraria* and *hostia piacularis*. In the former case the deity accepts the gift of a life; in the latter he demands it."

"What in the world are you all talking about now?" asked Evelyn plaintively. "Not war——?"

"Sacrifice, Mrs. Colcord." Simec inclined his head slightly in her direction.

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"I was saying," explained Doctor Allison, "that we do well if we send our young men to battle in the spirit of privileged sacrifice, as—as something that it is our—our—yes—our proud privilege, as I say, to do."

Simec shook his head in thoughtful negation.

"That is sentiment, excellent sentiment; unfortunately, it doesn't stand assay. Reaction comes. We do better if we make our gift of blood as a matter of unalterable necessity. We make too much of it all, in any event. The vast evil of extended peace is the attachment of too great value to luxuries and to human life—trite, but true. We know, of course, that the world has progressed chiefly over the dead bodies of men and, yes, women and children."

Some new element had entered into the voice. Whether it was herself or whether it was Simec, Evelyn was in no mood to determine. . . . She was aware only of a certain metallic cadence which beat cruelly upon her nerves. Silence had followed, but not of the same sort as before. As though seeking complete withdrawal, Evelyn turned her eyes out of the window. A wayfarer, head down, was struggling through the nimbus of watery electric light; a horse-drawn vehicle was plodding by. Colcord's voice brought her back; it was strained.

"I don't feel as Allison does," he said. "And I certainly have no sympathy with Simec." He leaned forward, his elbows on the table. "You see," he went on, "I—I—well, maybe I'm a product of extended peace, as Simec puts it. No doubt I'm soft. But this war—I've never talked nor let myself think much about the war—but this whole thing of sacrifice got under me from the very first. . . . Young men, thousands, hundreds of thousands of them, yes, millions, torn from their homes, from their mothers, their fathers—their wives, for what? To be blown into shapeless, unrecognizable clay, to be maimed, made useless for life. My God! It has kept me awake nights!"

"Colcord"—Simec's white eyes rested professionally upon the host—"let us get to the root of your state of mind; your brief is for the individual as against the common good, is it not?"

Colcord frowned.

"Oh, I haven't any brief, Simec; I've never reasoned about the thing, that is, in a cold, scientific way. It's a matter of heart, I suppose—of instinct. I just can't seem to stand the calculating, sordid wastage of young life and all that it involves. Now, of course, it has come closer home. And it's terrible."

"You never would shoot anything for sport, would you, old fellow?" said Latham, sympathetically, "not even pheasants."

Colcord tossed his beautifully modelled head.

"Latham, I tell you, I'm soft; I'm the ultimate product of peace and civilization."

"Yes, you're soft, terribly so," smiled Dane. "I ought to know; I played opposite you at tackle for two years."

"Stuff! You understand what I mean, Jerry; I guess you all do. I've never talked this way before; as I say, I've always kept the war in the background, tried to gloss it over, forget it. But I couldn't; I've done a heap of thinking." He sat bolt upright, his clinched fist upon the table. "All these young chaps herded together and suddenly turned loose from all they've known and done and thought—I tell you I can't duck it any more."

"I know, old chap." Arnold Bates, who wrote light society novels, spoke soothingly. "It is—rotten. But what are you going to do about it?"

Colcord's fine brow was wrinkled painfully.

"Nothing, Arnold, nothing. That's the trouble; you have to sit still and watch this wrecking of civilization or else get out and take a hack at the thing yourself. I can't do that; not unless I have to." He paused. "I've had a good time in this life; things have always come easily——"

Sybil Latham was regarding him contemplatively.

"Yes," she murmured, "I don't know a man who has impressed me as so thoroughly enjoying life as you, Nick——"

Colcord stared at her a moment.

"Well, I do," he replied at length. "But I want to say this right here: if some person or presence, some super-

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natural being, say, should come here tonight, at this table, and tell me that by giving up my life right now I would, through that act, bring an end to——"

"Nick!" Evelyn Colcord's voice was poignantly sharp.

"If through that little sacrifice the blood glut in Europe would end, I'd do it cheerfully, joyfully, in a minute."

Simec was gazing at the speaker with half-closed eyes; the others, in thrall of his words, were staring at the table or at one another.

"What a thought!" Mrs. Allison glanced at him curiously. "Coming from you, of all men, Nick!"

"I wonder if I could say that?" Jerry Dane sank down in his chair, put his hands in his pockets, and gazed sombrely up at the ceiling. "By George! I wish I could—but I can't."

Bates shifted uneasily. He shrugged. "It's too hypothetical. And yet—of course it's absurd—yet if the thing *could* happen, I think I'd stick with Colcord."

"In other words"—Simec's voice now had a sibilant hiss—"if you could end war through your death you'd be willing to die—now, or at any specified time?"

"If you're talking to me," said Colcord, "I'm on record. Those who know me well know I don't have to say a thing twice."

"I was talking to Mr. Bates," replied the inventor. "He seemed doubtful."

"Well, I'm not now," retorted the writer sharply. "I'm with Nick absolutely."

Doctor Allison was shaking his head.

"Theoretically, I would make the same assertion," he confessed, "but I wish to be honest; I don't know whether I could do it or not."

"Neither do I," said Dane. "A certainty like that and taking a chance on the battle-field are two different things. What do you say, Latham; you've been through the mill?"

"Well, you know," shrugged the soldier, "I fancy I'm a bit hardened. I'd like to see the thing through now. We've gone so far, don't you know."

There was a momentary silence broken only by the soft movements of the butler and footman. One of the windows rattled in a gust of wind and rain. Under the flickering candle-lights the company seemed to draw together in a fellowship that was not the bond of gustatory cheer—which Evelyn could so infallibly establish at her table—but a communion of sympathetic feeling as of one drawing to another in the common thrall of subdued emotion. The prevailing mood impressed Evelyn Colcord strongly, and, glancing down the table, she started at her accuracy in divining the cause. Simec's place was vacant. She recalled now that but a moment before he had been summoned to the telephone. She had noted his temporary departure only as one notices the lifting of a saffron mist.

Unquestionably, the absorbing topic had gripped the imagination of all. It was sufficiently theoretical, so absolutely hypothetical, in fact, so utterly impossible, that Evelyn's alert intellect found pleasure in grappling with it.

"I wonder—!" Her elbows were on the table, her chin upon her hands. "Of course, it's awfully easy to *say;* but I wonder how it would be if we really faced such a question. Just consider, Arnold"—she was smiling at Bates—"the superhuman firing-squad is outside the door; the superhuman agent stands at your side ready to push the button and end the war as the shots ring out. You picture it, of course, with your imagination. Well, sir, what do you say?"

Bates grimaced, twisting the stem of his wine-glass in his fingers.

"Well, one can say only what he *thinks* he would do. It's so absurd that I can't visualize your picture—not even with my imagination. But it seems to me—it *seems* that I would gladly make the sacrifice."

Doctor Allison, who had been scowling at the ceiling, passing his fingers thoughtfully through his sparse gray hair, sighed deeply.

"That's just it; how could one possibly tell? The mind adapts itself to situations, I suppose; in fact, of course it does. It's altogether difficult, sitting at this table with its food and color and light and excellent company, to place yourself in the position Nicholas has devised. It's simply flying from the very comfortable and congenial and normal present into a dark limbo that is deucedly uncomfort-

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able, uncongenial, and abnormal. I can't go beyond what I've already said; I don't know whether I'd do it or not."

"You'd like to, of course," suggested Mrs. Dane.

"Oh, of course I'd *like* to," was the reply. "The point I make is whether I could or not; I don't *know*."

"Well"—the young woman paused—"I'm not going to put the question to my husband because I wouldn't let Jerry do it, even if he were willing."

"Oh, come now, Bess!" grinned Dane.

"Well, I wouldn't, and I imagine I'd have some rights in the matter."

"Now we're getting back to Simec's *hostia honoraria* and *hostia piacularis*," laughed Bates.

"It is a new view-point," sighed Evelyn. "Curiously, I hadn't thought of *that*."

She smiled across the table at her husband, but he was slouched in his chair, his eyes staring vacantly over her head.

"Of course you'd all do it, every one," he said presently. "The trouble now is that you are attempting to visualize the tragic part of it and not considering the humanitarian side—the great good that would come of the sacrifice. When you look at it that way you would be willing to do it—and think it a mighty darn cheap exchange."

"Well, perhaps so," grumbled Allison. "But I can't help thinking I'm glad I don't have to face the alternative."

Evelyn turned swiftly toward Sybil Latham, under the impression that she had made some little exclamation or that she had checked one. But her face was hard and inscrutable.

"Let's change the subject." Evelyn laughed self-consciously. "It's so far-fetched; it's getting a bit on my nerves."

Even as she spoke she knew that Simec had resumed his seat, although he had made no sound and her eyes were upon her husband. She was thus not surprised to hear his voice.

"I gather, then," he said, as though picking up a conversational thread, "that there are two of you who would be willing to make the gift of sacrifice—Colcord and Bates."

His manner was such as to draw them all from their mood of idle, comfortable speculation to rigidity. Turning to him, searching him, they saw, as it seemed to them, a new being divested of vagueness—dominant, commanding, remorseless. Sitting rigid, his thin, hairy neck stretched outward, he suggested some sinister bird of prey. Thus poised for an instant he regarded the two men whom he had named.

"Suppose," he proceeded, "that I could make this absurd condition—as Bates terms it—exist. Would you gentlemen still hold your position? Believe me, I ask this in the utmost good faith——"

Evelyn Colcord spoke before either man could make reply.

"Nick, this is getting a bit unpleasant, really." She laughed nervously. "Don't you think we could turn to something more cheerful? I adore a joke——"

"But this is not a joke, Mrs. Colcord," rejoined Simec gravely.

"Well, in any event—" began Evelyn, but her husband interrupted.

"I told you I was on record, Simec," he said. "You show me a way to end this carnival of murder—and I'm your man."

"I, too." Bates chuckled. "Perhaps, after all, we've been dining closer to the supernatural than we realized. Well, I'm game. Life, after all, is only a few more summers and a few more winters, even if we live it out. Go to it, Simec." There was sort of a reckless ring in the writer's voice which was taken as a sign that he was seriously impressed. But Bates would be; he had imagination and was temperamental.

"I wish you all would stop." Bessie Dane's voice was childishly plaintive.

"Nick, please!" cried Evelyn. "This is not at all funny."

"I don't see the joke, I must confess," grumbled Allison.

Evelyn wished that Latham or his wife would add weight to the protest, but they remained silent, staring curiously at the inventor, as, indeed, they had throughout. Now she thought of it, she realized that the two had remained practically aloof from the discussion that had preceded Simec's *dénouement*.

"I'm afraid, Simec," said Colcord crisply, "that we're getting a bit unpopular. We'd better drop the subject. It

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was rather a cheap play, I'll admit, stacking myself up as a martyr in a wholly impossible situation. You called me—and Bates there—rather cleverly. . . . The drinks are on us. . . . At the same time I meant what I said, even if it was farfetched; I mean I was sincere."

Simec threw out his arm in a long, bony gesture.

"I am perfectly convinced of that. That is why I am going to ask you to make your offer good."

Had it come from any one else there would have been derisive laughter. But Simec, a man to whom had been credited so much of mystery and achievement, was speaking. In the soft crimson glow of the table he stood, reducing to practical application the very situation which they had found so attractive, only because of its utter grotesque impossibility. It was startling, grimly thrilling. There was the sense among some about the table of struggling mentally to break the spell which this coldly unemotional creature of science had cast. At length Dane spoke as though by sheer physical effort.

"Simec—we—we all know you're a genius. But just now you don't quite get over."

The inventor turned his head slowly toward the speaker.

"I don't think I quite understand."

"Rats," said Dane roughly. "Here Nick says he'd give up his life if the war could be stopped and you bob up and tell him to make good, throwing sort of a Faust effect over the whole dinner. All right for Nick and Arnold Bates—but how about you, Simec? How will you stop the war if they shuffle off? I'll bite once on anything; how will you do it?" There was a general movement of the diners. Dane's wife laughed a trifle hysterically.

Simec arose and stood leaning forward, his hands upon the table.

"The situation which Colcord devised, as it happens, is not so impossible as you think. In fact, it may prove to be quite feasible—" He paused, but no voice rose to break the silence. The candlelights were flickering softly in an entering breath of wind. Evelyn looked appealingly at her husband, who grimaced and shrugged slightly.

"I imagine I have some sort of a reputation in the way of physical formula as applied to war," Simec went on presently. "Dane is about to handle a rather extraordinary gun of mine in the foreign market. But one gun differs from another only inasmuch as it is somewhat more deadly—its destructiveness is not total." He raised a thin forefinger and levelled it along the table.

"Let us assume," he said, "that there has been devised and perfected an apparatus which will release a destructive energy through the medium of ether waves. If you understand anything about the wireless telegraph you will grasp what I mean; in itself the wireless, of course, involves transmitted power. Let us transform and amplify that power and we encompass—destruction. The air is filled with energy. A sun-ray is energy; you will recall that Archimedes concentrated it through immense burning-glasses which set fire to Roman ships."

His voice had grown clear and strong, as though he was lecturing to a class of students.

"Now, then, assume an instrument such as I have roughly described be placed in the hands of our allied nations, an instrument which releases and propels against the enemy energy so incomprehensibly enormous that it destroys matter instantaneously, whether organic or inorganic; assume that in a few hours it could lay the greatest host the world ever saw in death, whether they were concealed in the earth or were in the air, or wherever they were; assume it could level a great city. Assuming all this, can you conceive that the nations holding this mighty force in their hands could bring about peace which would not only be instant but would be permanent?"

There was silence for a moment. The footman, obeying a significant glance from the butler, withdrew; the butler himself went softly out of the room. Latham looked up with the expression of a man emerging from a trance.

"I don't fancy any one could doubt that," he said.

"No, indeed. Certainly not." Allison gestured in playful salute. "Let me congratulate you upon a fine flight of imagination, Professor Simec."

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"Thank you—but it isn't imagination, Doctor Allison." The man's voice had again become flat and unemotional, with the effect of withdrawal of personality. "I have reason to think I have perfected some such device. . . . At least I believe I now possess the means of destroying human life on a wholesale scale. There is yet more to do before we may successfully assail inorganic matter. The waves penetrate but do not as yet destroy, so that while we should easily bring dissolution to human beings we cannot yet disintegrate the walls behind which they lurk. That, however, is a detail——"

"Just like that, eh!" No one smiled at Jerry Dane's comment. Bates leaned forward.

"Where do Colcord and I come in?"

Simec, who had resumed his seat, turned to him.

"Of course—I beg your pardon. I should have explained at the outset that the discovery has never had adequate practical test. One of my assistants lost his life a month or so ago, to be sure; an extremely promising man. The incident was of value in demonstrating practically a theoretical deadliness; unfortunately, it proved also that the power energized ether waves in all directions, whereas obviously it should be within the power of the operator to send it only in a given direction."

"Otherwise," remarked Latham, "it would be as fatal to the side using it as to the army against whom it was directed."

"Precisely." Simec lifted his wineglass and sipped slowly. "For a time," he went on, "this drawback seemed insuperable, just as it has been in wireless telegraphy. Within the past week, however, I am convinced that a solution of that difficulty has been reached. In theory and in tests on a minor scale it certainly has. My assistants, however, refuse to serve in the demonstrations at full power—which, of course, are vitally necessary—even though I engage to share a part, but not, of course, the major part, of the risk. I have been equally unfortunate in enlisting others, to whom, naturally, I was in duty bound to designate possible—in fact, extremely probable—dangers."

"In more precise words," snapped Bates, "if your invention is what you think it is your assistants are bound to die."

Simec hesitated a moment, his gleaming brow wrinkled thoughtfully.

"Well, not precisely," he said at length. "That is, not necessarily. There is, of course, as I have said, that possi—that probability. I cannot be certain. Assuming the more serious outcome materializes, there will be no further danger for those who operate; I shall have learned all that it is necessary to know." He paused. "Then war will cease; either before or immediately after the initial field application."

"But this is absurd." Allison smote the table in agitation. "Why don't you secure condemned convicts?"

"Even were that possible, I should not care to proceed in that way. Again, I must have one or more men of keen intelligence."

"But neither Colcord nor Bates is a scientist!"

"That is not at all necessary," was the composed reply. "I am the scientist."

"And Nick the victim," flashed Evelyn Colcord. "Well, I most decidedly and unalterably object, Professor Simec."

"Your husband and Mr. Bates, inspired by humanitarian motives, named a condition under which they would *give*—not risk—their lives. I meet their condition, at least so far as it lies within human agency to do. . . . Of course they can withdraw their offer——"

Bates, who had left his seat and was walking up and down the room, turned suddenly, standing over the scientist with upraised hand.

"Simec, I withdraw right here. I'm no fool. The whole spirit of this—this situation is not in keeping with the original idea. Not at all. Whether you are joking, serious, or simply insane, I'm out. Try it on yourself."

"I have already assumed great risks. In furtherance of my device—which, as you may imagine, will have far-reaching effects—I must survive, if I can."

Evelyn, who had suppressed an exclamation of approval of Arnold Bates's stanch words, turned to her husband.

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His jaws were bulging at the corners, his eyes alight. In a species of panic she tried to speak but could not.

"And you, Colcord?" Simec's colorlessly delivered question came as from afar.

Colcord had arisen and was staring at the inventor with the face of one exalted.

"If you have what you say you have, Simec, you meet my condition to the letter. At the very least, it will be a most important asset to the cause of my country. In either case the least I can give to help it along is my life—if that proves necessary. . . . When do you want me?"

In the silence that followed Evelyn Colcord, sitting like a statue, unable to move nor to speak, passed through a limbo of nameless emotion. Through her mind swept a flashing filament of despair, hope, craven fear, and sturdy resolution. Tortured in the human alembic, she was at length resolved, seeing with a vision that pierced all her horizons. And then, trembling, tense, there came—a thought? A vision? She knew not what it was, nor was she conscious of attempting to ascertain. She knew only that for a fleeting instant the veil had been lifted and that she had gazed upon serenity and that all was well. Further, she had no inclination to know. Not that she feared complete revelation; for that matter, some subconscious conviction that all would be well illumined her senses. This she spurned, or rather ignored, in a greater if nameless exaltation. Stern with the real fibre of her womanhood, she lifted her head in pride.

Then, moved by initiative not her own, her face turned, not to her husband, but to her guests, each in turn. Arnold Bates was crushing a napkin in his sensitive fingers, flushed, angry, rebellious, perhaps a trifle discomfited. Dane was smiling foolishly; Bessie was leaning forward on the table, dead white, inert. Doctor Allison's head was shaking; he was clicking his tongue and his wife was twisting her stout fingers one among the other. So her gaze wandered, and then, as though emerging from a dream, revivified, calm, she studied each intently. She knew not why, but something akin to contempt crept into her mind.

It was as though seeking relief that her eyes rested upon Sybil Latham. The Englishwoman's face was turned to Colcord; her color was heightened only slightly, but in her blue eyes was the light of serene stars, and about her lips those new lines of self-sacrifice, anxiety, sorrow, which Evelyn had resented as marring the woman's delicate beauty, now imparted to her face vast strength, ineffable dignity, nobility.

Evelyn Colcord's throat clicked; for a moment she did not breathe, while a vivid flash of jealous emotion departed, leaving in its place a great peace, an exaltation born of sudden knowing. Instinctively seeking further confirmation, her eyes, now wide and big and flaming, swept to Latham. His face, too, was turned toward her husband. It was the grimly triumphant visage of the fighter who knows his own kind, of the friend and believer whose faith, suddenly justified, has made him proud.

Evelyn rose and stood erect, staring into vacancy. Here were two who *knew*, who understood—who had been through hell and found it worth while.

Voices, expostulatory voices, roused her. Allison was at her side and Dane, whose wife, weeping, was pulling at her bare arm. Colcord and Simec stood to one side, aloof, as though already detached from the world.

"Evelyn!" Allison's voice was peremptory. "I command you! You're the only one who has the right to check this damn foolishness. I command you to speak."

"Evelyn—" Dane's voice trailed into nothingness.

Again her eyes turned to Sybil Latham, and then, rigidly as an automaton, she walked swiftly to her husband's side. For a moment the two stood facing each other, eye riveted to eye. Her beautiful bare arms flew out swiftly, resting upon his shoulders, not encircling his neck.

"Nick—" Her voice was low, guttural. "I—I didn't help you much, did I, dear heart? I didn't understand. They've been saying it would all come home to us. But I didn't think so quickly—nor to us. I—I wasn't ready. I am now. I want to help; I—I—"

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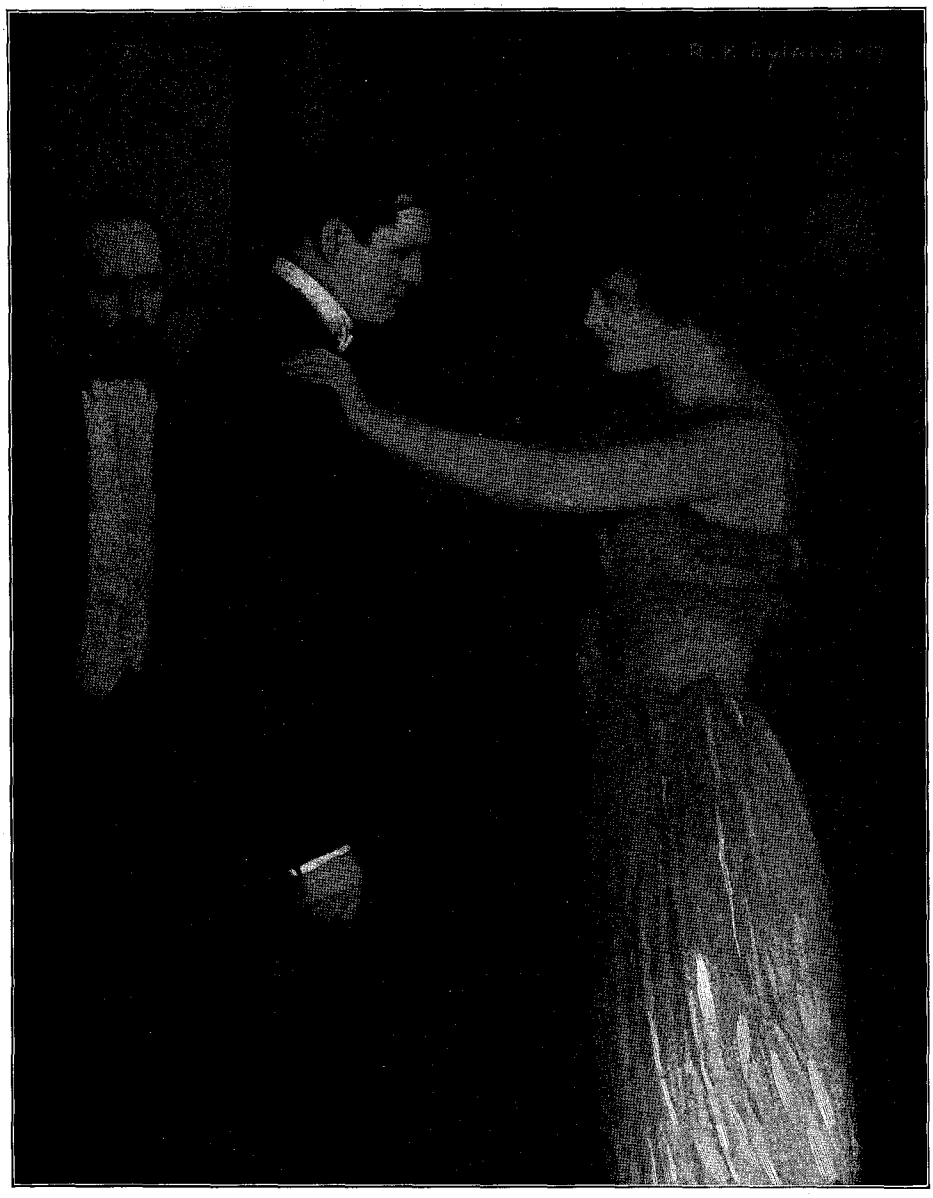

"I—I didn't help you much, did I, dear heart? I didn't understand."—Page 620.

Her fingers clutched his shoulders convulsively. "When—when do you go?"

Colcord stood a moment, his eyes smouldering upon her.

"To-morrow morning at seven," he replied. "That was the hour, Professor Simec?" he added with a sidewise inclination of his head.

"Yes." The scientist looked away, hesitated, and then joined in the little procession to the dimly lighted hall. Evelyn started as she felt her fingers locked together in a firm hand.

"You *know*, dear girl, don't you?" There was a mist in Latham's eyes.

But Evelyn's face was light.

"Yes, Jeffery," she said proudly, "I know now."

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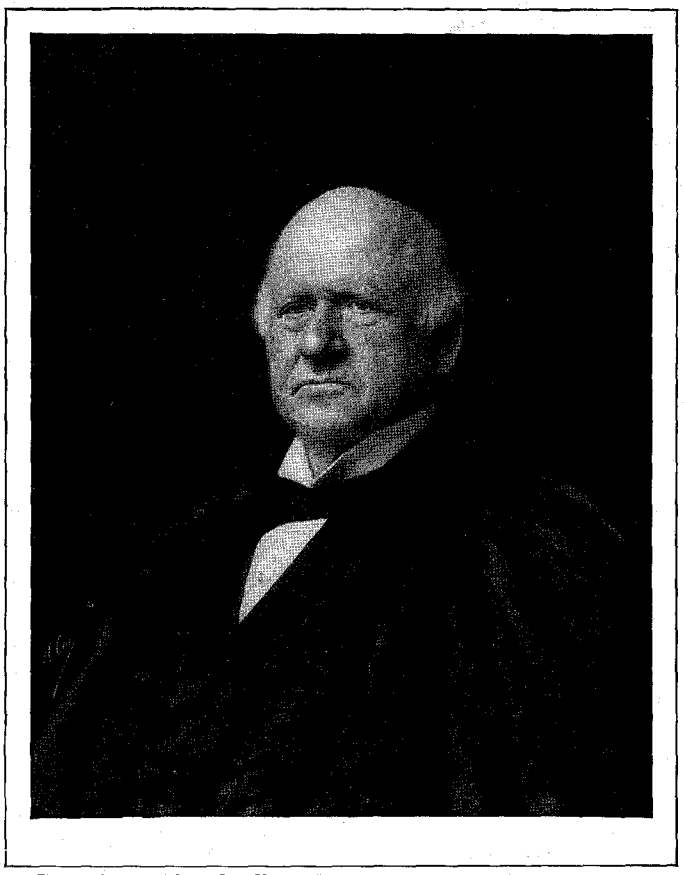

From a photograph by A. Cox, Chicago, Ill.

John Marshall Harlan, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

JUSTICE HARLAN AND THE GAME OF GOLF

By Richard D. Harlan

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IT was in the summer of 1897, shortly after he had passed his sixty-fourth birthday, that Justice Harlan took up the royal and ancient game of golf, of which he soon became a devotee.

From early manhood walking had been his only outdoor recreation. It had been his daily habit to walk from his residence to the court, a distance of two miles or more, and usually he would return on foot after the adjournment in the afternoon. He was fond of occasional tramps, and on holidays and not infrequently on Sunday afternoons he was to be seen with a friend or some of his children making his way through the fields and woods of the countryside around Washington. But he had taken no other form of physical exercise and had never indulged in any sort of game, except chess and an occasional rubber of old-fashioned whist.

While he took a keen interest in cur-

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rent events both at home and abroad, and in a general way followed the world's progress, his chief mental diversion had been found in books of history and biography. He was a diligent reader of the lives of the great English statesmen and judges and of the great men of his own country. It is true also, as has many times been said of him, that it was his nightly habit, after retiring, to light the candles near the head of his bed, and then to read his Bible until he was ready to fall asleep. He was a constant reader of the Scriptures, and he particularly enjoyed the Psalms.

Perhaps the greatest relief to him from the tedium and pressure of his judicial labors was to meet his law students at The George Washington University, where, for more than twenty years, and to very large classes, he lectured twice a week (often without notes) on the Constitution and constitutional law. For an even longer period he conducted a men's Bible class at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, of which he was one of the ruling elders. This contact with young men was a source of great satisfaction and pleasure to him.

He balked at the knickerbockers then in vogue . . . but he compromised by putting on leggings.—Page 629.

In the fulfilment of his judicial duties he was a hard taskmaster for himself. During the long years of his service in the Supreme Court of the United States he had usually been at his desk until midnight and frequently until one or two o'clock in the morning. At times he would reverse his schedule and, retiring at about eleven o'clock, would get up before daylight to continue the study of his cases or work at his opinions until starting for the Capitol just in time for the opening of the court at the noon hour.

In that summer of 1897 he had sent his family to Murray Bay, the Canadian resort on the lower Saint Lawrence, eighty miles below Quebec, which from that time on and until his death was his summer residence, while he himself, for the month of June, went down to the summer law school of the University of Virginia to deliver a course of lectures on the Constitution. For the rest of that summer he had laid out his usual vacation tasks, having sent on to Murray Bay the records and briefs in a number of cases, in order, as was his custom, to work at them during the summer and to have his opinions ready when the court resumed its sessions in October.

In spite of the rigor of his court work, his physical strength had shown no signs of abatement; but at that time his family had reasonable grounds for fearing that the continuation of his intense labors in these different ways might within the next few years somewhat impair his vigor unless he could be persuaded to give himself more diversion, and particularly in the open air. Very fortunately, one of his sons, early that first summer at Murray Bay, had just taken up golf—the sport was then comparatively new in this country. At once he saw that it was the very game for his father. He therefore wrote several letters to him, at the University of Virginia, in which he dwelt upon the importance of an outdoor diversion for a man of his years, his sedentary habits and exacting labors. He described "this new game of golf"; he expressed the

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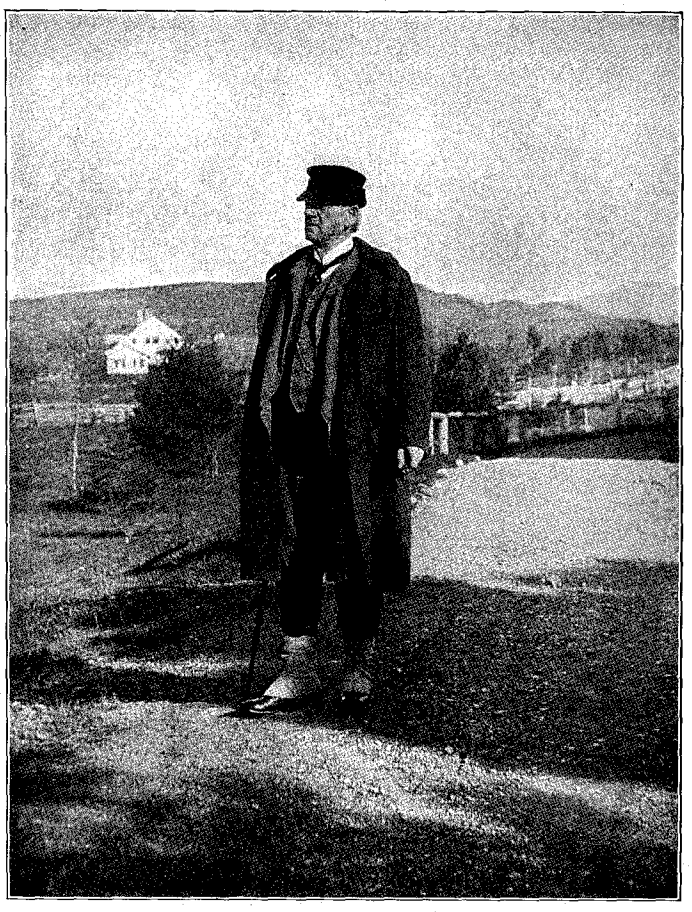

Justice Harlan waiting for the calèche that was to take him to the Murray Bay links.

opinion that it would afford him a much-needed recreation, as old age was drawing on, besides being a form of exercise in which he would find no small pleasure and interest; and he urged him to buy a set of clubs and suitable clothes and bring them up with him to Murray Bay.

Those members of his family who specially wished him to take up golf were confident that he would become a good player. He had what sportsmen call "a good eye." For example, he had always been able to defeat his boys at such a game as quoits. He was a good shot with the rifle. Often, in the shooting-gallery improvised at the annual outing given by the lawyers of the District of Columbia, at Marshall Hall on the Potomac, he had been known to hit the bull's-eye nine times out of ten.

But apparently his son's enthusiasm for golf had as yet made no impression on him, for when he wrote from the University of Virginia in reply to his son's letters he did not even refer to what had been their chief theme.

When he arrived at Murray Bay in July he found that the place had gone golf-mad and that the entire summer colony was absorbed in it, either in actually playing it or in forming a gallery to watch the game of the more expert of the Canadian and American players. His own sons were among the most enthusiastic of the beginners at "this new game of golf." The result was that his summer home was somewhat deserted during the day, and during the evening there was much golf talk among his family and the friends who dropped in. All of this left

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him somewhat out of the running, so to speak, and this was unusual, for he had always been the centre of the family interests.

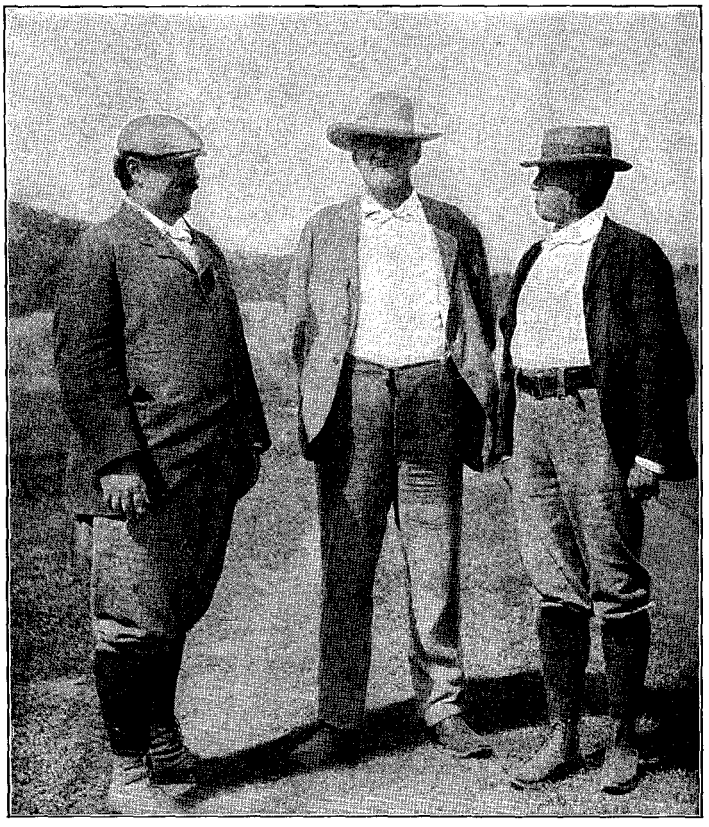
The concerted efforts in the family to interest him in the game made little or no progress for a week or two. To all of the arguments in favor of a form of exercise so suitable for elderly men, and to the assurances we gave him that he would not fail to find it an interesting and beneficial diversion, his invariable reply was:

"It would *never* do for a judge to be seen playing a game of that kind."

That dictum represented the attitude toward sport that was then generally taken by men of his own and the other learned professions. But it had nothing in it of the austere, Puritan objection to sports as such. It was what might be called the American view, which, up to that time, had characterized our strenuous national life.

For example, up to twenty-five years ago, no prominent senator or representative would have dared, in the course of a great debate in Congress, to snatch an afternoon off in order to take part in a golf match, or would even have dreamed of doing so—although that was the very thing such a leader of the British Parliament as Mr. Balfour often did at that time, without impairing in the least his prestige or reputation as a serious-minded politician.

When his oft-repeated objection as to the propriety of "a judge playing a game of this kind" showed that the justice was apparently adamant in his feeling that it would be beneath the dignity of a professional man to be "wasting his time" by indulging in any outdoor sport, one of his sons, with a carefully feigned nonchalance, casually remarked one day that he had been "teaching Chief Judge Andrews of the New York Court of Appeals to play



Judge William Howard Taft, Justice Harlan, and the Quebec jurist with whom was played the "Canadian-American Champion Series."

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golf," and that he had developed "quite a good game."

That far-from-innocent passing remark evidently arrested the justice's attention, for, after a few moments of eloquent silence (during which, as will appear later on in this story, he began to be attracted by the idea of beating his fellow jurist at "this new game"), he said that if he played at all he would "only play very early in the morning—long before any one else was on the links." His son replied that it made no difference at what hour he played, and that after a few days he intended to give him his first lesson. The justice did not "know about that," and would "make no promises." There the matter was allowed to rest, and we all waited for the fruitful seed of rivalry to germinate.

A day or two thereafter his curiosity as to "this new game" tempted him to walk round the links and watch his sons play. He was probably struck by the absurd disparity between the tiny ball and the six-foot-four enthusiast who was trying so hard and ineffectually to make a good shot. At all events, after observing several very poor drives, the justice remarked rather severely that the game did not "seem to be worthy of the attention of a grown-up, serious-minded man."

The criticism must have somewhat nettled his son, for he turned on his father rather savagely and said that it was very unfair and even unjudicial to condemn a game so sweepingly without first trying it himself; and at the next tee we forced a club into his hands and insisted upon his making "one drive, anyway."

The principle embodied in the ancient legal maxim, "*Audi alteram partem*," must have appealed to his judicial conscience, for he consented to "try one shot." He missed the ball entirely! Whereupon, with a gesture of mingled disgust and anger, he threw the club on the ground, exclaiming that the game was "even sil-

Justice Harlan on the Chevy Chase links.

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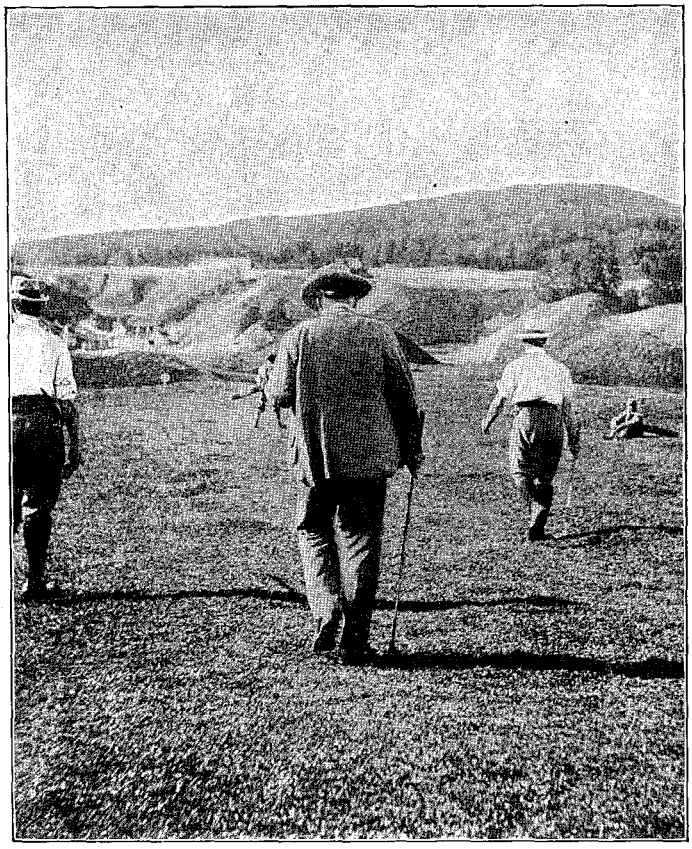

A characteristic picture of Justice Harlan taken with his sons on the Murray Bay links.

lier" than he had "supposed." And at that moment it looked as if his objections to taking it up might prove to be insurmountable.

Nevertheless, a day or two afterward he was seen in an out-of-the-way field secretly trying a few shots, in the company of a sympathetic and close-mouthed clergyman of his acquaintance. And finally he consented to allow the writer to give him his first regular lesson; and an arrangement was made with a small French-Canadian caddy to meet them on the links at six o'clock the next morning.

The night before that first lesson, in a conversation with Senator Newlands, of Nevada, the justice was overheard saying, rather solemnly:

"I observe that my parson son, Richard, is playing this new game of golf. I suppose it's all right, here in Murray Bay, during his vacation; but I hope he will not keep it up after returning to Rochester. I fear that his congregation would not like to see their minister playing a game of that kind." The old American idea as to the propriety of a professional man indulging in a sport was dying very hard in his mind.

Six o'clock the next morning saw the justice and his son and his caddy on the links, and he felt that for two hours he could make a thorough trial of this new-fangled sport without risk of discovery.

After being given a few instructions as to his stance and the method of holding his club and approaching the ball, he took his position for the drive. He looked rather scornfully at the tiny white object perched so invitingly on the top of the high tee that had been arranged for him. Then, quickly drawing back his powerful

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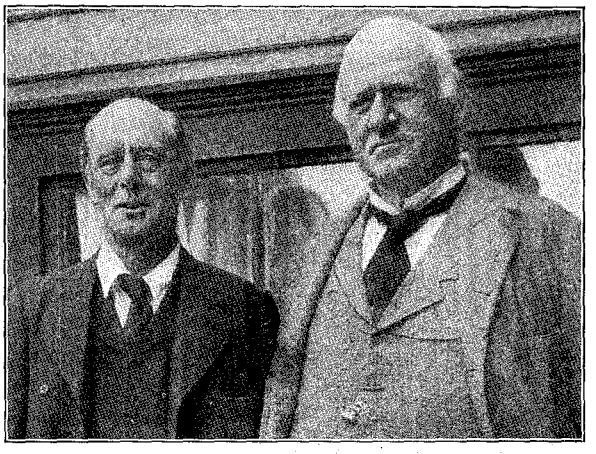
arms, he swung the club through with a mighty effort, fully expecting, as he afterward confessed, to "knock the ball to thunder." To his amazement, he missed it altogether!

Again, the golfer's everlasting chant, "Keep your eye on the ball," was repeated to him. He was, first, to look at the place where the ball *had been*, and *then* he could look up to see where it had gone to. But his second effort was almost as complete a failure as his first; for the breath of his powerful swing only caused the ball to slip off the tee for a foot or two.

In his angry surprise and chagrin, his great dome of a forehead turned to a bright scarlet, and he sternly commanded his amateur teacher to "put the ball up again." Once more the golfer's orthodox "Don'ts" were repeated to him. He was *not* to take his eye off the ball; he was "*not* to try to knock the cover off the ball," as he had been doing, but was simply to bring his arms through and let their weight "do the rest." His third attempt was a complete success. The ball went like a rifle-shot, at an angle of about 25°, to a distance of perhaps 150 yards—a pretty fair drive for ordinary players. Turning round, with a delightfully boyish look of glee upon his face, he exclaimed: "Oh, Richard, this is a *great* game!"

At that thrilling moment the old American idea as to the propriety of sport in the life of a professional man had received its death-blow in his mind, and from that delightful hour to the end of his life he was a confirmed golfer.

For a week or two he continued his secret, early morning lessons. He improved so rapidly and became so enthusiastic that a foursome match was suggested, consisting of himself and Judge William Howard Taft, as representing Uncle Sam, against Chief Judge Andrews and the writer, as representing the Empire State. By that time the golfing fever had so taken hold of him, and his former ideas as to the propriety of "a judge playing a game of that kind" had been so completely thrown to the winds, that he readily agreed to play the foursome during the regular hours.



A distinguished pair of golfing jurists.
Justice Harlan and Lord Fitzgibbon of the Irish Bench.

The rumor of the great match having spread through the colony of summer visitors, quite a large gallery followed the contestants around the links. "Charley" Taft, now a redoubtable member of the Yale football eleven, acted as caddy for his distinguished and genial father. At the start the little lad was quite confident that Uncle Sam would win; but toward the end he followed the match with almost tearful anxiety, for the Empire State won by two or three holes.

On the way back to our cottage the justice was very silent. Evidently he

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was playing the match over in his mind and was wondering just how it happened that he and Judge Taft had lost it. Meaning to have a little quiet fun out of the situation, the writer determined to make no comments on the match, but to wait and see what his father would say and do next; and, hurrying into the cottage in advance, he enlisted the other members of the household in a conspiracy of silence. Accordingly, no questions were asked as to the result of the great match, and the justice, like "Tar Baby" in Uncle Remus's story, "kep' on sayin' nuffin," while the writer, like Bre'r Fox, "lay low" and waited for developments. We might have been returning from the most commonplace tramp across the Murray Bay hills.

During supper that evening no one even mentioned golf, and the justice did not open his mouth upon any topic—which was unusual, for he was fond of table-talk. After supper he sat in his favorite corner near the blazing log fire, silent and very thoughtful. At about half-past eight he rose from his chimney-corner and said, "I think I will go to bed," and, bidding us all "good night," he slowly climbed the stairs to his bedroom.

The next morning we two were taking an early breakfast alone. Neither of us had even so much as mentioned golf since leaving the club-house the day before, and I was waiting to hear what he would say. Finally, he broke his long silence on the subject, and, just as if only one topic had been in our minds ever since the close of the match and he were only continuing a discussion that had been going on all night, he casually remarked that he "*didn't think much of Taft's game!*"

In after years the justice was in the habit of saying that "Golf is not a game, but a disease"; and from that somewhat disparaging remark about the other fellow's game it was then evident that his own had already become a chronic case.

Hiding a smile with some difficulty, the writer admitted that Judge Taft had certainly been "clean off his game" the day before, and that he had never seen him play so badly—for the ex-President, even then as a beginner, was a very dangerous antagonist; possibly "Charley's" ill-concealed filial anxiety had "queered him." To that explanation, slowly nodding his head up and down, with an air of having reached a final and thoroughly judicial conclusion, the justice replied:

"Well, I think *I* can learn this game; but *Andrews* never will!"

From that time on my father's interest in the game increased apace. Especially during that first summer, he practised his strokes at all hours and in all places, whether suitable or not. For him, the sitting-room rug was a good imitation of the putting green and a salt-cellar an excellent counterfeit of the inviting but elusive hole. But woe betide the chandelier, or the passer-by in the rear, when at night he practised some new idea as to stance or swing which he had gotten from Harry Vardon or Travers, and the numerous other books by famous golfers which he read with great avidity at that period.

A week or two after he had thus tasted blood in his first real match game, he saw one of his daughters-in-law knitting a fancy red-and-black waistcoat, and he asked her what it was. Being told that it was a golf waistcoat for her husband, he asked her to let him try it on—which he immediately proceeded to do. It was never seen again except upon his portly form! Not only did he thus commandeer another man's waistcoat, but he also bought a red coat to match it. He balked, however, at the knickerbockers then in vogue even for elderly men; but he compromised by putting on leggings, which gave him a very trim, sportsmanlike appearance.

Another anecdote is perhaps worth repeating, as additional evidence that a large amount of a very lovable kind of "human nature" went into the make-up of his character.

At the close of his first season at Murray Bay he played a match with a distinguished French-Canadian judge, and somewhat to his surprise he was badly beaten. Some friend of the Quebec jurist had evidently seen the match and been interested in its spicy international aspect, for several days afterward there appeared in one of the Montreal papers a full and rather amusing account of it, in which special emphasis was laid on the fact that the Canadian jurist had worsted

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"the United States Supreme Court at the ancient and royal game of golf," and the justice had to stand quite a bit of good-humored chaffing on the subject, at the hands of his boys and his Canadian and American friends at Murray Bay. Of course he took it most good-naturedly, but it was evident to his family that his growing pride as a golfer and his pride as an American had both received a rude shock, and we boys had premonitions then of a challenge from him for a return match at the very opening of the next summer.

Thanks to the opportunities for practice snatched at intervals during the open Washington winters at the Chevy Chase Country Club (which he joined immediately upon his return that autumn), his game had greatly improved by the following summer, and as soon as the Quebec jurist arrived at Murray Bay he was served with a good-humored, formal challenge to a return match in the "Canadian-American Champion Series." On that occasion the justice, to his great delight, was decidedly victorious.

For several days afterward it was observed that he carefully examined the sporting columns of that same Montreal paper—the part of a newspaper that he had never been known so much as to glance at. Finally, pointing accusingly at the paper in his hands, he said to the writer, somewhat quizzically (his very words are here quoted substantially as he uttered them):

"Last year, when Judge B., who had played golf all his life, beat *me*, that Montreal paper took nearly a half-column to tell its readers how the French-Canadian jurist had downed the Supreme Court of the United States; but I wish simply to call your attention to the fact that, *this* year, when the American judge was even more victorious than his opponent had been last year, this same enterprising Canadian newspaper doesn't even give a line to the return match."

It was a touch of "human nature" in a golfer that bridged all the years between father and son.

By the end of his second or third year on the links his descent of the golfer's Avernus had become so complete that, quite as a matter of course, he accepted an election for one or two years to the presidency of the Murray Bay Golf Club, and for twelve or more years, during the happy summers spent in the bracing air of the lower Saint Lawrence region, he rarely missed a day on the links. In the first two or three summers he often played twice a day, making his thirty-six holes. To him an ordinary rain was no obstacle at all; he would say that it was "only a Scotch mist," and that it could easily be negotiated with the help of an umbrella, which he always carried in his golf-bag, as if it were one of his clubs. After making his stroke he would hoist the umbrella and, blissfully oblivious of even a sharp shower, he would follow up his ball with a stately and springy step, full of high hopes for his next stroke. And when he returned to the cottage he would tell us how he had made one hole in four strokes and a certain very difficult hole in five, and another, a short and very "sporty" hole, in three; and what hard luck he had on another, "perfectly simple hole," etc., etc.

Eventually he developed a very accurate and effective game. Many a better golfer was quite often beaten by him because of his steady playing through the fair green—his safer though shorter shots more than making up for the longer but erratic shots of his more brilliant opponent. And on the putting-green he won many a hole with his deadly eight and ten foot putts, which, standing erect like a flagstaff, he generally made with one hand.

He became such a familiar and welcome figure on the Murray Bay links, and was so closely associated with the development of the club, that when, in later years, the course was rearranged and names given to the holes, one of his favorites was named "The Justice," in his honor, another hole being called "The President," in honor of his partner in that first four-some match of "Uncle Sam *vs.* the Empire State."

So contagious was his pleasure in the game and such was his genial *camaraderie* that he became a much-sought-after companion on the links, both at Murray Bay and at Chevy Chase. Younger men were specially keen to try conclusions with "the justice."

The writer remembers one instance where the much younger golfer (a cer-

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tain Mr. S.) came home from the links "a sadder and a wiser man." This gentleman was the writer's guest at Murray Bay about the summer of 1900, by which time the justice was among the best of the group listed in golf-clubs as "Class C."

Mr. S. was inclined to take his own game rather seriously. Though at the time he was on the shady side of fifty-five and was at least ten years younger than the justice, he never admitted his age, preferring to be classed with the "boys" in the forties. He confessed to the writer that he would like to see what *he* could do against "the justice." Slyly encouraged thereto by the writer, he sent him a respectful challenge, which was gleefully accepted. Upon his return from the links, when asked by the writer how the match had turned out, Mr. S. exclaimed:

"He's a wonder! Why, he beat me seven up, with six to play. I felt like that Texan whose house and barns and chickens and wife had been swept away by a tornado; it was 'so d——d complete' that I had to laugh."

The next morning Mr. S. had a caller in the person of Jackson, the colored messenger assigned to the justice by the marshal of the court. Jackson had become so much attached to the family, and they to him, and had so identified himself with the justice and all that concerned him, that, in speaking to or of the justice, he never used the pronouns of the second or third persons, but always said "we" and "our." The following dialogue then ensued:

"How are you feeling this morning, Mr. S.?"

"Oh, I'm feeling very well, Jackson. Why?"

"Well, Mr. S., we were just wondering how you felt this morning, after the game; for we have made up our minds that, after this season, we are only going to play with the *young* men, with the men of our class."

And this double shot came from the faithful henchman of a man of sixty-seven, who was also a novice! Mr. S., however, was a good enough "sport" to tell this good story on himself all over Rochester. He is probably still telling it.

The writer can vouch for the truth of a certain other story about the justice which even now, every once in a while, some paragrapher sends on its fresh rounds through the newspapers.

Among his favorite companions on the Chevy Chase links was a prominent Episcopalian clergyman in Washington. The reverend doctor had just missed his drive completely. Though greatly surprised and disgusted, not a word escaped his lips. Whereupon the justice (quoting unconsciously from one of John Kendrick Bangs's delightful golf tales, which he had recently read) remarked:

"Doctor Sterrett, the things you didn't say were something awful. That was the most profane silence I ever heard!"

Often, during the mild Washington winters, when he was troubled by a knotty point in some case before the court, he would go out very early in the morning to Chevy Chase, for a short singleton on the links, his small negro caddy being his only companion; and then returning home, with a freshened mind, he would successfully attack the legal problem that had perplexed him. And as the spring approached he would begin to look forward to the good times he meant to have, during the next summer, on the wind-swept links at Murray Bay, drinking in the glorious views of the majestic Saint Lawrence between strokes, and accumulating new strength of body and clearness of mind for his arduous work on the bench.

There can be no doubt that "this game of golf," at which he shied so decidedly when first he was urged and tempted to try it, added not a few years to his life. It certainly kept him physically and mentally vigorous to the very end of his days.

A telegram of congratulation that was sent to him by a fellow golfer on his seventieth birthday will make an appropriate finis to this story:

> "Many happy returns of the day,
> Seventy years up, and many more to play."

And he did "play" eight years more—keenly enjoying his game up to almost the very last, when the curtain dropped upon his earthly life.

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THE COLLEGE

1917

By Hamilton Fish Armstrong

THE darkness is full of well-remembered sounds
And smells of vanished spring.
Old North's calm clock is making his tuneful rounds,
The echoes leap and sing
In the old old way from star-topped tower to tower—
I pause in the shadow and strain
For the voices that now will arise to salute the hour:
But they come not here again.

Cradled along the tops of the ancient trees
Swings autumn's newest moon—
The shadows shiver before the silent breeze
Heralding Night's high-noon.
Scattered lights gleam out through the leaded glass,
Where the lowest leaves begin:
But many a window is dark, and I turn and pass
Where I used to enter in.

On the edge of night when still is seen no morning,
Princeton, you stand and smile,
Glad to give, when the call followed the warning,
Your sons for a little while.
And if they come not again, as before some came not,
Heart-free and young and whole,
They know their names, like their fathers' fathers', shame not
Your ghostly honor-roll.

CRUSADERS

By Marion N. Gaskill

THERE'S one who writes of Oxford—
Gray towers and pearl-gray sky—
And grieves for all the merry lads
Who have gone forth to die;

While I my way through Princeton—
Pearl-gray against keen blue—
Take softlier, with an aching throat,
For pride, dear lads, in you.

I know not one among you:
No son to give have I:
But each slim khaki boy my heart
Salutes, as I go by.

Yours is the day! We greet you.
'Tis ours to stand aside,
And see you cast your rightful joys,
Your cap and gown fling wide.

The great Crusade awaits you!
Strange steeds of sea and sky
Are straining at their leash, till you
Come forth to float or fly,

For brotherhood:—for no dead bonds
Ye loose each shining sword!
Ye fight not for a sepulchre
But for the living Lord.

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HERE in the sight of those that come and go through a great doorway of the West we have thrust an iron flagpole in the plaza and "set the stars of glory there." In the winds that hurry across the continent they dance up there in even rows, flashing symbols of the far-flung Union. Near sundown on bright days the rays touch our flag with lambent fingers and the colors flame like the brand of liberty.

The Flag.

"Old Glory!" We Americans are the masters as well as the slaves of the descriptive phrase which, though usually "slangy," may often have a certain snap and swing—the eloquence of brevity. Of the many which have survived a few have rare nobility, and none more, I think, than "Old Glory." I have never heard who first called the flag "Old Glory"; perhaps a poet, though I would rather it had been so named from a full heart than from a rhyming brain—by some one who gave instinctively to the adjective "old" that peculiar twist which, to us in America, spells affection quite as much as antiquity.

I am one of those Americans—I know they must be more in number than they seem—to whom the flag has always meant more than a decoration for national holidays or something to "yelp at" as an outward and audible sign of perfunctory loyalty; to whom it connotes rather "the god of storms, the lightning and the gale," and tales of blood-bought victory than Mr. George M. Cohan and his "grand old rag." Indeed, I would rather see it through the eyes of poor Philip Nolan or, just once in a lifetime, with a regimental color-guard, or wrapped around a coffin than draped about the chromo of a President in a burlesque theatre or the hips of a chorus girl. Yes, it quickens my pulses as I have found it, under the lid of an old sea-chest, its union bearing the brave, scattered stars of '61; while to see it festooned about a rostrum to serve as table-cloth for an orator's water-pitcher demands apology.

If such sentiments be too delicate in the rough-hewn land of the Rail-splitter and Walt Whitman, stow them away in the chest with the flag of '61 and its memories. But still I cherish a belief that many who share them with me will be found as readily "far out on the roaring red firing line" as in the studies of dreamers who grope among the records of old sea fights and blow star-dust from the legends of "battles long ago."

I had never doubted that love for the starry emblem was a sort of ineradicable caste-mark on the hearts of the native-born. It seemed to me that I had always known the story of the flag, and that brave men had died for it, and that nothing had ever stained it—I knew that word "stained" as applied to the flag before I was old enough to understand its figurative application. My father and grandfather and great-grandfather served the flag. My memories of my father are distinctly visual—a spare figure, very erect, gray-haired, and gray-mustached; a Loyal Legion button; a war-time limp corrected with a cane; a black velvet smoking-jacket and a way he had of rocking slowly on the legs of his study chair, squinting at "Marmion" through a cloud of cigar smoke—a very gentle, honorable, and chivalrous American of a "school" the like of which the world will never see again. I think this memory is the only legacy I would be presumptuous enough to claim from a nobler generation. My veneration for it is inseparable from my pride in the part my father played in keeping the stars of '61 in the flag.

My father read "The Man without a Country" to his boys. He was fond of reading to his family and read beautifully, with a scholar's relish for precise enunciation, tasting perfect diction with the delight of an epicure, while we sat, literally, at his feet, conscious of the slow, steady rocking of his chair. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Ivanhoe"—to this day Scott's lines awaken dear ghosts of that hallowed library and the aroma of leather bindings, wood smoke, and cigars—soft, gray wraiths drifting across the tapestry of the years.

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And my father's edition of Scott was mellow with a sort of patina from the ports of the seven seas, having drifted here and there in the cabin of my grandfather's frigate.

There must, I think, be a bond between such a hearthstone as was mine and the soul of patriotism. Perhaps the reflection that these spiritual riches were mine should make me less censorious of the lack of devotion to a square of bunting in those to whom they were not. For my childhood was immersed, so to speak, in the printed lore of chivalry from King Arthur, Bayard, and Robin Hood to Paul Revere, Nathan Hale, and—well, John A. Dix, concerning whom I have no other clear recollection than that he gave orders somewhere to shoot "on the spot" any one who dared to tear down the flag of our country. And I learned to hoist the flag to the ridgepole "in stops" and to "break out" the colors—small ceremonial matters that set the eye of youth a-dancing. The shell-hole in the flag from Hampton Roads which used to cover the front of our house on Independence Day was an open gate into the nation's storied past through which came streaming into the heart of a boy all the tales of loyalty and gallant sacrifice to crimson the stripes and brighten the stars in Old Glory.

And now bright, new flags are flying from places where flags never flew before and people are counting the stars and writing to the newspapers about matters of flag etiquette. And the general interest has brought to light the fact that a vast majority of comfortable Americans have been forgetting even that they had a flag, or, if not quite that, at least the number of its stripes and stars. We're perfectly comfortable and happy; why bother about a flag? The existence of such lazy indifference finds expression in the naïve interest now being shown in the resurrected colors. I know a house where, for a week or two after America's rebirth, the flag was continuously displayed, night and day, proudly flapping union down. And I have talked to sweet girl graduates of American schools who did not know that there was a star for every State or that there were forty-eight; and one in particular who, when I wearily informed her that there were thirteen stripes, exclaimed: "Thirteen! How awful!"

Flummery? Superstition? Idol-worship? I've listened to beetle-browed professors with dirty collars and broad minds and to unshaven, round-shouldered youths spitting forth great new ideas of the melting-pot and the fusing of nations, the social millennium and the brotherhood of man; I have heard them industriously impugning the motives of patriots, poking their pipe-stems into the private lives of Presidents, eager to release the fetid breath of long-forgotten scandalmongers, leaving a trail of slime across the flag—all to demonstrate a brave independence of thought. I am glad, in the crisis that faces us, that they cannot crawl under the colors of freedom and hide while the clean-cut sons of our heroic dead go forth to fight their battles.

Proselyting pacifists, burdened with theories and ideals and obstinately blind to the facts of a sinful world, have led our youth astray. We have had teachers for our children who have confused the office of teaching with that of preaching and so have preached to them sermons in which the great principles of our national existence have been neglected—the great principle that justice must be fought for to-day as it was fought for in the days of the patriot pioneers, with a stalwart heart and the strong arm of righteousness.

When American parents suddenly learn that the plastic minds of their children are being scarred with the venomous injunction that the flag is not worth honoring and that the uniforms of our sailors and soldiers are the trappings of murderers, it is not difficult to understand why the bright flag of their forefathers is left to the corruption of moth and dust.

And now that the flame of liberty has become once more the loadstar of the enemies of tyranny our flag floats free again for all to see. In the steady breeze from the west its folds snap proudly. To-day I paused and looked up at it with a lump in my throat and felt that it had returned to us once again, born anew in our hearts—that its message must be a clear call to those who were drifting by. An old man, a grimy old fellow whom life in its hurry had elbowed aside, followed the direction of my eyes. "It's a proud flag, son," said he, and then, with a touch of tenderness that made me turn and look at him—"Well, I've stuck to it." "We're all going to stick to it now," said I quickly, and I waved my hat to a cheering truck-load of naval recruits thundering by to the station. Then I

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walked away and as I went I heard my old friend laughing meaninglessly, as old men will, and repeating my words: "We're all going to stick to it now."

glish as a lting-Pot

THE English language is like the city of New York in that it is a melting-pot. Into it are thrown words from every other language ancient and modern, living and dead—words needed and useful and other words unnecessary and useless, words which are fused at once and made ready for service and other words which remain alien, floating on the surface like slag. Sometimes the foreign word which has melted into our native speech still reveals its remote origin; for example, it is almost impossible even for those who have small Latin and less Greek not to be aware that *philosophy* descended to us from Athens and that *military* was inherited by us from Rome. On the other hand, there are uncounted words adopted from the ancient tongues which the average man uses with no suspicion of any indebtedness to dead-and-gone languages like Greek and Latin and Hebrew. Short and simple words are likely to pass current as "good old Anglo-Saxon." Probably the average man would be not a little astonished to be told that *color* is Latin, that *choir* is Greek, and that *cherub* is Hebrew.

It is from the French, of course, that we have borrowed oftenest and most advantageously. The vocabulary of the liberal arts would be sadly shrunken if we were to try to cast out of English the terms of French origin, as the German Emperor sought to have them cast out of his ruder dialect. It is the indisputable advantage of English over all other tongues that it has a double vocabulary, that the warp of it is Teutonic while the woof of it is Gallic. If *cow* and *calf* are Teutonic, as Scott reminded us in the opening pages of "Ivanhoe," and if *beef* and *veal* are Gallic, both are English and neither pair is better form than the other. From the very beginning English has drawn incessantly and abundantly on French as French has drawn on English, although to a far less extent. The immense majority of these French immigrants have been naturalized and they pass as English—just as most of the words captured by the French have been completely gallicized. The Parisian made *redingote* out of *riding-coat* and *rosbif* out of *roast beef*, just as the English made *army* out of *armée* and *employee* out of *employé*.

In both languages, however, there seem to be a host of imported words which remain on probation. They may have taken out their papers but they have not yet been admitted to citizenship. *Jockey* has been made welcome in French and *sport* also; but how about *tennis* and *football?* When we meet *football* and *tennis* in the pages of a French novel or in the columns of a French newspaper the alien terms do not seem to be at home; they are still strangers in a strange tongue. They are not in accord with the speech-habits of the Parisians. And in English, take the case of *fiancé* and *fiancée*, for which there is no available equivalent in English, much as it is needed. To say *my intended* is awkward and to say *my affianced* is pedantic. Yet useful as *fiancé* may be it has not succeeded in establishing its right to sojourn in the English dictionary. This is partly because it is in violent disaccord with our speech-habits; its correct pronunciation is impossible to tongues unaccustomed to French; and equally abhorrent is the terminal *e* by which only can we designate the female of the species.

The French have always been leaders in the art of war. Apparently we are now about to borrow from them the novel vocable *barrage*, as we had a little earlier borrowed *terrain*. So completely have *captain* and *major* and *colonel* and *general* been anglicized that only the specialist in etymology has any consciousness that they are not native to our tongue. It may be that *lieutenant* still parades its outlandish origin to those Americans who have a smattering of French; but this is perhaps a little disguised to the British by their habit of pronouncing it *leftenant*. Then there is *rendezvous*, which is a verbal curiosity, since the French made the noun out of the verb and since the English took it over as a noun and then made a verb of it, *i. e.*, "the several regiments will *rendezvous* at noon."

As a noun *rendezvous* has been English for more than two centuries, as we discover by consulting the Oxford Dictionary, and as a verb it has been English for only a little less than two centuries. And yet—and yet the doubt lingers whether it is really anglicized once for all, whether it is a word of good standing in English. For one thing, it parades its alien origin and it retains its for-

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eign pronunciation. There clings to it still the flavor of the original tongue in which it came into being; and this flavor has a tendency to arrest attention. No doubt it is useful, since it can indicate a meeting appointed both as to time and as to place. In the sense of an hour fixed in advance, *rendezvous* has a synonym in a recently devised Americanism, *date*, *e. g.*, "let us make a *date*." One admirer of Alan Seeger's noble lyric has even been bold enough to regret that the American poet did not dare the Americanism—"I have a date with Death!"

Pudding-Stone Style

PROBABLY only a very few of the many who have thrilled at the lofty eloquence of the young American poet have felt an alien accent in the use of *rendezvous*. The poem was written in France and it was written by a soldier of France; and therefore there may even be a significant propriety in this use of a French miiitary term enlisted long ago in our English vocabulary. But can as much be said for the employment of another noun of French origin in another lofty lyric written by another American poet?

It is in the second stanza of Walt Whitman's heartfelt lament for Lincoln that we find this doubtful word:

"O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you *bouquets* and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead."

Now, is it hypercriticism to feel a lack of propriety, an artistic incongruity, in the use of *bouquet* in a poem on the death of Lincoln? Of course, *bouquet* is good enough English, even if its spelling parades its outlandish origin. But somehow it seems out of place in Whitman's manly lines. Yet what other word could he use, after all? The older and native *nosegay* would have been even more out of keeping. It may be that *bouquet* had a better standing in English when Whitman wrote, more than half a century ago, than it has to-day, when it seems to be going out of use even in ordinary speech. In this twentieth century the lover does not send a *bouquet* to his lady-love; he sends her "a bunch of flowers." And a bunch of flowers does not evoke the idea of stiff and artificial arrangement which is more or less clearly connoted by *bouquet*.

In a circular recently issued by the publishers of a leading American dictionary there was a characteristic quotation from Ruskin—characteristic in its dogmatic arrogance and characteristic in its obvious overstatement. "A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages—may not be able to speak any but his own—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all he is learned in the peerage of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood at a glance, from words of modern *canaille;* remembers their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national *noblesse* of words at any time, and in any country."

Ruskin was not himself a born aristocrat, as the tone of this extract would suggest; he was the son of a wine-seller; and his top-lofty attitude is that of the *parvenu*—if we may for once fall into his own failing and drop into French. Probably he would have denied that those masters of energetic English, John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe, Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln, were "well-educated gentlemen." Certainly no one of the four would have embedded *canaille* and *noblesse* in an ornate passage of English as elaborately built up as this of Ruskin's. The result of this embedding of these two French words is to make the passage an example of what may be termed the pudding-stone style—a style not unpopular with English writers and never popular with French writers. No French man of letters of Ruskin's rank would ever be guilty of a linguistic freakishness of this sort. What we who have English for our mother tongue can best borrow from the French is not any part of their vocabulary but their abiding belief that their own language is amply adequate for the full expression of their thoughts. For us to employ French words and phrases is a confession that English is lacking in power to convey delicate shades of meaning. And we all know that this is not the fact.

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THE FIELD OF ART

AMERICAN ETCHING TO-DAY

WHAT is the special appeal of etching, and why is it that a line traced with a needle upon a copper plate affects us so differently from another line drawn, let us say, with a pen, upon a sheet of paper? It is not that the former is necessarily any less free and spontaneous than the latter—though the greatest etchers are not, on the whole, those who emulate most closely the fluent technic of the pen-draftsman. It is rather, perhaps, that lack of modulation which marks the etched line and which, while it so greatly limits its expressive power in one way, deepens and intensifies it in another. It is possible to produce very fine lines in etching, as well as very coarse ones. But it is difficult, if not impossible, to blend these, as may be done with pen strokes or brush strokes, and to connect them by means of almost imperceptible gradations. Hence there is always, as it were, a note of bluntness, directness, even in the finest etching. For this reason etching may be called the "hodden gray" among the linear arts, with something racy and of the soil in its very constitution.

But if etching derives certain very distinct advantages from its peculiar character, it also tends to pay a price for them. The etcher, relying overmuch upon the essential charm and expressiveness of his medium, runs the risk of becoming less an artist than a specialist—one engaged in developing this medium more and more for its own sake, and for the sake of a limited range of effects he has learned to extract from it, till he ends, as has been well said, by "taking out a patent for some particular corner or aspect of nature, and never doing anything else but repeat his favorite theme with variations."

Such tendency toward repetition, with a constantly narrowing range of human interest, has been the bane of etching in all ages—the reef on which it has ultimately suffered shipwreck after every great revival. Thus, the Dutch school of the seventeenth century reached its zenith in Rembrandt, the greatest of all etchers, and then rapidly grew arid and empty because of the facile formulas evolved by its representatives for the production of some picturesque or sentimental specialty. And scarcely had the revival in France, in the nineteenth century, produced Meryon, second only to Rembrandt as an artist on the copper plate, before it began giving birth to a whole brood of clever illustrators, who flooded the world with "prints" and finally succeeded in creating, for a time, a positive distaste for the medium itself among serious artists and amateurs.

The earlier history of etching in America did not differ materially from that of the art in Holland, in France—or in England either, where there was a similar artistic decline, following the high achievement of Legros and Haden. The movement which started here in the eighties of the last century, largely under English influences, produced some excellent work, such as that of Yale and Gifford, of Platt and Parrish. But production, in other hands, soon degenerated into department-store banality, and had it not been for a little group of American artists living and working abroad, there soon would have been no American etching whatever worth speaking of.

Chief among these expatriates was Whistler, who is, of course, the greatest of all American etchers—the glory of the native school—if we can bring ourselves to regard him as an American at all, and not rather as French or English. But with Whistler were associated, more or less closely, certain other artists. Among them may be particularly mentioned Frank Duveneck and Otto Bacher, who share with Whistler the honor of having discovered Venice as the peculiar paradise of the etcher. All three lived and worked there in complete intimacy, and it is still an open question whether Bacher derived more from Whistler, or Whistler from the younger man, as a result of this association.

The answer depends largely upon the exact dates—something very difficult to de-

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termine—during the year 1880, when the two artists made their respective series of Venetian views. Mr. Joseph Pennell, Whistler's official biographer, speaking of Whistler's delay in executing the work for which the Fine Art Society had sent him to Venice, and attributing this to Whistler's fastidiousness, says:

"Even Frank Duveneck, most procrastinating of mortals, had time to produce his series of Venetian etchings, and Otto Bacher to change his style and make his Venetian plates, before Whistler had found his subjects."

There are plenty of anecdotes to show how ready Whistler was to let *others* find his subjects for him there in Venice. Once, when he found Bacher working at the Ponte del Pistor, he exclaimed: "This is a good subject. When you find one like this you should not do it, but come and tell Whistler." As for the insinuation that seems to be conveyed in Mr. Pennell's passing reference to Bacher's change of style, it can only be said that Bacher's Venetian etchings show far less departure from his previous style of working than do Whistler's.

A third etcher closely associated with Whistler, especially in the latter years of his life, is, of course, Mr. Joseph Pennell himself. For the moment he has abandoned etching for lithography; but it is safe to say that he is at least as likely to live through his plates of London as through his imposing lithographs of the Panama Canal and of munitions factories.

It was, perhaps, Mr. Pennell who, through his enthusiastic persistence, did more than any one else to bring about the present second revival of interest in etching in this country. For that there *is* such a revival in progress, and that we stand at this moment in the very midst of it, is abundantly apparent. Never before has such interest here been more wide-spread and general, either among the public or the artists themselves. The business in prints has grown to important dimensions, and in all the larger cities there are shops devoted mainly to their distribution. Museums have started new print departments or developed old ones, and at least one such institution, the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, holds regular classes in etching, under competent instructors. A magazine, *The Print-Collector's Quarterly*, has been successfully established to deal with the work of the newer men, as well as of the older masters. Two societies of etchers—one in New York, the other in Chicago—have already been in active existence for some years, issuing special publications and arranging important exhibitions, while a third, of more national scope, The Painter Gravers of America, has recently been organized. Finally, never before have there been so many artists of serious pretensions engaged in work on the copper—never before has the general level of their work been so high in the technical skill, in the mastery of the medium displayed, or in the richness and range of influences underlying it. And while all this, of course, is very far from saying that the movement has as yet produced any individual etchers superior to the best that have been produced here in the past—certainly not to Whistler—it is incontestable that we have to-day a very considerable group of men of fine talent and high attainment in this field.

Among these there are three especially who, partly through foreign recognition, have acquired a certain representative rank in their own country—Donald Shaw MacLaughlan, Herman A. Webster, and Ernest Roth. Of them the first—a Canadian by birth, by the way, though a Bostonian by adoption—reveals the most original and arresting personality, while his work has undergone the most vigorous, healthy, and significant development. Starting in Paris, under the patent domination of Meryon, he drifted, in due course, down into Italy, which has held him more or less consistently ever since by the magic of her spell. It was in Tuscany that he first approached the larger problems of landscape, in a somewhat tight and architectural manner; but it is at Asolo, and among the other little hill towns of northern Italy, near Venice, that he has gradually mastered his medium and gained the superior breadth, vigor, and boldness that characterize his later work. Some of his best recent plates have also been done in England; and his ability, as revealed in these, to seize and present the special character of a particular landscape, even when devoid of striking picturesque possibilities, makes one wish that he might return and work for a while in this country.

Mr. Webster also shows very markedly the influence of Meryon in his etchings of old Parisian *masures*; and for sheer careful,

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calculated beauty of spacing and architecture, some of his early plates have seldom been surpassed. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Webster's development has been precisely the reverse of Mr. MacLaughlan's. Instead of gaining breadth and vigor of handling, he has gone on getting tighter, harder, and more mechanical. His later work, even in landscape, shows correctness of drawing, delicate refinement of technic, but is cold, uninteresting, and entirely without seduction.

Mr. Roth, who is a painstaking literalist rather than an imaginative artist, has never equalled his early plate, "Grim Florence"; and, were it not for a certain serious concentration which he brings to his work, he would be in danger of becoming one of those mere "specialists" of whom we have spoken.

It is doubtless to be regarded as a misfortune, in a certain sense, that so many of our best etchers have felt obliged to seek abroad their subjects and their inspiration; for, while this is natural enough, in the circumstances, it tends to make of their work something alien and exotic, like that of the Dutch landscape-etchers of the seventeenth century who drifted down into Italy and worked under the pseudo-classical influence of Claude and Elsheimer. Of recent years there has, however, occurred a marked reaction against this Europeanizing tendency. The return to America a decade ago of two such good "Europeans" as Mr. Pennell and Mr. Webster, with the resultant discovery of the pictorial possibilities of the "sky-scraper," doubtless had a good deal to do with this new tendency. To-day the conviction seems to be gaining ground that while American cities may not be beautiful, in the strict sense, like European cities, they at least have a life and a significance of their own, well worth rendering and interpreting. Hence there is at least an honest, homespun quality in the work of men like Mr. André Smith and Mr. Earl Horter, and sometimes considerably more. What they chiefly lack, perhaps, is the general artistic training and experience required to give work on the copper superior beauty and distinction, especially in the handling of a new and difficult material. The art of etching is closely related, both historically and æsthetically, with the art of painting. Yet comparatively few of our etchers are painters—like Zorn and Cameron abroad—and most of them are inclined to regard their medium too exclusively as a mere branch of black and white. It is this that lends significance to the recent entrance into the etching field of three well-known painters who, with one exception, had had little or no previous experience with the medium.

It is extraordinary, all things considered, how much of the quality and character of his painting—of all kinds the most difficult to interpret in terms of line—Mr. Childe Hassam has managed to get into his etching. Indeed, it is, on the whole, rather more as a successful variant of this painting than as an independent artistic creation, that his work in this new field is primarily to be regarded. For, if Mr. Hassam has escaped by a wide margin the danger of specialization, in the notable ease with which he passes from one subject to another—from the warm, sunlit out-of-doors to the cool, peopled interior—he has not wholly avoided a second. This is the danger of losing, through attempting *too* much, the characteristic effect and virtue of his medium. In fact, it is often difficult to determine just why Mr. Hassam should have chosen etching at all. For he is weakest precisely where the etcher should be strongest—in the peculiar tonic quality of the bitten line. And, in the attempt to get light, color, and atmosphere, many of his more delicately executed plates suggest the lithographic stone rather than the copper plate.

Much more successful in this respect is Mr. Frank W. Benson, who has recently turned to etching and its sister art dry-point, to record his impressions of our native water-fowl and his sportsman's experiences on bay or shore. With the exception of a single plate, made many years ago, Mr. Benson was entirely without experience as an etcher when, in 1915, he began to devote himself seriously to the mastery of the medium. Yet he has already produced work of a fine quality. It too is filled with the *plein air* feeling of his work on canvas, but his effects, unlike those of Mr. Hassam, are achieved by a method unusually straightforward, vigorous, and spirited. He is particularly happy in his suggestion of tone and color by the frank, uncompromising use of pure line, even in those dry-point passages where he admirably interprets the wet and

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ruffled plumage of his mallards. His drawing of these birds—both of their forms in flight and of their dead bulk—is finely expressive. But above all it is the luminous atmosphere—distillation of diamond-like autumn days—that most differentiates these plates from those by Bracquemond dealing with the same subject, which they immediately suggest but which, by comparison, seem somewhat dull and lustreless.

Mr. Charles Woodbury, alone of these three artists, had previously practised etching to any considerable extent. He was one of the pioneers in the revival of etching in the eighties, but had long since abandoned the art to devote himself to painting. He returns to it now with something of the spirit, as well as the accumulated wisdom and habit of hand, of a Hokusai, less to manufacture pictures or in any sense to duplicate his success on canvas than to record, with almost stenographic speed and brevity, his impressions and his knowledge of those natural forms he has been engaged in studying for years. These are, of course, most often wave forms; and Mr. Woodbury is able, in a remarkable degree, to render, by means of pure line, the bulk and weight of a great wave at the same time as its aqueous translucence. The drag of the tide, the receding swirl of the undertow, as it hollows out the sand round the firmly planted feet of the bathers, are also aspects which attract him, though perhaps the most sympathetic of all is the swift motion of motor-boats, so well expressed by the almost purely abstract indications he calls "speed-lines."

With men like Mr. Hassam, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Woodbury entering the field, there is little immediate danger of its again becoming narrow and sterile. And scarcely less significant and hopeful is the recent accession of representatives of still another class of artists—those who are interested primarily in the figure.

Etching began, in the work of Dürer and his immediate predecessors, with figure studies; and some of its greatest masters, like Rembrandt, Ostade, Callot, and Millet, have cultivated this branch of the art. But during the past century it has been more or less neglected in favor of landscape and architecture, to which it is perhaps, in a way, more adapted. In this country we have, of course, had for some time a few figure-etchers, like Mr. John Sloan, the social humorist and satirist, and Mr. Eugene Higgins, the exponent of social sympathy, *à la* Victor Hugo, Dickens, and Dostoeffsky. But within the last year or two there has been a notable revival of interest in figure-etching, and at the present moment this seems likely to become even more widespread.

It is natural—inevitable, even—that this revival should reflect certain of the new ideas concerning the representation of the human figure, as of all other objects, now prevalent in painting, especially as some of the best-known members of the Post-Impressionist and Cubist groups abroad have made the copper-plate the medium of their radical ideas. Thus Cézanne executed at least one *eau-forte*, in addition to three colored lithographs, and he has been followed by men like Bracque, Derain, Matisse, and Picasso. The last-mentioned, particularly, has done some of his most beautiful and significant work on copper.

Here in America we have Jules Pascin and Arthur B. Davies to represent this latest school or tendency. So far the latter has produced about a dozen plates, all in dry-point. Those familiar with Mr. Davies's work in other fields, and also with that feeling for form and pictorial beauty which rarely deserts him, even in his most revolutionary moods, will hardly need to be told how much strange beauty he has been able to compass in these deeply brooded and subtly devised studies of the abstract and absolute in æsthetic expression.

Surely etching is fortunate to be able to attract men of the caliber of Mr. Davies in our day. What every art most needs is the injection into it of new ideas—to be constantly employed as a field for laboratory experimentation. That etching has by no means been neglected or overlooked by the more advanced experimentalists, is a proof that it has its part to play in the general movement of artistic ideas in our time. And this alone is enough to promise a more than usually prolonged period of important creative activity for this delightful medium.

William Aspenwall Bradley.

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THE MUSIC ROOM—HARMONY IN GREEN AND ROSE. BY JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.

American, 1834–1903. Reproduced by special permission from the original painting in the collection of Colonel Frank J. Hecker, Detroit, Mich.
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Closely identified, during his Paris sojourn, with Courbet, Fantin-Latour, Manet, and the predecessors of impressionism, Whistler remained to the end a transitional figure. Bright in tone though showing traces of the Louvre and Fantin, this picture was painted in 1860 at the home of Whistler's brother-in-law Sir Seymour Haden, in Sloane Street, London. It was originally known as "The Morning Call," and the personages are: Miss Boot, standing; Lady Haden, seen in the mirror; and "wonderful little Annie" Haden, seated, reading.

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